Dec. 15, 1962

THE NEW YORKER

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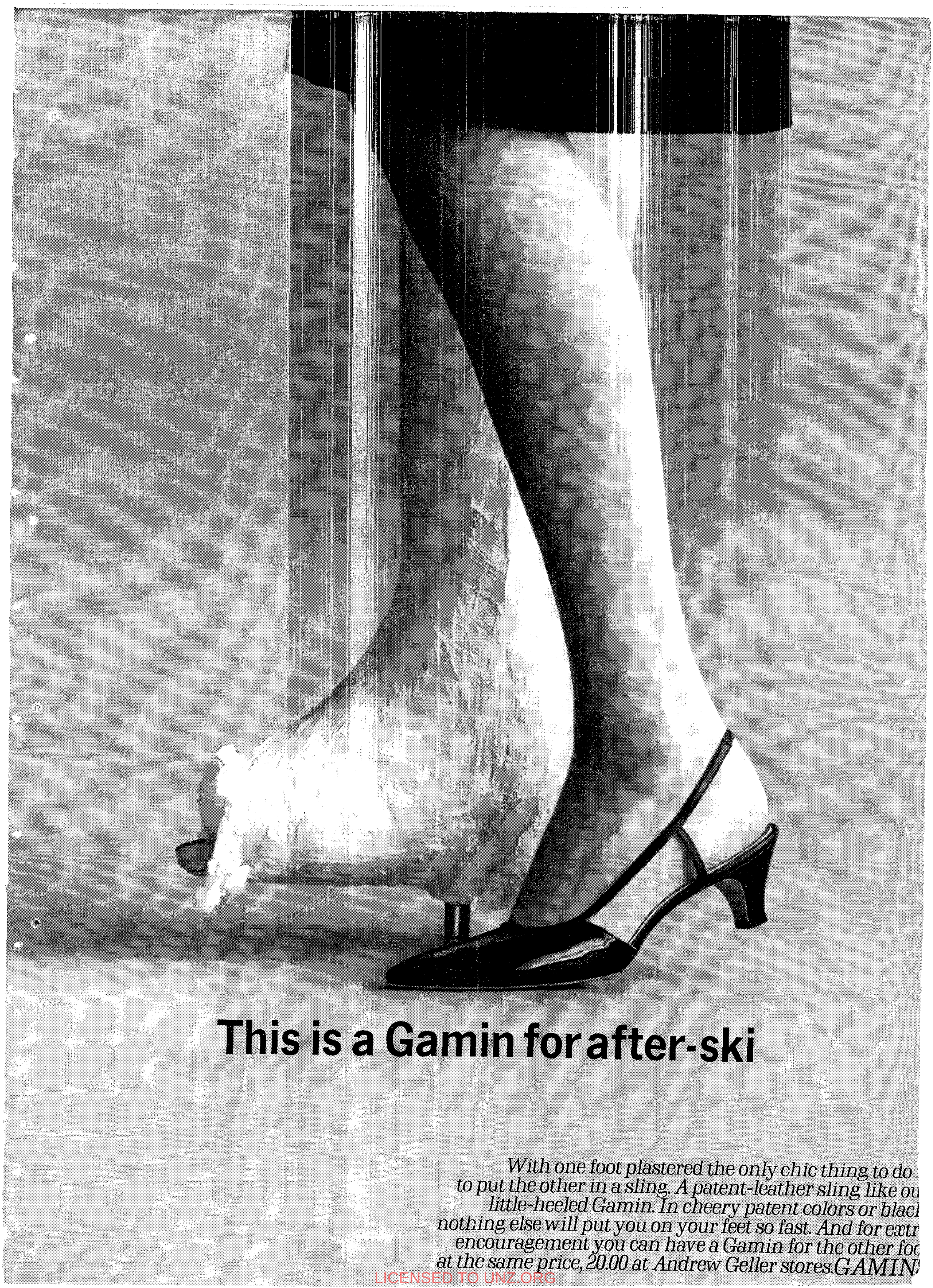

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Affair—Ronald Millar's adaptation of the C. P. Snow novel dealing with the turmoil attendant upon the dismissal of a radical young physicist from Cambridge for fudging an illustration in a scientific treatise. There isn't much action, but sometimes the dialogue offers a bit of academic wit. Brewster Mason and an assorted British and American cast do well in it. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Beyond the Fringe—Four fine English comedians in a revue that has humor, style, and splendid performances. The quartet consists of Dr. Jonathan Miller, Alan Bennett, Dudley Moore, and Peter Cook. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.)

Calculated Risk—Melodramatic doings in a board room where a struggle is going on to determine who is to control a New England woollen mill. As written by Joseph Hayes, the play isn't long on suspense, and the acting is rather stilted. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Harold—A variation on the Pygmalion theme, this time with Anthony Perkins playing a simple-minded lad whom some pals are trying to shine up so that he can marry a rich girl. Quite dull. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Lord Pengo—Charles Boyer in top form as an art dealer who can handle the deck as well as the late Lord Duveen could. He gets potent support in S. N. Behrman's play from Brian Bedford, Ruth White, Henry Daniell, Cliff Hall, and Agnes Moorehead. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Never Too Late—Maybe there's only one joke in this comedy about a sixty-year-old gentleman dismayed at the prospect of his wife's having a baby late in life, but it is a good one, and Paul Ford, Orson Bean, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Fran Sharon do well by it. The direction, by George Abbott, is brisk, and the author, Sumner Arthur Long, has supplied some very funny dialogue. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Night Life—Sidney Kingsley's exploration of the lives of a group assembled in a New York night club. Good acting by Neville Brand, Carol Lawrence, Walter Abel, Carmen Mathews, Salome Jens, and Jack Kelly. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Dec. 15.)

Seidman and Son—Sam Levene is ingratiating as a mixed-up Seventh Avenue garment maker in this play by Elick Moll, and so is Nancy Wickwire, as a lonesome designer to whom he is giving advice. The trouble is that nothing much goes on in the course of the affair. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tchin-Tchin—The plot of this one is hugely implausible, but Margaret Leighton and Anthony Quinn, as a pair of people whose spouses have ditched them, are persuasive enough to hold your interest for a good deal of the time. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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A Thousand Clowns—A garrulous but funny charade about a man in revolt against Madison Avenue conformity, in which Jason Robards, Jr., Sandy Dennis, Barry Gordon, A. Larry Haines, William Daniels, and Gene Saks appear to good purpose. The play was written by Herb Gardner and has been directed in jovial style by Fred Coe. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?—An attack of logorrhea, among other disorders, seems to have got Edward Albee down in his first attempt at a full-length play, but the actors do as well as they can by this account of some events at a New England college. The cast at the evening performances consists of Uta Hagen, Arthur Hill, George Grizzard, and Melinda Dillon; for the matinées it is Kate Reid, Shepperd Strudwick, Bill Berger, and Avra Petrides. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**a man for all seasons:** The seasonable man in Robert Bolt's work is, of course, Sir Thomas More, now played by Emlyn Williams. He is supported by George Rose, Thomas Gomez, Albert Dekker, William Redfield, and David J. Stewart. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **mary, mary:** This comedy by Jean Kerr has to do with a young couple trying to get together after an estrangement. Barbara Bel Geddes, Tom Poston, and Edward Mulhare are in it. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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MUSICALS

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—Plautus, that jolly old Roman, never had himself so well adapted as in this interpretation of his works by Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart. The antic doings are done to a crisp, refreshing turn by Zero Mostel, David Burns, Jack Gilford, John Carradine, Raymond Walburn, and assorted cuties billed as Vibrato and the like. The music isn't anything to reflect upon, but the lyrics are good enough, and the direction by George Abbott is always galvanic. Jerry Lester will substitute for Mr. Mostel for one week starting Monday, Dec. 17. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Little Me—An aimless exercise in which Sid Caesar plays the seven lovers of a woman called Belle Poitrine, who has made her pneumatic way from the Middle West to Southampton. There may be those who like it. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mr. President—Irving Berlin, Howard Lindsay, Russel Crouse, and Joshua Logan all put their skilled hands into this enterprise, but it remains a little less than a top-drawer endeavor. Robert Ryan, Nanette Fabray, and Anita Gillette are among those amiably present. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Stop the World—I Want to Get Off—Anthony Newley and about a dozen young ladies doing the seven ages of man in song, mime, and patter, the last not at all witty. This importation from England was written by Mr. Newley and Leslie Bricusse, both of whom also supplied the music and lyrics. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**camelot:** Hands across the Table Round. With Kathryn Grayson, William Squire, and Arthur Treacher. (*Majestic*, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:35. Closes Saturday, Jan. 5.) . . . **carnival:** A musical that deals with life among a clutch of tent-show performers in southern Europe. The cast includes Carla Alberghetti and Kaye Ballard. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Moves on Monday, Dec. 17, to the Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St., CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; on Fridays at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **how to succeed in business without really trying:** Robert Morse plays a young man determined to be at the top of the business pile, and Rudy Vallée plays the president of something called World Wide Wickets, Inc. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **milk and honey:** A tour of Israel, with eight American widows in search of husbands. Mimi Benzell is one widow, Molly Picon is another, and Robert Weede is a visiting businessman. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **no strings:** Diahann Carroll, as a model for Paris *Vogue*, in a show that deals in part with the literary frustrations of an expatriate American novelist, portrayed by Richard Kiley. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the sound of music:** A sentimental confection, by Rodgers and Hammerstein, in which Nancy Dussault becomes the step-

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Lanvin
Wilson
A great year — for Arpège
Lord & Taylor

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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mother of seven wide-eyed children of the Trapp family. Donald Scott is their papa. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

In the Counting House—A play by Leslie Weiner, with Sydney Chaplin and Howard Da Silva. Directed by Arthur Penn and produced by David J. Cogan. Opens Thursday, Dec. 13. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tiger Tiger Burning Bright—Claudia McNeil in a play by Peter S. Feibleman. The director is Joshua Logan, and the producers are Oliver Smith and Roger L. Stevens. Previews Thursday, Dec. 13, through Friday, Dec. 21. Opens officially on Saturday, Dec. 22. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30 for both previews and regular performances; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

The Blacks—Jean Genêt ferries us, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that separates the Negro and the white. The play is too long, but Gene Frankel, despite some excited direction, handles the all-Negro cast well. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Brecht on Brecht—Excerpts from the writings—public and private—of Bertolt Brecht. Mr. Brecht's words, some of them set to music, are, for the most part, quite brilliant. George Tabori is the translator. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:40.)

The Cherry Orchard—David Ross's production falls short of his usually high standard. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Coach with the Six Insides—A comedy adapted by Jean Erdman from James Joyce's "Finnegans Wake." (Village South Theatre, 15 Vandam St. CH 3-0153. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Days and Nights of Beebee Fenstermaker—A play by William Snyder. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3224. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Hostage—Geoff Garland, as a Cockney soldier held captive in a Dublin lodging house, is particularly good in this revival of Brendan Behan's wild, poignant comedy. (One Sheridan Square, between Sixth and Seventh Aves. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Intimate Relations—The first play in a Cocteau repertory. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. LA 4-7450. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Living Room—Martyn Green in a revival of Graham Greene's play. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. MU 6-9630. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Man Is Man—Bertolt Brecht's brutal but ingenious farce about an easygoing laborer, who, by a series of tricks, is changed into an enthusiastic soldier. This version of the script is the eleventh and final one. Although most of the acting is good, the production as a whole is overwrought and strident, which may be just what the author intended. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Man's a Man—Same play, in an earlier and more loose-limbed version. Several of the scenes are entertaining, several are downright repulsive, and, with a few exceptions, the performances are quite poor. (Masque Theatre, 442 W. 42nd St. CH 4-1350. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mama's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad—A new playwright named Arthur Kopit has made a Surrealist comic strip out of the violent story of a hateful, possessive mother and her miserable son. The staging, by Jerome Robbins, is all that any playwright, new or old, could wish for, and the acting, by Jo Van Fleet, Austin Pendleton, Sandor Szabo, and especially Barbara Harris, is highly satisfactory. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2:40.)

The Pinter Plays—Sinister and fascinating comedies by the English playwright Harold Pinter. They have in common the theme of mischief, but their settings range from a dank basement in Birmingham to a fussy house in Belgravia. Mr. Pinter's dialogue is a joy to hear, and the performance, directed by Alan Schneider, is perfectly splendid. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man and **The Barroom Monks**—A selection of scenes, well chosen and plausibly performed, from Joyce's novel. In "The Barroom Monks," which is the curtain-raiser, a young medical student tries to rescue a priest almost hopelessly lost in alcoholism. The setting is a saloon, and the author is Joseph Carroll. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Riverwind—A musical with a book by John Benjamin and music and lyrics by John Jennings. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Tenth of an Inch Makes the Difference—A pair of rather charming one-act plays by Rolf Forsberg, the first based on a legend from India, the second on a Buddhist anecdote from Japan. The actors, most of them of Asiatic origin, do very well indeed. (East End Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. AL 4-9520. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Dec. 19, at 3.)

MEATS AND VEGETABLES
52
TREES FOR XMAS
EICKE

This Was Burlesque—The return of Ann Corio, as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip teasers. Much of the material is comic in an earthy kind of way, but it is also awfully gamy for all but the most insensitive palates. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

Under Milk Wood and **Pullman Car Hiawatha**—A revival of Dylan Thomas's play, plus Thornton Wilder's one-act comedy, done professionally for the first time in New York. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays, Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Monday, Dec. 31.)

BALLET

New York City Ballet—The opening performances of an eighteen-day engagement of "The Nutcracker" that will run through Monday, Dec. 31. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Friday, Dec. 14, at 8:30; Saturday, Dec. 15, at 2:30 and 8:30; Sunday, Dec. 16, at 12:30 and 5:30; Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 18-20, at 5:30; Friday, Dec. 21, at 8:30; and Saturday, Dec. 22, at 2:30 and 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Les Poupées de Paris—A revue, for adults, of three-foot-tall puppets, originated in California (that's right) by Sid and Marty Krofft. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45 and 10:30. Extra performances Fridays and Saturdays at midnight.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

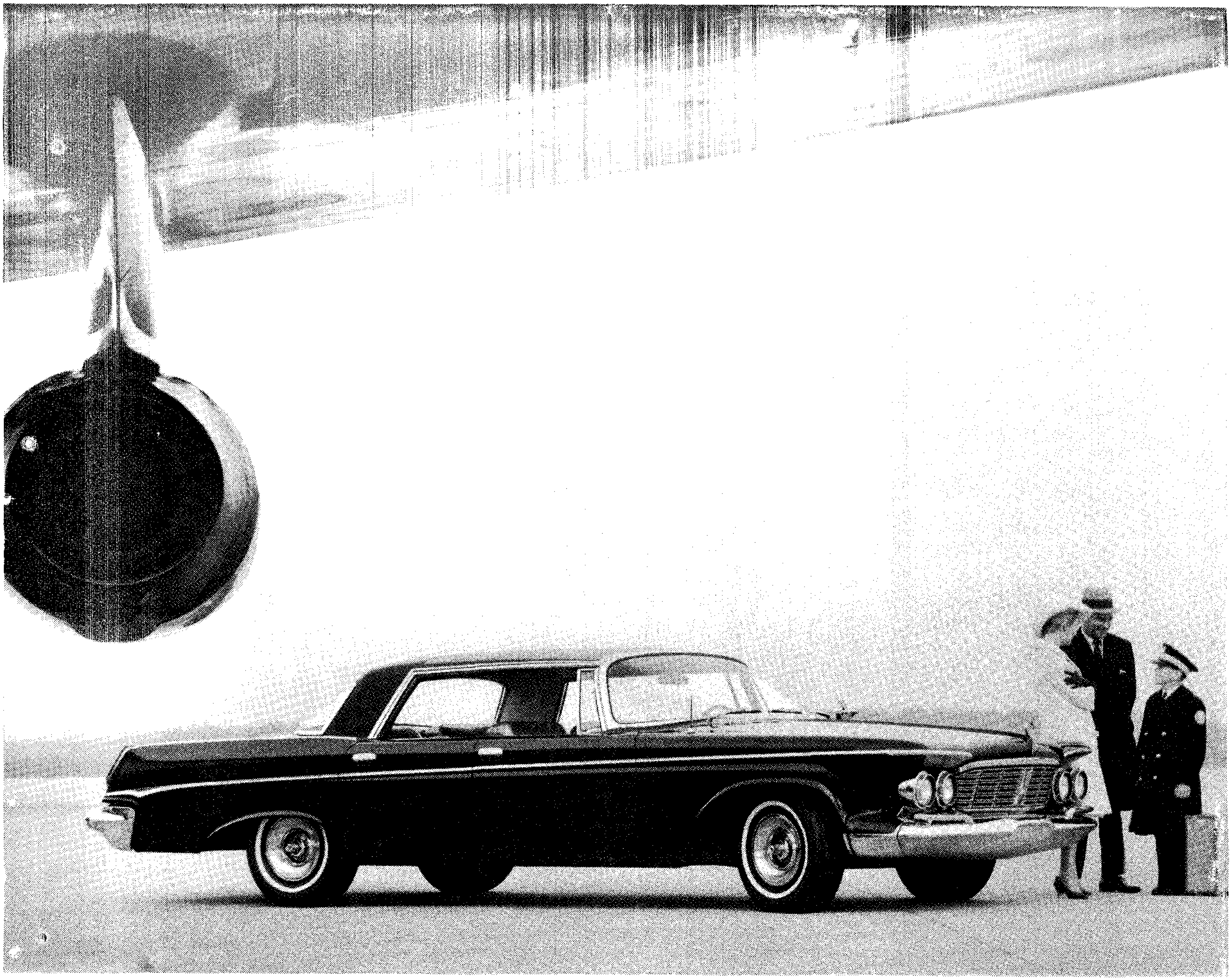
Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Keely Smith, that well-known Indian giver of upsadaisy songs, withdraws from the Royal Box on Saturday, Dec. 15. Lester Lanin's big and staccato dance band, though, will keep on filling this vasty deep with sound through Wednesday, Dec. 19. Next evening, Guy Lombardo's drifters and dreamers become the pied pipers. Closed Sundays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—An archeological museum wherein visitors from other nations can study the artifacts left behind by a vanished culture. Shards of dance music are dispensed by Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra. Those who wish to sit out the next dance should repair to the Champagne Room, where the loudest noise is Freddie Fassler's Vienna-by-night violin. Closed Sundays.

Little Club, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800)—No bigger than it was before it went through its reconstruction period, really, but now Roger Steele's small dance band arrives on the blade of a shoehorn at ten-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Phil Wayne's trio, maker of perky dance tunes, and Renato Rossini, whose guitar dwells lovingly upon life in the world bounded on the south by Capri and on the north by Como, appear in the Café Pierre. Mondays, another band is the whole show.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room at dinner and supper, Shirley Bassey, lady of quality, and a dramatic one, gives us a clear, concise, and lively résumé of what songs the London club-trotters are listening to. The rest of the time, dance music pulses from the big band of Emil Coleman and the small one of Mark Monte. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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pair of stringed instruments play crumpets-and-scones music in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty and *vin-rosé* music in the Edwardian Room from seven-thirty to nine-thirty, every night but Monday.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Jan Garber's orchestra, which belongs to the long-ago time when there were no unexpected Twists or turns, is in the Grill. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The main change in the décor of the Maisonette, aside from the arrival of a few strips of velvet in Mexican Sunset pink, is Peter Duchin, whose piano and exulting dance band are to the Manhattan manor house born. Ray Bari's group spells this outpouring of music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite, just a hundred feet west of the Maisonette, devotes itself to the extremely even tenor (circumspect piano and violin, that is) of its way—a way that takes it from dinner on through supper. Closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Ted Straeter, his Joseph's-coat dinner jackets, his piano, and his orchestra (which is a perpetual fountain of youth) are converting the Columns into one of our finest winter palaces. Arturo Arturos's threesome, which has been boning up on its Latin trots, shares the arena with the Straeter band. The ceremonies begin at seven, with piano by Ray Hartley, from the next-door Savoy Room; the dance troupes arrive at eight. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The only murmuring in the rosewood forest known as the Savoy Room comes from the concise and well-informed piano of Mr. Hartley, who is around, off and on, from cocktails until midnight or so. He's absent Sundays.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—One of this thoroughfare's traditional block parties pursues its seasonal course. At the north end is the Embassy Club, where Gunnar Hansen's orchestra and Quintero's Latin band are *toujours la politesse;* at the south end is the Knight Box, ruled by the magic wand of Jani Sarkozi, who frequently applies it to a fiddle. Both ends of the block are closed Mondays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Pearl Bailey's cajoling voice—which asserts, at both dinner and supper in the Empire Room, that the best ways to a man's heart are her taking ways—will be stilled after Saturday, Dec. 15, when everyone, including Milt Shaw's dance band, will go on vacation until after the holidays. . . . ¶ Peacock Alley again has sounds of music—Emile Petti's piano from five to one, plus Mr. Petti's dance trio Fridays and Saturdays, after nine-thirty. No music Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Reunion hall for old friends and young ones, to whom any hour of the night is the top of the evening. The men-at-arms perform as follows: Bob Printz at the piano from five-thirty to eight; Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders thereafter as soloists on the uprights until suppertime, when they converge as hubble-bubble, roil-and-double pianists. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A suite of ambassadorial rank, in which Cy Walter is giving knowledgeable pianoforte recitations between cocktails and one in the morning. Sundays belong to Forrest Perrin. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The consumers' research that goes on here is concerned with Italianate cuisine and Italianate opera. From Thursday through Sunday, there's activity by Aldo Bruschi's piano, oboe, concertina, voice, and trio, to which (after ten) there's skirmishing on the dance floor. Every evening, too, Mr. Bruschi is impresario and basso profundo of a toy but eager opera company that believes implicitly in Puccini. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The court architect was Hans Christian Andersen. Norbert Faconi, whose faint violin can win many a fair lady, wanders from table to table in a manner that proves him to be a skillful cruise director. No sound on Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A house of many mansions, each one depicting a stage of the royal moves toward the Saracen foe. Through it all drift a masterly violinist, Herman Honigsberg, and his pianist, who purvey ever so gently the food of love. No music Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Flamenco and fandango (Spanish, of course) go hand in hand, foot in foot, forever and ever. There's dancing for the customers as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Home, sweet home for the night people of the Eternal City and their seven courses for dinner. Among the population is a round of dulcet strolling minstrels. Closed Sundays. . . . **RITZ BAR,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): A captain's-table sort of operation. Victor del Monte's unobtrusive piano discourses from five until one every evening but Sunday. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Spain is passion's plaything—or that's what the resident Spanish guitar, piano, voices, and feet keep trying, with considerable success, to tell us. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): The suspicion that Basques are always bounding when they're not chanting their native threnodies is confirmed by Los Irúnaci, a fivesome that is in eruption here a couple of times an evening. Dancing, too, every evening, and on Sunday afternoons from two to seven. . . . **WALLDORFKELLER,** Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): Greta Keller gets home to her hunting lodge in the Austrian Tyrol at ten, prepared to discuss, in her serene and worldly-wise voice, her day's visit to the Vienna woods. A zither discourses with a Viennese twang through the dinner hour. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A few Cabots who won't even speak to God, and several slightly more easygoing characters. George Feyer, who's at work from between eight-thirty and maybe two, composes in-my-lady's-parlor piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The bonny, bonny banks of the Danube, along with a Mitteleuropa music festival ranging from voice to zimbalon. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Only cuisine is thrown to the lions and lionesses in this up-dated version of the Colosseum. With every course there's a ration of patrolling violins and patrolling accordions. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, an unmistakable soubrette, is singing the songs she used to sing upon the musical-comedy stage, even though she's retired to semi-private life in her own minute *salle à manger*. Other music—usually accordion and piano—can also be discerned in the gloaming. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): In the midst of the Moorish maze sits Conrad Monjoy, from six to ten every night but Sunday, to give the diners his repertory of pianoforte études. . . . **BILTMORE,** Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000): The under-the-clock arena, classic hollow oak for visiting undergraduates, has recitals of firm but never peremptory piano by Joan Bishop from five to eight-thirty, every day but Sunday. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN,** 242 E. 79th St. (TR 9-7760): Vicky Autier, the little Parisian jonquil, takes all her ballads with more than a grain of sassafras, which she converts into quite an intoxicant. The remainder of the action is guidebook Vienna. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The décor of the refectory is Renaissance with the bit in its teeth; the music (guitar) and its maker (José Luis Franco) have just checked in from Spain. No music Mondays. . . . **MALMAISON,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): In the bar, Jules Kuti tones his piano down until it's almost subliminal. He's there from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): This bar is the home—from nine-thirty to one every night but Monday—of the guitar of Gustavo Lopez, whose spiritual home is Andalusia. . . . **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): Once again, it's a tryout town for beginners, but there's always the bantering piano and voice of Cal Bostic, a cheerful cricket on any hearth. Closed Sundays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): The brief glimpses of Italian opera that are offered the diners are either honor-bright or the prankish equivalent of adapting "*La donna è mobile*" into "The Lady from Mobile." Closed Mondays.

NOËL
H. Martin

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): In "The Venus Touch," Donn Arden's beautiful fantasia, the stag of Eves may drink his fill. Aside from the three dozen ladies, there is a par-excellence pas de deux by François Szony and Nancy Claire, a classic balancing act, and the depths-of-despair humor of Barbara Heller, the driest wit ever to find shelter here. Dancing. . . . **INTERNATIONAL,** Broadway at 52nd St. (CI 7-3070): Minsky, a six-letter word expurgated by Fiorello LaGuardia, is back in the language as an adjunct to "Minsky's Follies," the thoroughly descriptive name of a thinly veiled—yes, indeed—bacchanalia that's much more girl than boy. Just the same, Irving Benson, a low-level burlesque comedian, is easily the top banana of the evening. Dancing. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Dick Gregory, commentator on the news, the hues, and the cries of the era, gives an I'm-only-kidding touch to matters about which he definitely is not kidding. He administers the last of his humor-coated pills on Saturday, Dec. 15, the night Fran Warren stops singing and Georgie Auld's jazz band stops playing. On Thursday, Dec. 20, the place will reopen to house Count Basie's band (which again has Joe Williams as its voice of thunder) and Nipsy Russell, a wit who could apply soap and water to a few of his *mots*.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): "Dime a Dozen," the revue with which Julius Monk is marking the fall of 1962 and the fall of civilization, shows that it's possible to be deft and daft for a couple of hours without ever pausing for breath. Jack Fletcher, Ceil Cabot, Mary Louise Wilson, Gerry Matthews, Susan Browning, and Rex Robbins make the most of their myriad assignments onstage. Life

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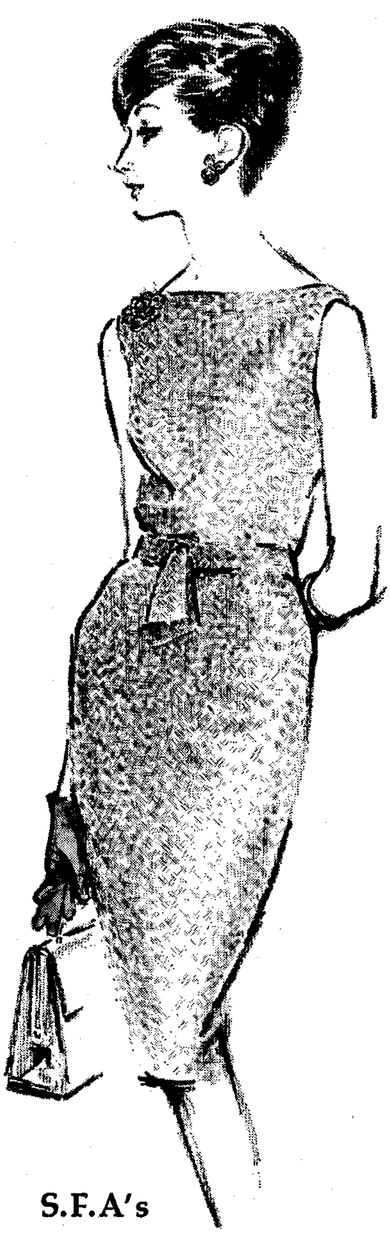

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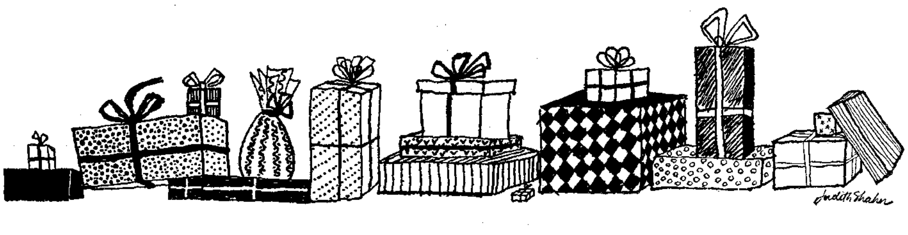
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

begins at nine-fifteen and midnight every night but Sunday. The pit band is long, lean Steinways in the hands of William Roy and Robert Colston; supplementary piano issues from Carl Norman in the lounge. . . . **BLUE ANGEL**, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Bobby Short, who has his two men-at-arms (Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan) working with him, is playing stay-up-all-night piano and singing stay-up-all-night ballads in the lounge every night but Saturday. To the rear room march a set of newcomers—the Highwaymen, who are folksy, and Mark Russell and the team of Sillar & Mira, who are conversationalists. . . . **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): Three of the players who made this sometimes impromptu theatre-on-the-wing a worthy enterprise—Alan Arkin, Andrew Duncan, and Eugene Troobnick—are valiantly assisted by Anthony Holland and Zohra Lampert; the resulting distillation (all words and no music) is hot, heady, and enormously humorous. Eight-thirty is the earliest during the week, but there are Sunday matinées at three; closed Mondays and Tuesdays. . . . **THE PREMISE**, 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020): Another enterprise (this one a coffeehouse built like a theatre) in which the playfulness is the thing; i.e., one more seemingly scatterbrained but quite pertinent revue, likewise without music, that discusses, often off-the-cuff, the world we try to live in. The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty; Fridays at eight and ten-thirty; Saturdays at seven-thirty and ten-thirty; and Sundays at three and eight-thirty. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Action speaks louder and more to the point than words when Paul Draper's tap and soft-shoe movements get under way, sometimes *a capella* and sometimes to the wiry strains of Larry Adler's harmonica, which has its eloquent solo moments, too. Nina Simone's group, which supplies another kind of jazz, will be replaced on Tuesday, Dec. 18, by Odetta, an honest-to-goodness folk singer. Mondays are assigned to other performers. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Like Hurricane Emma and the rest of the winds that blow in from the tropics, the incumbent Latin-American floor show has terrifying energy and not much else. Pupi Campo's band gets every ounce of activity out of the customers whenever it's their turn for rebuttal. The Sunday tea dances, which substitute for the floor show that day, are by fury possessed. On Monday, Dec. 17, Los Chavales de España, a fine, upstanding body of marchers, chanters, and instrumentalists, will succeed the present performers, and Emilio Reyes' band will succeed the Campo group. . . ¶ In the neighborly alcove off the bar, beginning around ten, the guitar of Pedro Cortes and the flamenco songs of José Moreno carry you back instantly to old Madrid. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The second edition of the revue called "Seven Come Eleven" has a split personality, making several good points and missing others. Cy Young, who heads the cast, does well by the funny ideas that come his way. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The event of the evening is Mabel Mercer, curator of a truly eclectic archive of American *chansons d'amour*, which she prefers to exhibit in their native wildwood, not trussed for the market like Christmas turkeys. Also present: Jimmie Daniels and his gay-blade songs; Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames, in whose music madness lies; and a small revue of Village antecedents. Closed Mondays. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): Coffee is the principal export, and folk music is usually the next one, but right now the big deal is Woody Allen, whose random dissertations are frequently punctuated with dizzy spells. He is absent on Tuesdays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Charlie Mingus, who has firm ideas about music and firmer ways of expressing them (as lecturer and bassist both), is running a ten-man squad whose personnel seems to shift by the hour, though Butter Jackson, Charlie Mariano, Don Butterfield, and Jackie Byard are apparently permanent. Bill Evans' trio, which brilliantly maneuvers the troubled waters between reality and abstraction, is also present. On Thursday, Dec. 20, there'll be a complete change of cast: Lambert, Hendricks, and Bavan, whose lifework (and by no means a bad one) is resetting all the wonderful old Harlem instrumental pieces to their own rollicking voices; plus Paul Winter's sextet, which comes to us direct from the White House music room. Afternoon sessions are run off every Sunday from four-thirty to seven. Closed Mondays. . . . **ROOM AT THE BOTTOM**, 23 W. 8th St. (GR 5-5388): Wilbur de Paris, whose traditional airs kept Jimmy Ryan's going until it literally came tumbling down around his ears, is now down South, along with Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, *et* Al, Dick, and Harry. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Wild Bill Davison is ardently furthering his project of blowing lower Seventh Avenue to smithereens. He commands a squadron in which Vic Dickenson, Buster Bailey, Dick Wellstood, Buzzy Drootin, and Willie Wayman have been enlisted. Closed Sundays. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Lionel Hampton, who can follow the beaten path on the foggiest of nights, removes his bumptious band on Thursday, Dec. 20, and Gene Krupa, another hammer-and-tongs boy, returns with his group the next evening. Sundays, visiting bands have the use of the place. . . . ¶ Saturdays, the Twist burns unchecked in the second-floor attic. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Dinah Washington, whose favorite sport is coming on strong, is doing the singing, and Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis's quintet is making the music. On Thursday, Dec. 20, Dizzy Gillespie's band replaces the Davises. Mondays, when the regulars are sent to the showers, are guest nights. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Mongo Santamaria's sextet comes to a halt on Sunday, Dec. 16; on Tuesday, Dec. 18, Art Farmer's valiant quartet, which now has Jim Hall in its ranks, returns to action. Closed Mondays. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Tony Parenti and Sammy Price are what's left of the Condon undergraduate body that has played this stronghold of tradition over the years. Their quintet stays home Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Tonight (and every night but Sunday) at Convention Hall: music for the masses, made by the trio of Ahmad Jamal, whose modernisms are flavored with sweet marjoram, and (through Saturday, Dec. 15), Arvell Shaw's trio, in which Shorty Baker is on trumpet. Visiting bands do one-night stands every Sunday. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): The Lee Evans trio, which is sort of anvil chorus when it's not sugarplum, now sits inside the circular bar. Frances Thompson does modest intermission piano. No action Mondays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): The youth-must-have-its-fling group sitting at the feet, or even under the feet, of the old masters. On Friday and Saturday, Dec. 14-15, the roster of elder statesmen should include Jo Jones,



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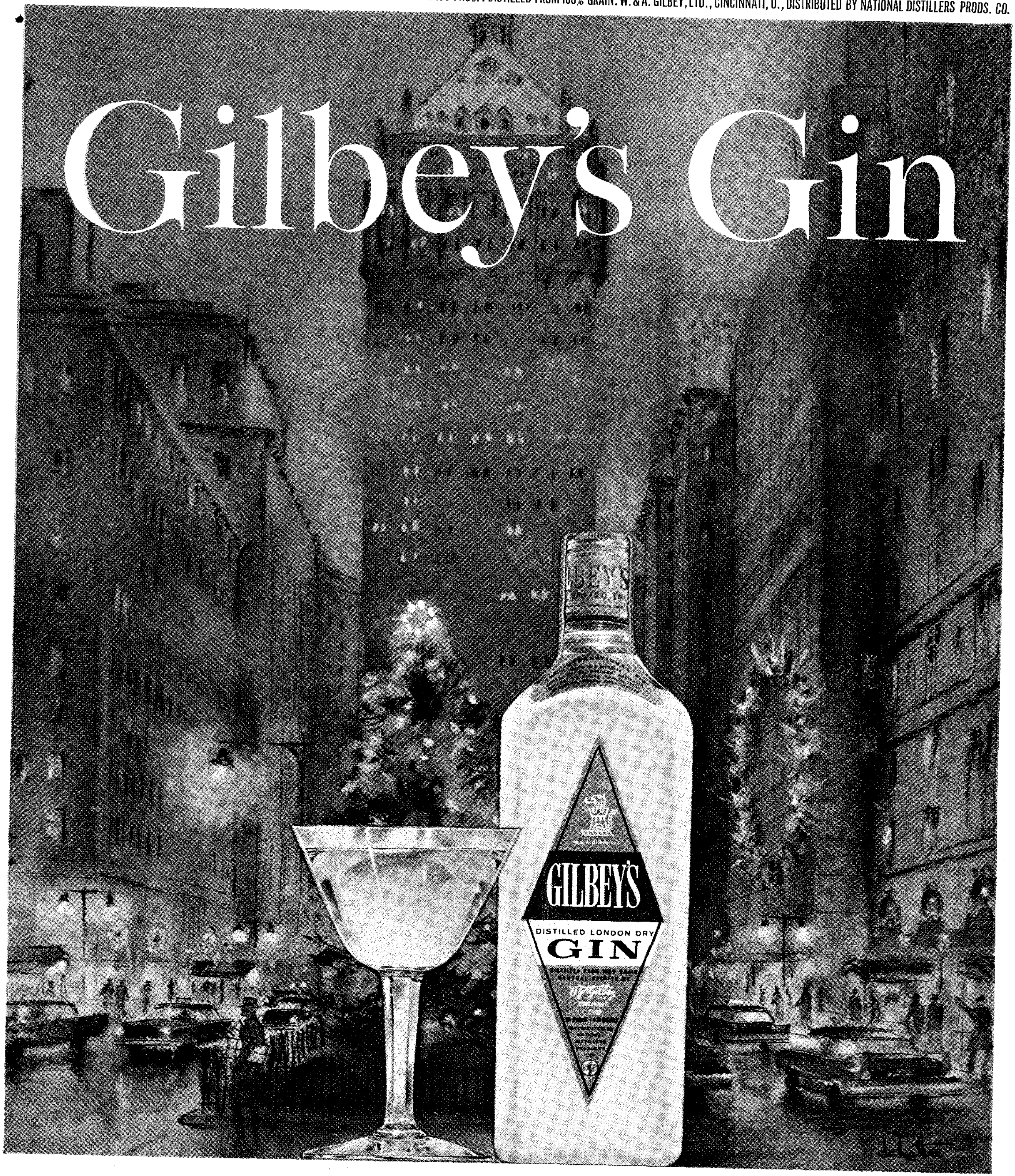

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Red Richards, Louis Metcalf, Edmond Hall, Conrad Janis, Eddie Barefield, Pee Wee Erwin, and Panama Francis. Dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Albert Alcalay—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Leif Andersen—Figures and city scenes; through Dec. 29. (Nessler, 718 Madison Ave., at 63rd St.)

Wallace Bassford—Paintings and drawings; through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.)

Ludwig Bemelmans—Gouaches from two books, "On Board Noah's Ark" and "Marina," by this artist who died in October; through Dec. 29. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

Eugène Boudin (1824-98)—Seacoast and harbor scenes by the French painter; through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Thaw, 50 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Carlyle Brown—Still-lifes and figures; through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Bodley, 223 E. 60th St.)

Manolis Calliyannis—Figures, landscapes, and still-lifes by a Greek artist residing in France. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Carmen Cicero—Paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Leonardo Cremonini—Figures, landscapes, and animals by an Italian painter; through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jean Davidson—Cityscapes, landscapes, and portraits; through Dec. 23. (Waverly, 103 Waverly Pl. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 5, and Friday through Sunday evenings until 10.)

Jean Dubuffet—Oils, gouaches, and drawings by this Paris modern; through Dec. 29. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ludvik Durchanek—Hammered and welded sculptures; through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Ursula Förster—Bronzes by a young German sculptor; through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

André François—Paintings and drawings by the French cartoonist. First one-man show in New York; through Dec. 29. (Bianchini, 16 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Gropper—Pastels and drawings; through Dec. 29. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St. Open Thursday evenings until 9.)

Raoul Hague—Abstract carvings in wood; through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Egan, 313 E. 79th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to noon and 2 to 6.)

Stanley William Hayter—Abstractions; through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

Al Hirschfeld—Gouaches and drawings by the theatrical caricaturist of the *Times;* through Jan. 5. (Amel, 63 E. 57th St.)

Philippe Hosiasson—Oils and gouaches by the Russian-born contemporary French abstractionist; through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

William King—Figurative sculptures, mostly bronzes; through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Karl Knaths—A twenty-year retrospective of paintings, mainly on Cape Cod themes; through Jan. 5. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Wifredo Lam—Paintings by a Cuban artist living in Italy; through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Loeb, 12 E. 57th St.)

Michael Loew—Neo-plastic paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St.)

Conrad Marca-Relli—Collages in vinyl plastic and other materials; through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

Grandma Moses—A memorial exhibition of her works, dating from pre-1938 worsted pictures to her last finished painting, "Rainbow;" through Saturday, Dec. 22. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Robert Motherwell—Abstract Expressionist oils and collages; through Dec. 29. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Jan Müller—Previously unexhibited paintings done by this Expressionist from 1955 until his death, in 1958; through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St.)

Walter Murch—Still-lifes; through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

George Papashvily—Animals in stone; through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Merrill, 54 E. 58th St.)

Jules Pascin (1885-1930)—A show entitled "Portraits and Models;" through Dec. 29. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Picasso—A group of new linoleum cuts (heads, figures, and still-lifes) being shown here for the first time; through Jan. 5. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Piper—This English artist is exhibiting a model of the baptistry window of the new cathedral at Coventry, and original designs and cartoons for it; through Jan. 5. (Landry, 111 E. 79th St.)

Leo Rabkin—Non-objective paintings on paper; through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Alexander, 36 E. 61st St.)

Larry Rivers—"Paris and After, 1961-62," paintings; through Jan. 5. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Frank Roth—Abstract paintings; through Dec. 29. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Charles Seliger—Abstract oils; through Dec. 29. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jean Tinguely—Radio sculptures by this Paris artist; through Dec. 29. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St.)

Sol Wilson—Drawings of landscapes, cityscapes, and seascapes, with figures; through Dec. 29. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

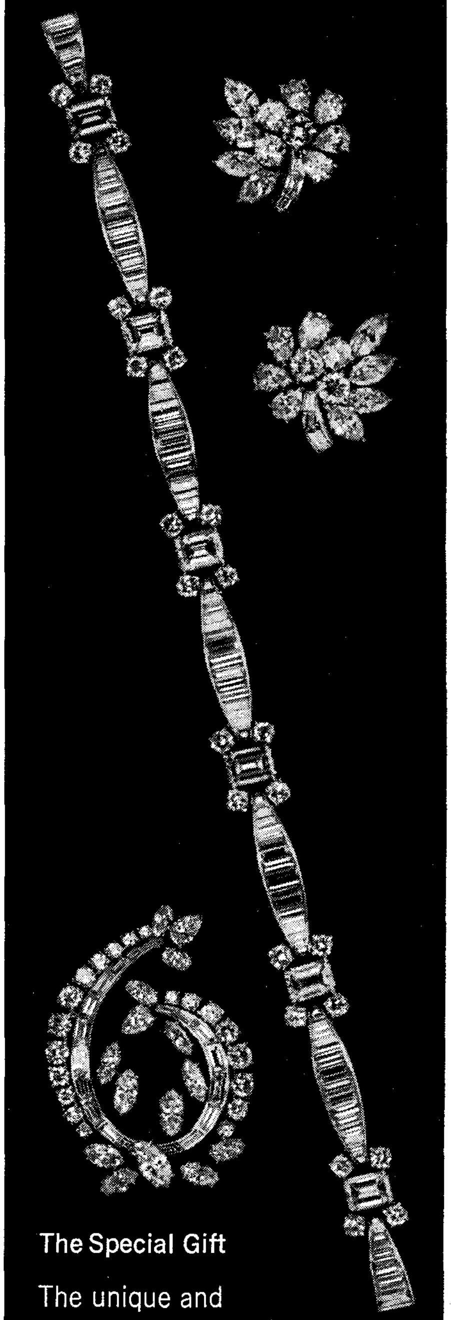
Japanese Art and Artifacts—Screen paintings, scrolls, Buddhist paintings, gold lacquer ware, coins, and swords, from an Osaka collection; through Saturday, Dec. 15. (French & Co., 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Sculpture/International—Pieces by, among others, Marino Marini, Louise Nevelson, and Alfonso Ossorio; through Dec. 29. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sculptures and Manuscripts—Medieval and Renaissance sculptures by Donatello, Luca della Robbia, and others, together with thirty illuminated manuscripts, most of them fifteenth-century Italian; through Dec. 29. (Duveen, 18 E. 79th St.)

Primitive Sculptures—At the **EMMERICH**, 17 E. 65th St.: "Coptic Stone Sculpture," an exhibition consisting largely of stone sculptures and bas-reliefs of the Early Christian and Late Archaic Period of Egypt, circa 250-650 A.D.; through Dec. 29. . . . **SEGY**, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St.: "Sculpture from the Congo," containing works in wood, ivory, bronze, and the like used in religio-magical rituals before the European influence was felt; through Jan. 10. (Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30.)

Christmas Shows—At the **A.C.A.**, 63 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures ($100 to $500) by the gallery group; through Dec. 29. (Open Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.: Framed etchings, lithographs, and woodcuts ($25 to $750) by, for instance, Georges Rouault, Kaethe Kollwitz, and Johnny Friedlaender; through Dec. 29. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 19 E. 71st St.: Paintings and sculptures ($25 and up) by Sam Middleton, Emma Ehrenreich, Jacob Drachler, and others; through Dec. 27. (Open Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30, and Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30.) . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: The thirty-seventh annual Christmas show, consisting of paintings, sculptures, and drawings ($50 to $2,500) by such artists as Arthur G. Dove, John Marin, and Ben Shahn; through Saturday, Dec. 22. . . . **GALERÍA SUDAMERICANA**, 10 E. 8th St.: Works in various mediums ($5 to $500) by contemporary Latin-American artists; through Dec. 31. (Open Friday evenings until 9:30.) . . . **GERSON**, 41 E. 57th St.: Small sculptures, collages, and drawings ($100 and up) by Ameri-



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(N-18) 115.

can and European sculptors; through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Closed Mondays.) . . . GRAND CENTRAL, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: Eric Sloane, Chen Chi, and Ned Hoffman are among the contributors to an exhibit of oils, water colors, sculptures, and portraits ($100 to $2,500); through Jan. 15. . . . GRIPPI, 905 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.: Oils, water colors, drawings, small sculptures, and prints ($10 and up) by James Kearns, Peter Paone, Roger Prince, and others; through Dec. 29. . . . SALPETER, 42 E. 57th St.: Harry Crowley, Jacques Hnizdovsky, and August Mosca are three of the artists with paintings ($150 to $2,500) on view; through Jan. 5. . . . VILLAGE ART CENTER, 39 Grove St.: Participants in a showing of works in a variety of mediums (under $100) include Haim Mendelson, Sylvia Lowen, and Yolande Fusco; through Dec. 28. (Daily, 1 to 6.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the BALIN-TRAUBE, 11 E. 74th St.: Drawings by painters and sculptors, including Earl Kerkam, David Smith, and Esteban Vicente; through Jan. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30, and Thursday evenings until 8:30.) . . . EAST HAMPTON GALLERY, 22 W. 56th St.: "Painting, Ten Years Ago," a survey of pieces by nearly fifty artists, among them Adolph Gottlieb, Willem de Kooning, and Franz Kline; through Dec. 29. (Closed Mondays.) . . . GORDON'S FIFTH AVENUE GALLERY, 68 Fifth Ave., at 13th St.: John Chamberlain, Robert Mallary, and Jim Dine are three of the artists represented in a predominantly American showing of small paintings and sculptures; through Dec. 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 9.) . . . LEWISON, 50 E. 76th St.: A dozen canvases (by, among others, Blakelock, Twachtman, and Hassam) on loan from the Engineers' Club, the Lotus Club, The Players, and the Salmagundi Club; through Dec. 29. (Closed Mondays.) . . . MIDTOWN, 11 E. 57th St.: The first offering in the galleries' new quarters is a thirtieth-anniversary exhibition, composed of paintings (by Ernest Fiene, Siegfried Reinhardt, and Doris Rosenthal, to mention a few) borrowed back from museums and private collections; through Saturday, Dec. 15. . . . NESSLER, 718 Madison Ave., at 63rd St.: A mid-season show of miniatures by Thomas Yerxa, Luis Eades, Hughie Lee-Smith, and others; through Saturday, Dec. 15.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the FRUMKIN, 32 E. 57th St.: Drawings (landscapes, figures, fantasy) by Leon Golub, Philip Pearlstein, Mondrian, and others; through Dec. 29. . . . GRAHAM, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and drawings by sixteenth- to twentieth-century artists, including Lucas Cranach the Younger, Lawrence Alma-Tadema, and Winslow Homer; through Dec. 29. (Closed Mondays.) . . . BERTHA SCHAEFER, 32 E. 57th St.: Small works (constructions, paintings, needlework, and collages) by Harry Dix, Sue Fuller, Robert Partin, Dana Romalo, and Mimmo Rotella; through Dec. 29.

Europeans; Group Shows—At the BRANDT, 11 E. 57th St.: Master drawings by (for instance) Bronzino, Giovanni di Bologna, and Carracchi; through Dec. 31. . . . HAHN, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Such nineteenth- and twentieth-century French painters as Gauguin, Cézanne, and Picasso; through Saturday, Dec. 22. . . . NIVEAU, 962 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: French moderns, including Raoul Dufy, Buffet, and Vlaminck, in a show of oils and water colors; through Dec. 29. . . . WILDENSTEIN, 19 E. 64th St.: Botticelli, Tintoretto, and Rembrandt are three of the artists reprsented in an exhibition called "The Painter as Historian," made up of mythological, religious, and secular paintings of the fifteenth century to the nineteenth. A joint benefit for the Alliance Française de New York and the French-American Atlantique Association. Through Dec. 31.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Stone Guest: Dialogues Between Persons and Statuary," a showing of prints, drawings, and photographs on the colloquy between Aristotle and the bust of Homer and other encounters between people and sculpture; through Feb. 24. . . . ¶ Nineteen drawings executed by John Singleton Copley after he left Boston in 1774 and settled in London. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of recently acquired paintings and sculptures by, for example, Braque, Epstein, and Rivers; through Jan. 13. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—As a special holiday feature, Jan Mostaert's "The Adoration of the Magi," lent by the Rijksmuseum in Amsterdam, is being shown for the first time in this country; through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ A large display of works from the collection of the late Louis E. Stern, comprising American and European paintings, sculptures, prints, and drawings (by Marin, Chagall, Giacometti, and others); objects of ancient Near Eastern, primitive, and Oriental art; and illustrated books. Through March 10. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—"The Art of Eastern Chou, 772-221 B.C.," a showing of bronze, pottery, and other figures, plaques, weapons, and so on, borrowed from private collections and museums; through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 4.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—A loan exhibition of Neapolitan paintings by seventeenth- and eighteenth-century artists, including Batistello Caracciolo, Salvator Rosa, and Corrado Giaquinto; through Feb. 10. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A selection of four hundred and forty-four American and European sculptures (Daumier and Rodin to David Smith) from the collection of Joseph H. Hirshhorn; through Jan. 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Old Master Drawings from Chatsworth," an exhibit of a hundred and fourteen works on loan from the collection of the Duke of Devonshire; through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ "The Nativity," thirty illuminated manuscripts depicting scenes relating to the birth of Christ; through Jan. 14. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"New York Silversmiths of the Seventeenth Century," a show containing tankards, teapots, spoons, bowls, porringers, beakers, and the like; through Jan. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—Tapestries, woven and metal fabrics, vases, and so forth, chosen in regional competitions, by artist-draftsmen residing in the North Central and South Central areas of the United States; through Jan. 13. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—African and other primitive sculptures, lent by John and Dominique de Menil; through Feb. 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Paintings and sculptures by Maurice Golubov, Anna Walinska, Lily Ente, and seven other contemporary artists; through Jan. 6. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—The 1962 Annual Exhibition of Contemporary American Sculpture and Drawings, made up of items by artists invited to participate, including Joseph Cornell, Hugo Robus, and Philip Guston; through Feb. 3. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, Dec. 13: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Régine Crespin, Lili Chookasian, Mattiwilda Dobbs, Richard Tucker, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 14: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Lisa Della Casa, Hertha Töpper, Elisabeth Söderström, Otto Edelmann, Ralph Herbert, and Sándor Kónya. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 15: "Aïda," with Leonie Rysanek, Rita Gorr, Carlo Bergonzi, Mario

Sereni, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 15: "Madame Butterfly," with Leontyne Price, Margaret Roggero, John Alexander, and Clifford Harvuot. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Dec. 17: "Andrea Chénier," with Zinka Milanov, Lili Chookasian, Margaret Roggero, Richard Tucker, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 18: "Fledermaus" (in English), with Elisabeth Söderström, Laurel Hurley, Jean Madeira, John Alexander, Dino Formichini, and Morley Meredith. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 19: "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, Janis Martin, Barry Morell, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 20: "Don Giovanni," with Leontyne Price, Lisa Della Casa, Teresa Stratas, Jerome Hines, Nicolai Gedda, Fernando Corena, and Calvin Marsh. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 21: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Roberta Peters, Margaret Roggero, George Shirley, Robert Merrill, Fernando Corena, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 22: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Régine Crespin, Hertha Töpper, Anneliese Rothenberger, Otto Edelmann, Ralph Herbert, and Sándor Kónya. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 22: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Anna Moffo, Teresa Stratas, Blanche Thebom, Nicolai Gedda, George London, and Giorgio Tozzi. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center, Lorin Maazel conducting—Thursday, Dec. 13, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 14, at 2:15; Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8:30; and Sunday, Dec. 16, at 3 (all with Christian Ferras, violin); and Thursday, Dec. 20, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 21, at 2:15; Saturday, Dec. 22, at 8:30; and Sunday, Dec. 23, at 3 (no soloists).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy directing a performance of Handel's "Messiah," with Judith Raskin, soprano; Cecelia Ward, mezzo-soprano; George Shirley, tenor; Norman Treigle, bass-baritone; and the Singing City Choirs. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Tuesday, Dec. 18, at 8:30.)

Symphony of the Air—At Carnegie Hall—Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8:30: Alfred Wallenstein conducting an all-Brahms concert, with Leon Fleisher, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 16, at 2:30: Walter Kappesser directing Mahler's Second Symphony, with Licia Albanese, soprano; Blanche Thebom, mezzo-soprano; and the Westminster Choir.

Music Forgotten and Remembered—Frederic Waldman conducting the Musica Aeterna Orchestra, with Beveridge Webster, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

All-Vivaldi Program—Thomas Dunn conducting the Festival Orchestra. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, Dec. 16, at 5:30, and again at 8:30.)

"Le Mystère de la Nativité"—Henry Swoboda directing the American première of Frank Martin's cantata, played by the Harvard Symphony Orchestra and sung in English by the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society, with soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 16, at 8:30.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman directing a performance of Berlioz's Christmas oratorio, "L'Enfance du Christ," with Helen Vanni, mezzo-soprano; John McCollum, tenor; Hugh Thompson, baritone; Ara Berberian, bass; and the Choral Art Society. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Dec. 17, at 8:30.)

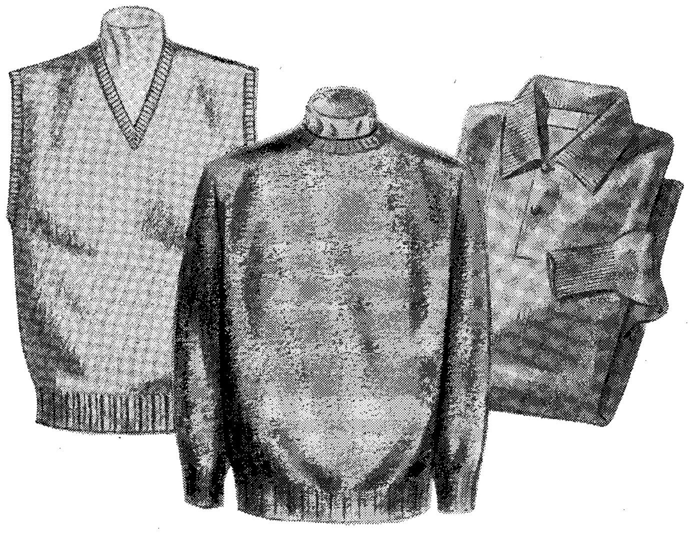
New York University Glee Club—Craig Timberlake directing. (Town Hall. Friday, Dec. 14, at 8:30.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing a Schütz-Buxtehude program, with Phyllis Curtin, soprano; Frederick Weidner III, tenor; Ara Berberian, bass; and an orchestra. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Dec. 16, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

Bach Aria Group—Frank Brieff directing. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 19, at 8:30.)

Hamilton College and Wells College Choirs—A joint concert, with Crawford Thoburn and John L. Baldwin, Jr., directing. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Wednesday, Dec. 19, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Oratorio Society of New York—T. Charles Lee



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directing a performance of Handel's "Messiah," with Veronica Tyler, soprano; Nancy Williams, contralto; Paul Solem, tenor; and David Clatworthy, bass-baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 20, at 8.)

Renaissance Chorus of New York—Harold Brown directing. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Dec. 22, at 8:30.)

Note—Three concerts of Christmas music will be presented in the plaza below the Rockefeller Center Christmas tree—Tuesday, Dec. 18, at 5: A joint concert by the Stevens Institute of Technology and U.S. Rubber Company Glee Clubs, with William Ondrick directing. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 19, at 5: Hamilton College Choir, directed by John L. Baldwin, Jr. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 20, at 5:30: University Glee Club of New York City, directed by John L. Baldwin, Jr.

RECITALS

Phyllis Curtin—Soprano, with an ensemble. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Dec. 13, at 8:30.)

Agustin Anievas—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 13, at 8:30.)

Daniel Ericourt—Piano, in the last in a series of all-Debussy recitals. (Town Hall. Friday, Dec. 14, at 5:30.)

Lise Schneider—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Dec. 14, at 8:30.)

Claudio Arrau—In the last in a series of all-Beethoven programs. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Dec. 14, at 8:30.)

Martha Schlamme—Folk singer. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday, Dec. 14, at 8:30. For tickets, call MO 2-2806.)

Ralph Kirkpatrick—Three all-Bach programs, the first two played on the harpsichord, the last on the clavichord. This is a repeat of an identical series played a few days ago. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 14-15, and Monday, Dec. 17. Each evening at 8:30.)

Kroll Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8:15, with David Glazer, clarinet. For tickets, call GR 3-1391. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Wednesday, Dec. 19, at 8:30, the second in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle.)

Rosalyn Tureck—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8:30, the second in a series of three all-Bach programs. . . . ¶ Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Dec. 19, at 8:30, playing Bach's Goldberg Variations.)

Byron Janis—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8:30.)

Siena Pianoforte Concert—The star here is the piano itself, a remarkable hundred-and-sixty-year-old instrument with a romantic and picaresque history. Daniel Abrams will play it, with the accompaniment of the Camera Concerti Chamber Orchestra conducted by Joseph Eger. (Town Hall. Sunday, Dec. 16, at 2.)

Friends of Live Music—The Lenox Quartet in the fourth in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Town Hall. Sunday, Dec. 16, at 5:30.)

Jan Peerce—Tenor. (Town Hall. Sunday, Dec. 16, at 8.)

Yi-kwei Sze—Bass-baritone. (Town Hall. Monday, Dec. 17, at 8:30.)

Grace Bumbry—Mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 18, at 8:30.)

Marlboro Trio—Chamber music. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 18, at 8:30.)

Lorin Hollander—Piano. A benefit for the Scholarship and Development Fund of the Professional Children's School. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Wednesday, Dec. 19, at 8:30. For tickets, call JU 2-3116.)

National Association for American Composers and Conductors—A program of music by Henry Hadley, Charles T. Griffes, Arthur Foote, and Edward Burlingame Hill, performed by Leonid Hambro and Robert Menga, piano; Stanley Drucker, clarinet; John Wummer, flute; and the Gordon String Quartet. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Wednesday, Dec. 19, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Haydn-Mozart Concerts—The second in a series of six concerts, this one played by members of the Beaux-Arts String Quartet, with Samuel Baron, flute. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Dec. 20, at 8:30.)

Pete Seeger—Folk singer. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 21, at 8:30.)

International Society for Contemporary Music—The second in a series of six programs, this one devoted to the music of, among others, Mario Davidovsky, Richard Swift, and Arthur Berger, performed by Antonia Lavanne, soprano; Howard Lebow, piano; the Carnegie String Quartet; and the New York Woodwind Quintet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Dec. 21, at 8:30.)

Ruggiero Ricci—Violin. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 22, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Richard Dyer-Bennet—Folk singer. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Dec. 22, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concert—Ornette Coleman, with a quartet and two trios, in a program of his own compositions. (Town Hall. Friday, Dec. 21, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—Detroit vs. Chicago and Knicks vs. Cincinnati. (Madison Square Garden. Tuesday, Dec. 18, at 6:30.)

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Dec. 15: Zora Folley vs. Doug Jones, heavyweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 22: Rubin Carter vs. Gomeo Brennan, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

College Football—Gotham Bowl: University of Miami vs. University of Nebraska. (Yankee Stadium. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 11.) . . . ¶ Liberty Bowl: Villanova vs. Oregon State. (Philadelphia Stadium, Philadelphia. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 1.)

Professional Football—Titans vs. Houston Oilers. (Polo Grounds. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 1:30.) . . . ¶ Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Dec. 16, at 2:05.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Detroit. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, Dec. 16, at 7.)

Indoor Polo—Two games every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Squash Racquets—New York State Singles Championship—Tournament matches, Saturday, Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Semifinals and finals, Sunday, Dec. 16. (New York Athletic Club, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. Matches begin at 11. Women admitted only after noon. No tickets necessary.)

FOR CHILDREN

Opera—By the **brooklyn opera company:** A performance of "Hansel and Gretel," in English. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 2:30.) . . . **amato opera company:** An abbreviated version of "Cinderella," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Dec. 22, at 2:30.)

Circus and Holiday Festival—The Clyde Beatty and Cole Brothers circus (performances Mondays through Thursdays at 2 and 7:30; Fridays at 2 and 8:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, and 8:30; and Sundays at 2, 4, and 6:30), plus a puppet theatre, side shows, carnival rides, a monkey speedway, and whatnot. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. CO 5-0960. Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 10; Saturdays, 10 A.M. to 11 P.M.; and Sundays, 1 to 9. Through Tuesday, Jan. 1.)

Stage Shows—By the **children's fine arts guild:** "Beauty and the Beast." (Village South

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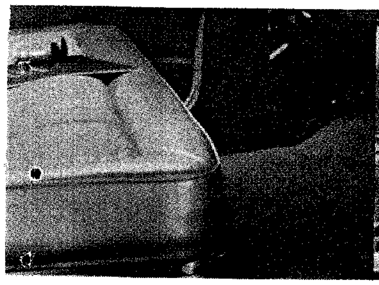

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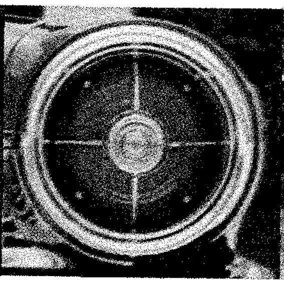

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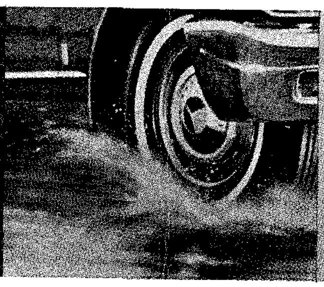

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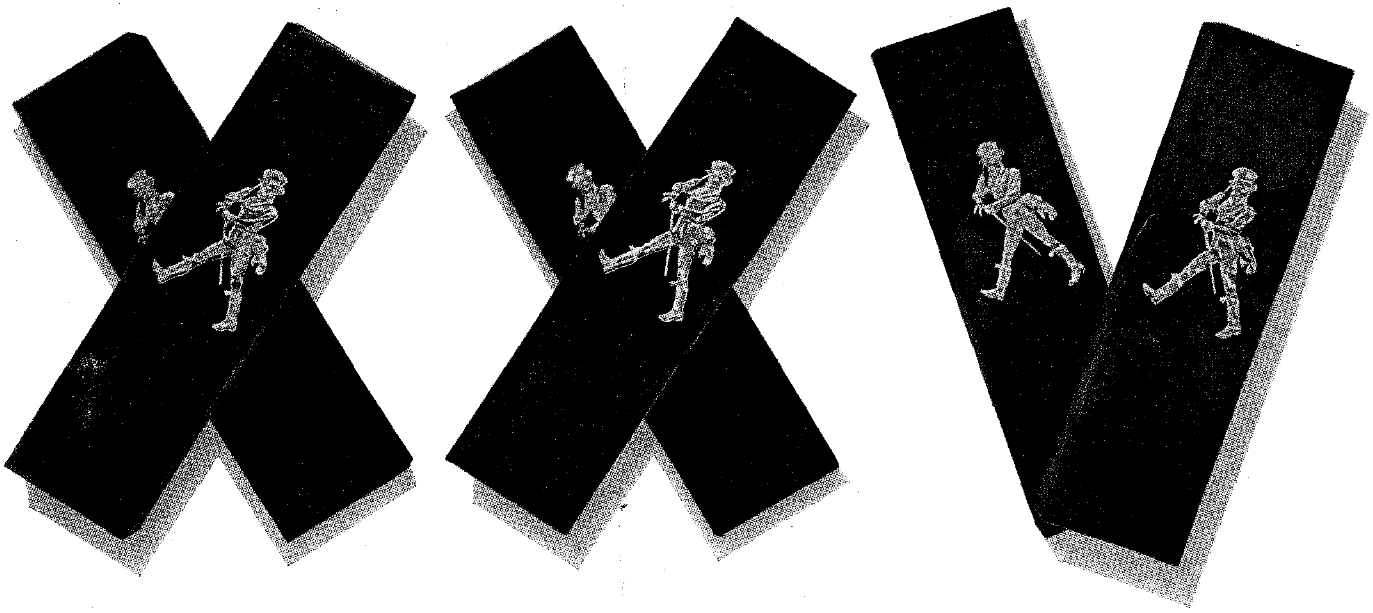

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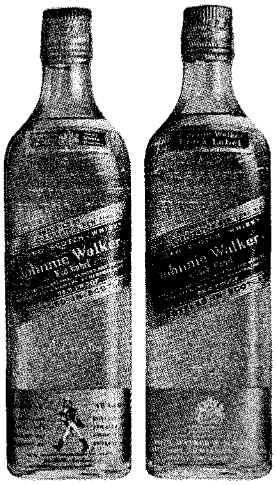

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Theatre, 15 Vandam St. CH 3-0153. Saturdays at 1 and 3.) . . . **CONTINENTAL PUPPET THEATRE:** "David and Goliath." (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30. For tickets, call RA 1-4525.) . . . **GUSSY COMPANY:** "Gussy, the 3-String Guitar." (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Saturdays at 1 and 2:30, and Sundays at 11 and 1:30.) . . . **HILLTOP PRODUCTIONS:** "Rumpelstiltskin." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 1, 2:15, and 3:30, and Sunday, Dec. 16, at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **MERRI-MIMES:** "Pinocchio." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4, and Monday through Thursday, Dec. 17-20, at 9:45, 11:15, and 1.) . . . **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "Little Red Riding Hood." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **MUSIC BOX THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "Tom Sawyer," Saturday, Dec. 15, at 1:30. "Heidi," Saturday, Dec. 15, at 3, and Sunday, Dec. 16, at 1. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609.) . . . ¶ "Topsy-Turvy Town." (Masque Theatre, 442 W. 42nd St. CH 4-1350. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 2:30, and Sunday, Dec. 16, at 1.) . . . **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "Group Soup." (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave. at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 1 and 3.) . . . **PEPPERMINT PLAYERS:** "Pinocchio." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 1 and 2:30, and Sundays at 1.) . . . **PILGRIM PRODUCTIONS:** "A Christmas Carnival." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturdays at 11.) . . . **STAGE 73:** "The Enchanted Forest." (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3.) . . . **THEATRE OF THE LITTLE HAND:** "Punch and Judy" and "The Magic Box." (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 3, and Saturday, Dec. 22, at 3:30.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archaeology–Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . ¶ Paintings of Bible stories by children from many countries; through Jan. 20. (Daily, except Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "On a Midnight Clear," tells the story of the Christmas star. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

PROSE READINGS—Henry Morgan, Carol Teitel, and Lou Frizzell reading from the works of Ring Lardner. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, Dec. 16, at 8:30.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.—Friday and Saturday, Dec. 14-15, at 1:45: Classical and Near Eastern art, including Persian miniatures and illuminated-manuscript books, Greek and Italiote terra-cotta vases, Siamese sculptures, and rugs; from the collection of the late Hagop Kevorkian. (Exhibition hours: Thursday, Dec. 13, from 10 to 5.)

TIFFANY JEWELERY

Diamonds set in platinum, laced with twisted ropes of eighteen karat gold. From top: Flower pin, twenty seven hundred dollars. Bracelet, sixty five hundred dollars. Earrings, eight hundred fifty dollars, Ring, twenty four hundred dollars. Prices include federal tax.

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NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Advise and Consent—Otto Preminger's richly upholstered and exceptionally well-acted adaptation of the famous novel. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Dec. 19.)

Divorce—Italian Style—An exceedingly funny farce, set in Sicily and featuring the ubiquitous Marcello Mastroianni as a bored husband bent on murdering his tiresome wife. The director, Pietro Germi, has made the most of his outrageous opportunities. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

The Letter That Was Never Sent—Geologists in search of diamonds in the Siberian wilderness discover that nature is both innocent and murderous, and therefore hard to outwit. A Russian picture, exquisitely photographed. (Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting Dec. 19, tentative.)

Lolita—A surprisingly successful adaptation of the famous novel. Screenplay by Vladimir Nabokov, who has known what to omit from his original work, and direction by Stanley Kubrick, who has drawn the performance of his life from James Mason, and admirable performances from Peter Sellers, Shelley Winters, and Sue Lyon. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Dec. 18.)

The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner—The suffering of the lower orders in England as they seek a place in the sun is becoming a hackneyed subject, but here a lyrical director (Tony Richardson) and a strong young actor (Tom Courtenay) make it seem brand-new and its squalor beautiful. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Dec. 19, tentative.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—A great play about a thoroughly wretched family eludes the camera, in large part because O'Neill was writing for the ear, not the eye. Making matters worse in three big parts are Katharine Hepburn, Ralph Richardson, and Dean Stockwell, though Jason Robards, Jr., is fine in the fourth big part. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 4:30. Reserved seats only. . . . ¶ Unreserved seats Monday through Friday matinées at 1 and 4.)

The Longest Day—Darryl Zanuck's painstaking rendition, on vivid black-and-white film, of the well-known account of D Day written by Cornelius Ryan. The scale is so big that one gets a sense mostly of surface, on which heroically crawl many hundreds of tiny figures, among them Richard Burton, John Wayne, Henry Fonda, and Red Buttons. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Manchurian Candidate—A thriller that's not to be missed, thanks to a wild and woolly plot that one longs to believe, and almost believes, and to superlative acting by Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, Angela Lansbury, and Janet Leigh. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

The Music Man—Meredith Willson's stand of corn is still very green, and Robert Preston romps around happily in it as a slicker who, back in the pristine days of this century, gulls the population of an Iowa town into believing he is a bandmaster of note. Marion Hargrove is responsible for the adaptation of the Broadway play, and Morton DaCosta for the direction. It's all pretty, simple-minded, and pleasant. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Dec. 15.)

Mutiny on the Bounty—A five-hundred-million-dollar spectacle about low deeds on the high seas and romance among the Minsky maidens of Tahiti. Marlon Brando with a B.B.C. accent is Fletcher Christian, and Trevor Howard is a devilish Captain Bligh. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Phaedra—Melina Mercouri, Raf Vallone, and Anthony Perkins in Jules Dassin's free-wheeling contemporary version of a story that the Greeks whipped into good shape a couple of thousand years ago. Professors of classics had better stay away, but there's something in it for everyone else, including marriage counsellors. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Requiem for a Heavyweight—Anthony Quinn, Julie Harris, Jackie Gleason, and Mickey Rooney are sensationally good in this heart-breaking, twice-told tale of an athlete who has outlived the only trade he knows. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Dec. 18, tentative. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Dec. 19.)

Shoot the Piano Player—An anthology of jokes that range in style all the way from slapstick to irony and that somehow combine to tell the life story of a pianist at a bar in Paris. François Truffaut wrote and directed this original French movie. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Dec. 17.)

Sundays and Cybele—A beautifully photographed and acted French love story, whose principals are Hardy Kruger, as a war veteran suffering from amnesia; Nicole Courcel, as a nurse who loves him; and Patricia Gozzi, as the entrancing, dangerously amorous child who steals his heart. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

A Taste of Honey—Shelagh Delaney wrote a fine play about the coming of age of a funny, cocky, lonely girl in an English slum. The director, Tony Richardson, has managed to make the movie even better than the play, and the cast—among them Rita Tushingham, Dora Bryan, Robert Stephens, Paul Danquah, and Murray Melvin—is without exception superb. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Dec. 19.)

West Side Story—Bigger but not better than the Broadway original, this gaudy study of J.D.s in torment is marvellously danced and photographed, but for anyone over twenty it is apt to prove more wearying than exciting. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:30, and Saturdays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

REVIVALS

Anna Karenina (1935)—The Garbo triumph, which Tolstoy had something to do with, and in which the lady is escorted by Basil Rathbone and Fredric March. (Griffith, 215 W. 45th, CI 7-3513; starting Dec. 14.)

La Belle Américaine (1961)—A French comedy, starring Robert Dhéry, Colette Brosset, and a huge American car—the beauty referred to in the title. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Dec. 18, tentative.)

The Bicycle Thief (1949)—An Italian film, made by Vittorio De Sica, about a search for a stolen bicycle. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Dec. 14.)

The Big Deal (1960)—From Italy comes this takeoff on the "Rififi" school of melodrama. Among the foiled criminals are Vittorio Gassman, Marcello Mastroianni, and Totò. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Dec. 19.)

Camille (1937)—Greta Garbo, coughing delicately and looking fragile. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Dec. 18-19.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' appraisal of a rich man's career. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Dec. 14.)

Gervaise (1957)—A French film, based on Zola's "L'Assommoir," with Maria Schell. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through Dec. 18, tentative.)

The Gold of Naples (1957)—Four episodes in the lives of some residents of southern Italy. Sophia Loren, Vittorio De Sica, and Silvana Mangano. In Italian. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through Dec. 18, tentative.)

The Grapes of Wrath (1940)—John Ford's reworking of the Steinbeck novel, with Henry Fonda and Jane Darwell. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Dec. 18.)

Lover Come Back (1962)—A comedy about the deplorable behavior of account executives on Madison Avenue and the unsteady course of their untrue loves. It stars Rock Hudson and Doris Day. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626.)

The Magician (1959)—Ingmar Bergman's study of the effect that a troupe of magicians has on the household of a Swedish merchant. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Dec. 16-17, tentative.)

The Mark (1961)—An account of the return to society of a man who has spent three years in prison for committing a crime against a child. Stuart Whitman, Rod Steiger, and Maria Schell. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Dec. 19.)

The Moon Is Blue (1953)—F. Hugh Herbert's comedy concerning some Manhattan mating cries, with Maggie McNamara, William Holden, and David Niven. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

North by Northwest (1959)—A crowded summation of all Hitchcock stories, with a dash of Pearl White. With Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, and James Mason. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; through Dec. 18.)

One, Two, Three (1961)—James Cagney huffing and puffing and driving everybody crazy in a comedy about West Berlin, Coca-Cola, and young love. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Dec. 19, tentative.)

Rocco and His Brothers (1961)—A portrait of a poor Italian family that comes to Milan to make good. Directed by Luchino Visconti. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Dec. 19, tentative.)

Roman Holiday (1953)—A princess slips away from her entourage in Rome and winds up seeing the sights with an American newspaperman and a photographer. Audrey Hepburn, Gregory Peck, and Eddie Albert. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; starting Dec. 19.)

Sabrina (1954)—Audrey Hepburn and Humphrey Bogart in a comedy about a chauffeur's daughter who manages to make her way from garage to mansion. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; starting Dec. 19.)

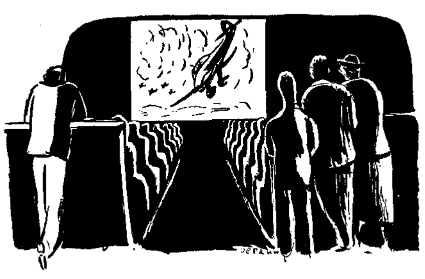
The Seventh Seal (1958)—A Swedish film, directed by Ingmar Bergman, about life in Sweden in the fourteenth century, when the plague was raging. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Dec. 15, tentative.)

Through a Glass Darkly (1962)—A girl who is going mad and knows she is going mad carries with her into horror her helpless father, husband, and brother. Written and directed by Ingmar Bergman. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Dec. 16-17, tentative.)

Wild Strawberries (1959)—Victor Sjöström plays an eminent physician in this Swedish film directed by Ingmar Bergman. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Dec. 15, tentative.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series called "Swedish Films, 1909-1957"—Through Dec. 15: "Port of Call" (1948), directed by Ingmar Bergman. . . . ¶ Dec. 16-19: "Only a Mother" (1949), with Eva Dahlbeck; no English titles. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Two for the Seesaw," Shirley MacLaine, Robert Mitchum.

Cinerama, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm," Laurence Harvey, Claire Bloom. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:30, and Saturdays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
Through Dec. 15: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 16, at 7:30: "Lawrence of Arabia," Alec Guinness, Anthony Quinn. (Opening night will be a benefit for PAL and UNICEF. For tickets, call EL 5-6690. Thereafter weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Barabbas," Anthony Quinn, Silvana Mangano. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"It's Only Money," Jerry Lewis.

Griffith, 215 W. 45th. (CI 7-3513)
Dec. 13: "The Connection," Warren Finnerty, Carl Lee.
From Dec. 14: **ANNA KARENINA**, revival; and "Red Dust," revival, Clark Gable, Jean Harlow.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Jumbo," Doris Day, Stephen Boyd.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
Through Dec. 19: To be announced.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
LOVER COME BACK, revival; and "Come September," revival, Rock Hudson, Gina Lollobrigida.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"The Story of Joseph and His Brethren," Geoffrey Horne, Robert Morley.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
WEST SIDE STORY.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Chapman Report," Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., Shelley Winters.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
THE LONGEST DAY.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Dec. 15 (tentative): **THE SEVENTH SEAL** and **WILD STRAWBERRIES** (both in Swedish and both revivals).
Dec. 16-17 (tentative): **THE MAGICIAN** and **THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY** (both in Swedish and both revivals).
From Dec. 18 (tentative): "Yojimbo" (in Japanese), Toshiro Mifune.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Dec. 18: "Flame in the Streets," John Mills, Sylvia Syms; and "Panic in Year Zero," Ray Milland, Jean Hagen.
From Dec. 19: "Imitation of Life," revival, Lana Turner; and "Written on the Wind," revival, Rock Hudson, Lauren Bacall.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Dec. 18: "Boccaccio '70" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Romy Schneider.
From Dec. 19: **REQUIEM FOR A HEAVYWEIGHT;** and **THE BIG DEAL** (in Italian), revival.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
THE MOON IS BLUE, revival; and "The Man with the Golden Arm," revival, Frank Sinatra.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
Through Dec. 18: **NORTH BY NORTHWEST**, revival.
From Dec. 19: "7 Capital Sins" (in French), Dany Saval, Eddie Constantine.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"The Chapman Report," Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., Shelley Winters.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"No Exit," Viveca Lindfors, Rita Gam.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Dec. 15: "Flame in the Streets," John Mills, Sylvia Syms; and "Panic in Year Zero," Ray Milland, Jean Hagen.
Dec. 16-18: "The Mongols," Jack Palance; and "The Trojan Horse," Steve Reeves.
From Dec. 19: **ROMAN HOLIDAY**, revival; and **SABRINA**, revival.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
SUNDAYS AND CYBELE (in French).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
PHAEDRA.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Candide" (in French), Jean-Pierre Cassel, Pierre Brasseur; and "The Shoes," a short film with Buddy Hackett.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
From Dec. 14, at 8:30: "The Lovers of Teruel" (in French), Ludmilla Tcherina. (Opening night by invitation only.)

Cinema I (PL 3-6022) and **Cinema II** (PL 3-0774), 3rd Ave. at 60th.
"Freud," Montgomery Clift, Susannah York.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Dec. 16: "Trial and Error," Peter Sellers, Richard Attenborough.
From Dec. 17: "Electra" (in Greek), Irene Papas.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Dec. 19: **A TASTE OF HONEY;** and **THE MARK**, revival.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Two for the Seesaw," Shirley MacLaine, Robert Mitchum.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Dec. 18: "Flame in the Streets," John Mills, Sylvia Syms; and "Panic in Year Zero," Ray Milland, Jean Hagen.
From Dec. 19: "Imitation of Life," revival, Lana Turner; and "Written on the Wind," revival, Rock Hudson, Lauren Bacall.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Dec. 13: "Ride, Vaquero!," revival, Robert Taylor, Ava Gardner; and "Escape from Fort Bravo," revival, William Holden.
Dec. 14-18: "The Mongols," Jack Palance; and "The Trojan Horse," Steve Reeves.
From Dec. 19: **ROMAN HOLIDAY**, revival; and **SABRINA**, revival.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Dec. 13: "The Lady with the Dog" (in Russian).
From Dec. 14: **CITIZEN KANE**, revival; and **THE BICYCLE THIEF** (in Italian), revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Dec. 15: **THE MUSIC MAN.**
Dec. 16-17: "Anastasia," revival, Ingrid Bergman, Yul Brynner; and "The Apartment," revival, Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.
Dec. 18-19: "Whistle Down the Wind," Hayley Mills; and "Rear Window," revival, James Stewart, Grace Kelly.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Dec. 18 (tentative): **REQUIEM FOR A HEAVYWEIGHT;** and **LA BELLE AMÉRICAINE** (in French), revival.
From Dec. 19 (tentative): **ROCCO AND HIS BROTHERS** (in Italian), revival; and "Mr. Arkadin," Orson Welles, Michael Redgrave.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Dec. 19 (tentative): **THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER.**

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Dec. 13: "Ride, Vaquero!," revival, Robert Taylor, Ava Gardner; and "Escape from Fort Bravo," revival, William Holden.
Dec. 14-18: "The Mongols," Jack Palance; and "The Trojan Horse," Steve Reeves.
From Dec. 19: **ROMAN HOLIDAY**, revival; and **SABRINA**, revival.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Dec. 18 (tentative): **THE GOLD OF NAPLES** (in Italian), revival; and **GERVAISE** (in French), revival.
From Dec. 19 (tentative): **ONE, TWO, THREE**, revival; and "Sweet Bird of Youth," revival, Paul Newman, Geraldine Page.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Reluctant Saint," Maximilian Schell.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through Dec. 19 (tentative): "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?," Bette Davis, Joan Crawford.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Dec. 16: "The Legend of Lobo," a full-length Walt Disney film.
From Dec. 17: To be announced.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
Through Dec. 19: "The Long Absence" (in French), Alida Valli.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through Dec. 17: "Yojimbo" (in Japanese), Toshiro Mifune.
From Dec. 18: "The Quare Fellow," Patrick McGoohan, Sylvia Syms.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE (in Italian).

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Dec. 13: "Ride, Vaquero!," revival, Robert Taylor, Ava Gardner; and "Escape from Fort Bravo," revival, William Holden.
Dec. 14-18: "The Mongols," Jack Palance; and "The Trojan Horse," Steve Reeves.
From Dec. 19: **ROMAN HOLIDAY**, revival; and **SABRINA**, revival.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Dec. 17: **SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER** (in French); and "Rear Window," revival, James Stewart, Grace Kelly.
Dec. 18-19: **CAMILLE**, revival; and "Min and Bill," revival, Wallace Beery, Marie Dressler.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Dec. 18: **LOLITA;** and "Light in the Piazza," revival, Olivia de Havilland.
From Dec. 19: **ADVISE AND CONSENT;** and "The Best of Enemies," David Niven, Alberto Sordi.

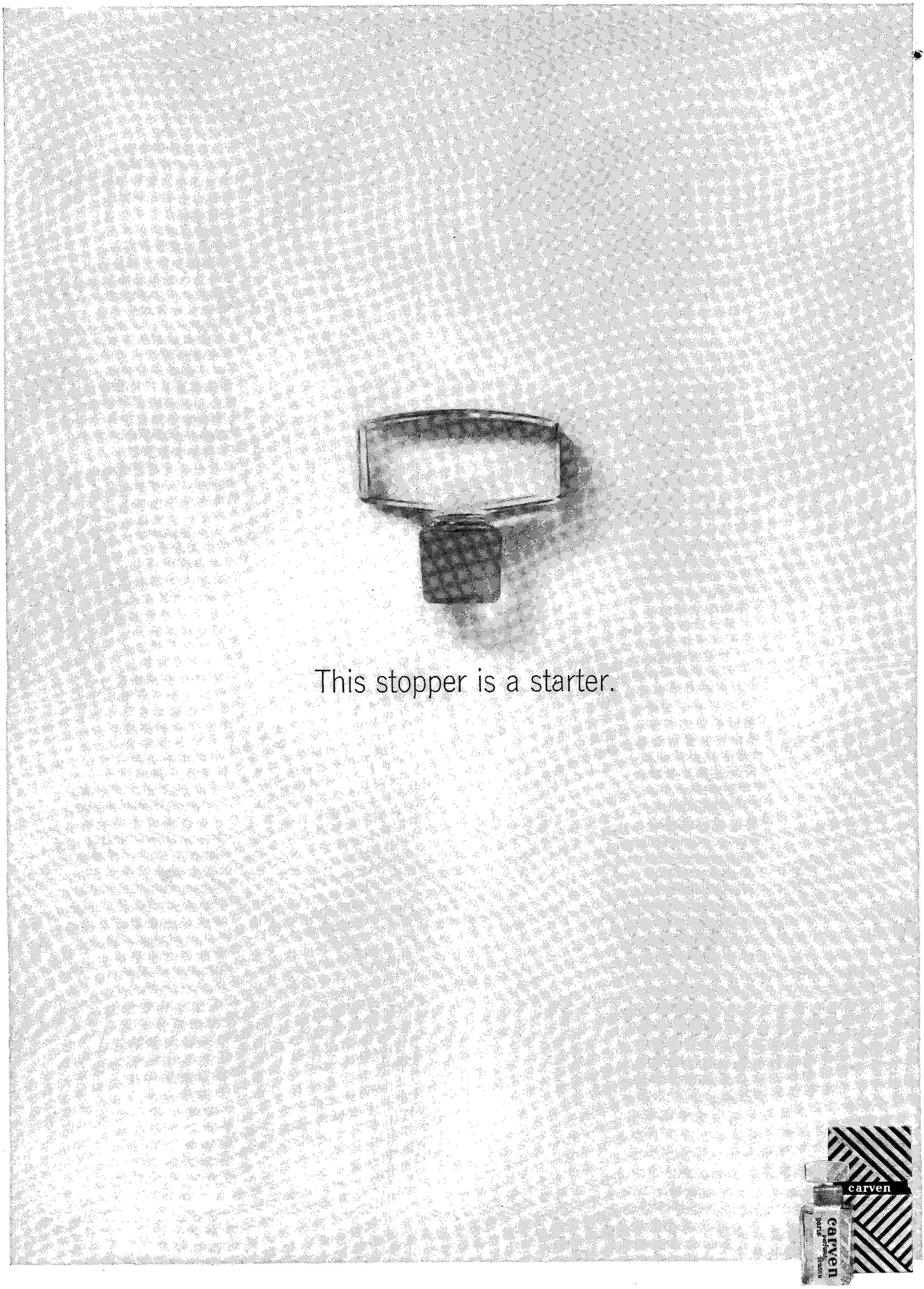
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Dec. 13: "And God Created Woman" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Curt Jurgens; and "No Sun in Venice" (in French), revival, Françoise Arnoul.
Dec. 14-17: "The Idiot" (in Russian), revival; and "The Eternal Mask" (in German), revival.
From Dec. 18: **THE GRAPES OF WRATH**, revival; and "Tobacco Road," revival, Charley Grapewin.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
"Flame in the Streets," John Mills, Sylvia Syms; and "Panic in Year Zero," Ray Milland, Jean Hagen.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Dec. 18 (tentative): **THE GOLD OF NAPLES** (in Italian), revival; and **GERVAISE** (in French), revival.
From Dec. 19 (tentative): **THE LETTER THAT WAS NEVER SENT** (in Russian); and "Arms and the Man" (in German), revival.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Dec. 13: "Ride, Vaquero!," revival, Robert Taylor, Ava Gardner; and "Escape from Fort Bravo," revival, William Holden.
Dec. 14-18: "The Mongols," Jack Palance; and "The Trojan Horse," Steve Reeves.
From Dec. 19: **ROMAN HOLIDAY**, revival; and **SABRINA**, revival.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through Dec. 18: "Flame in the Streets," John Mills, Sylvia Syms; and "Panic in Year Zero," Ray Milland, Jean Hagen.
From Dec. 19: "Imitation of Life," revival, Lana Turner; and "Written on the Wind," revival, Rock Hudson, Lauren Bacall.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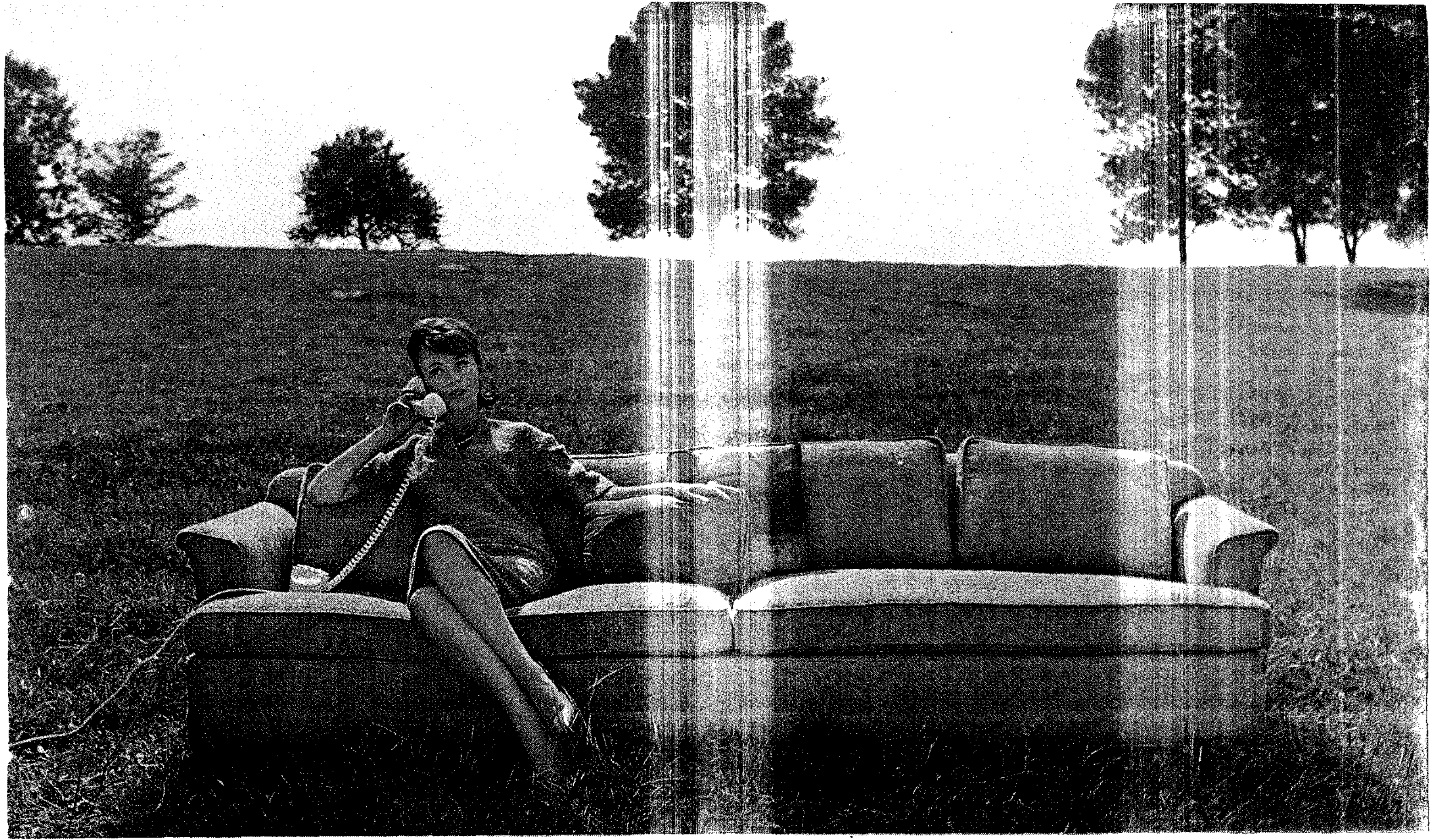

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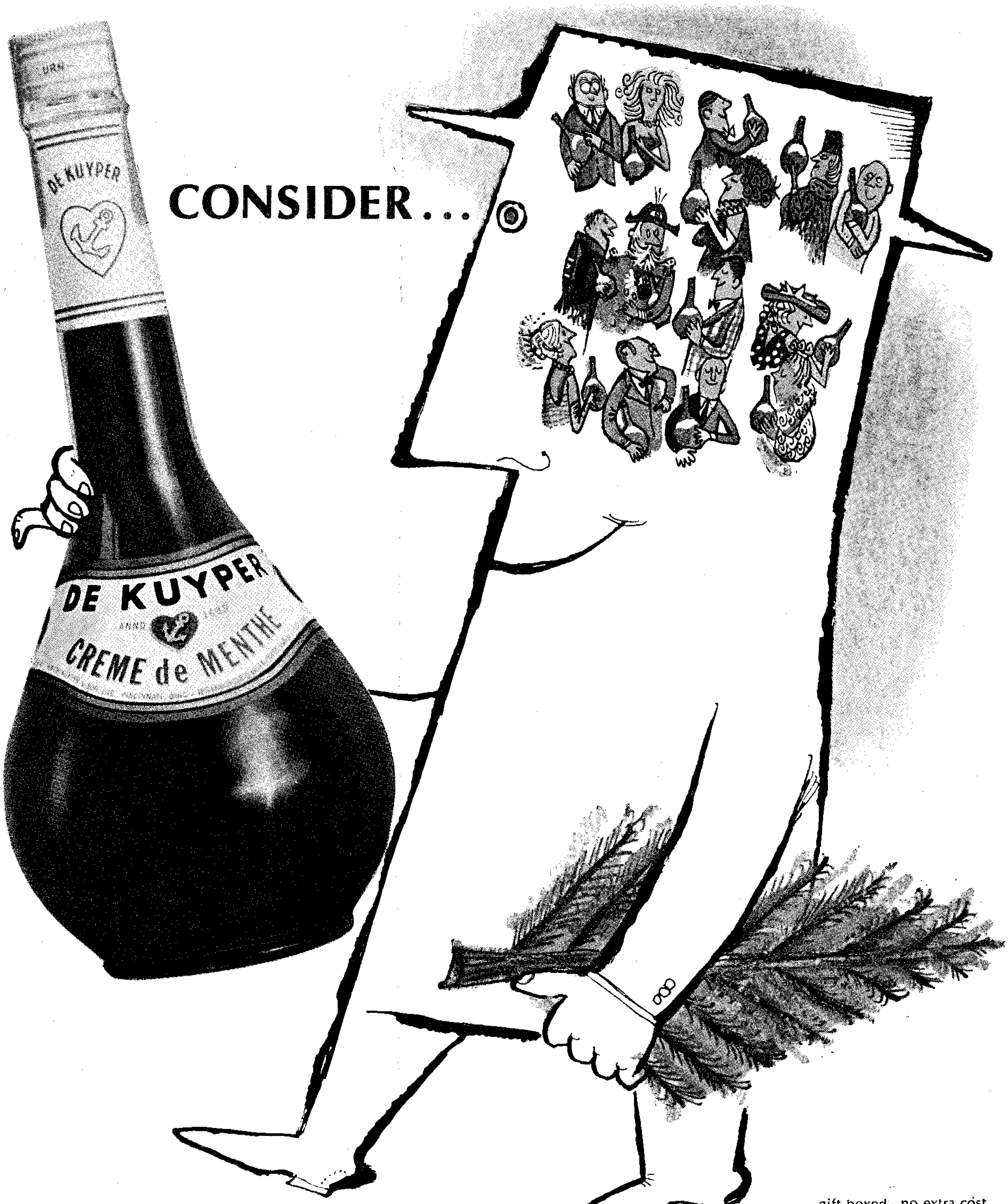

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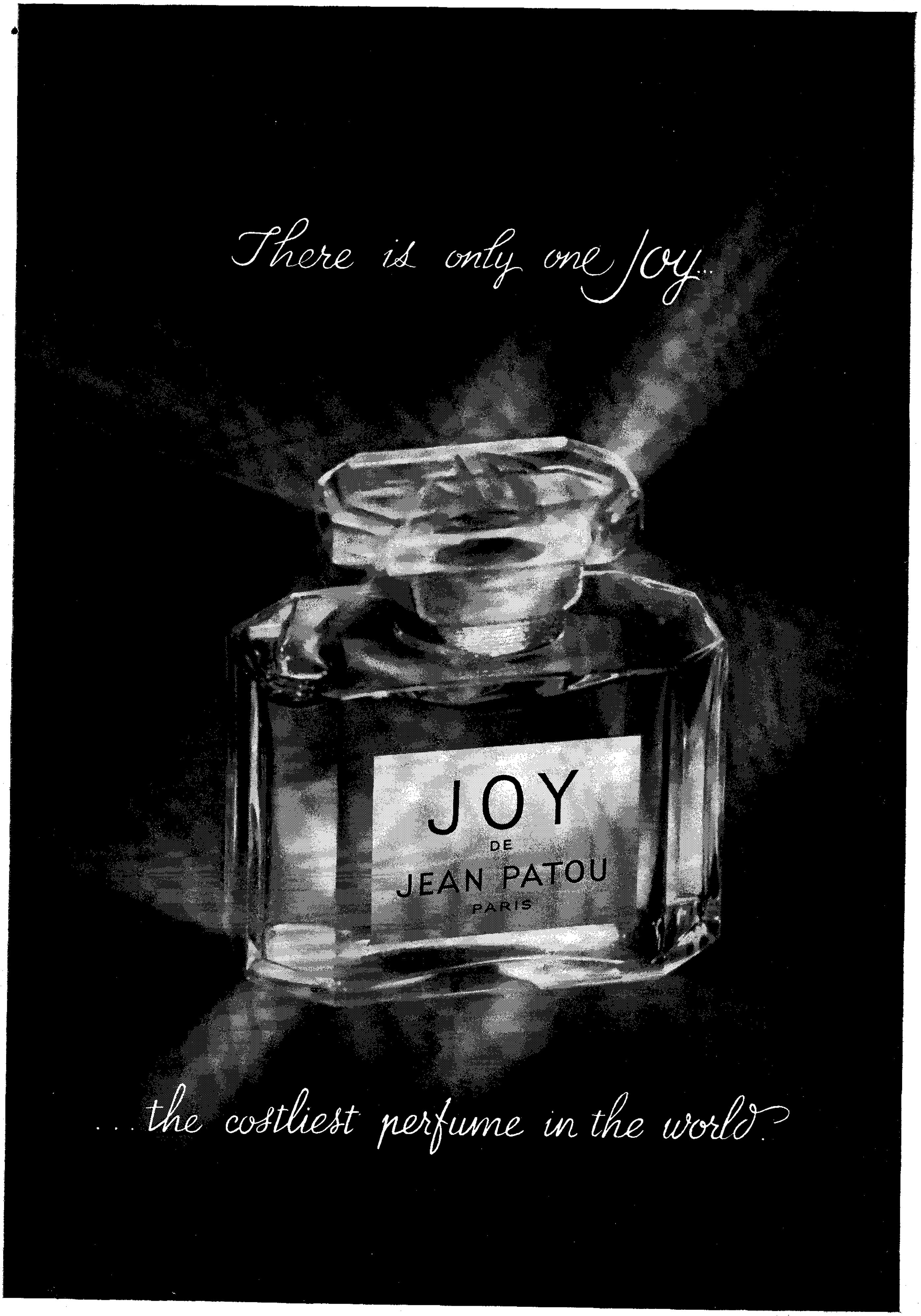
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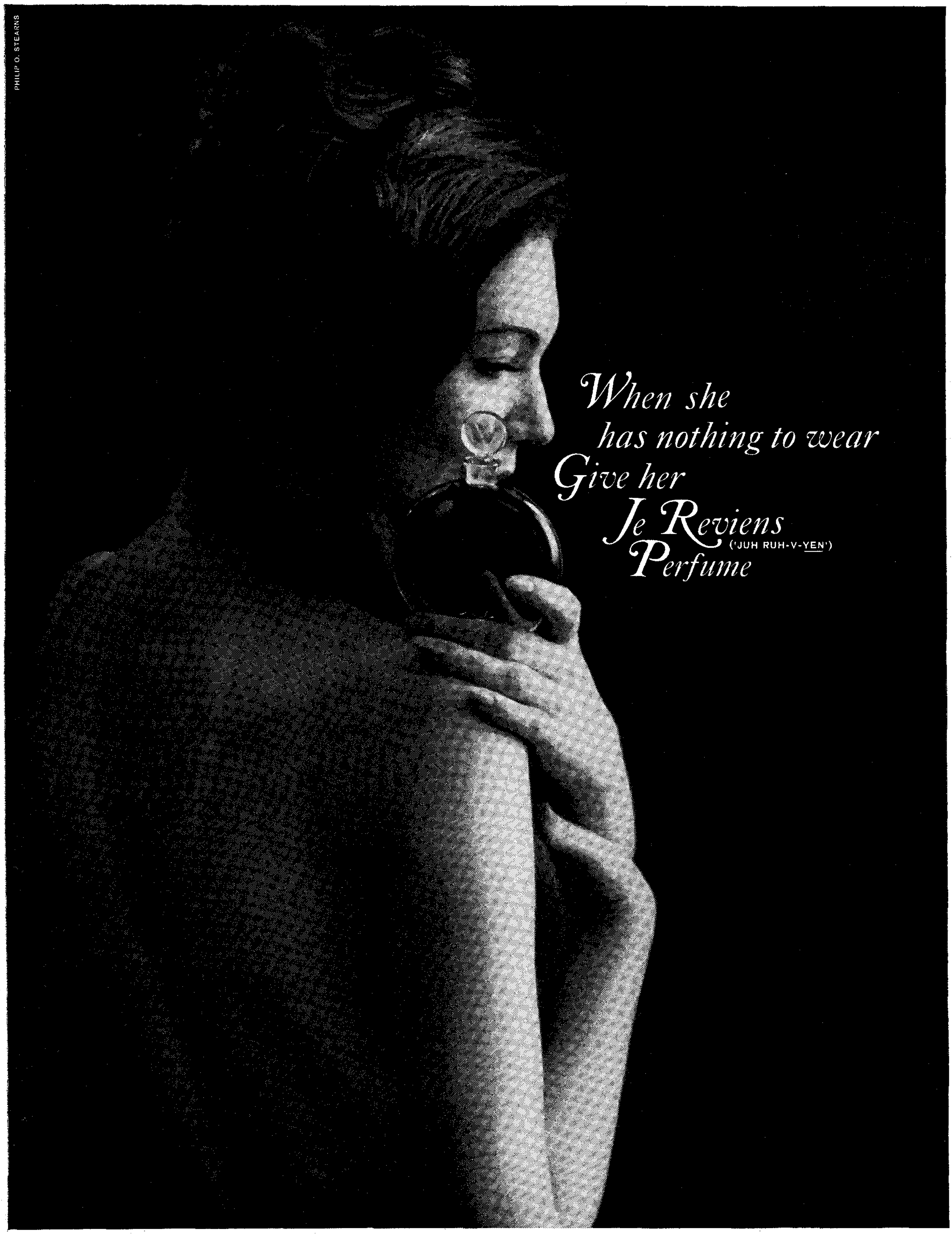
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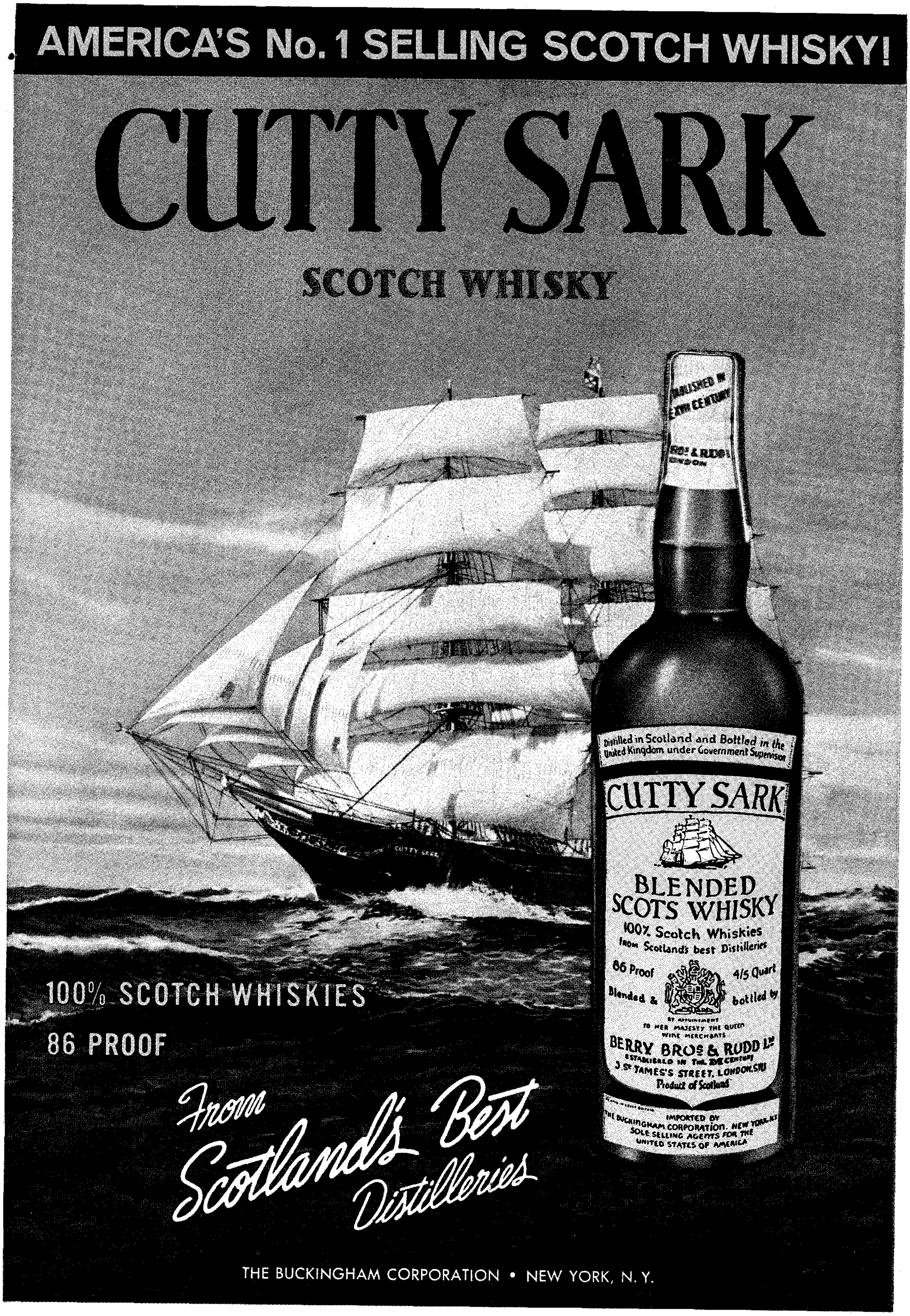

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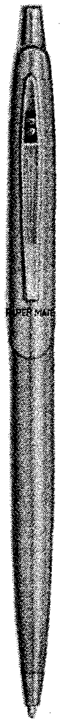

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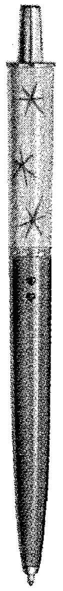

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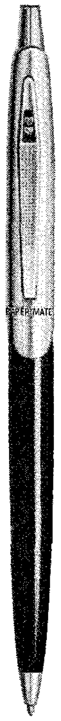

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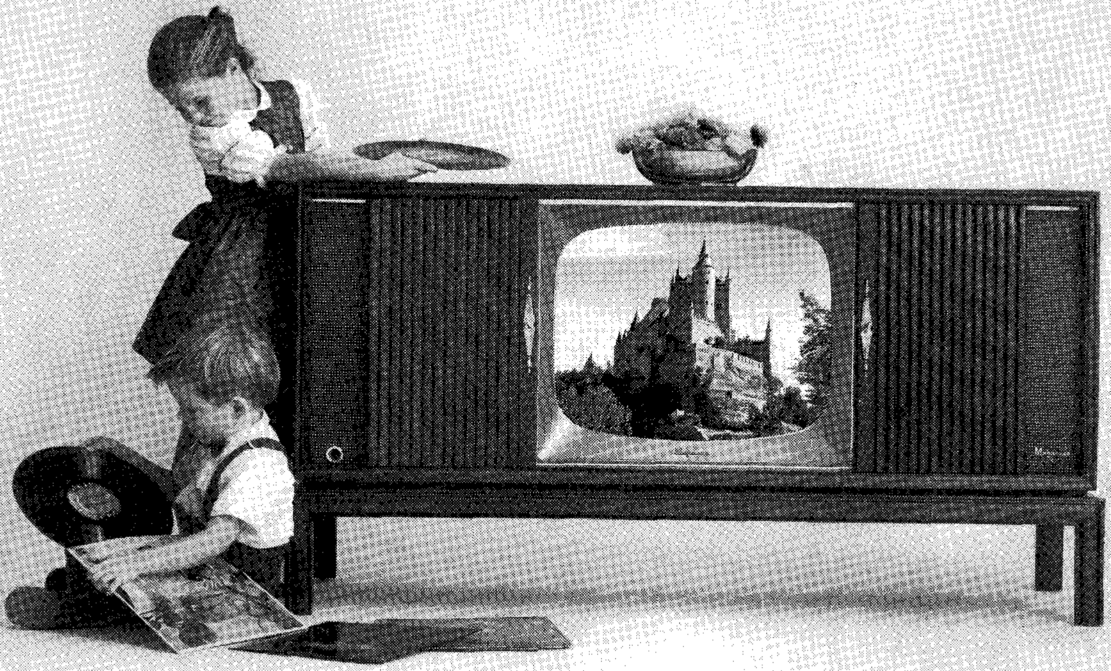

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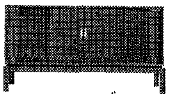

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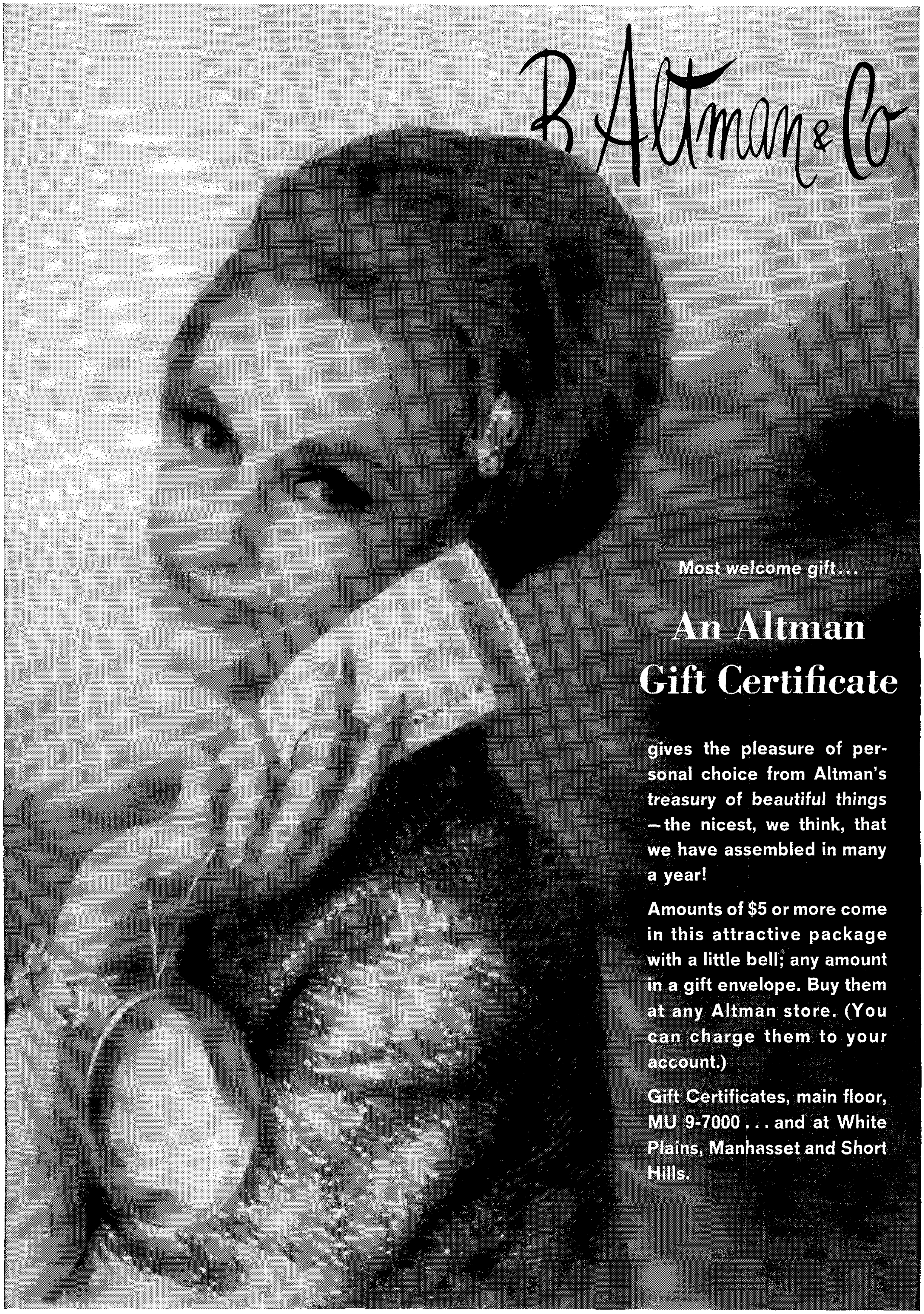

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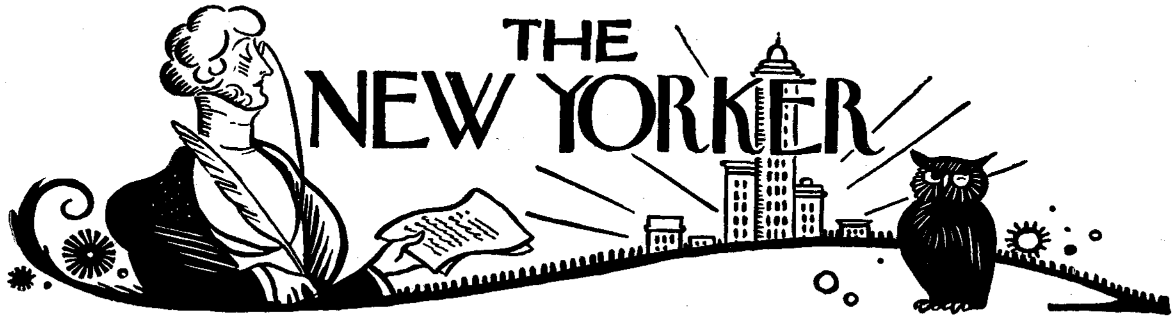
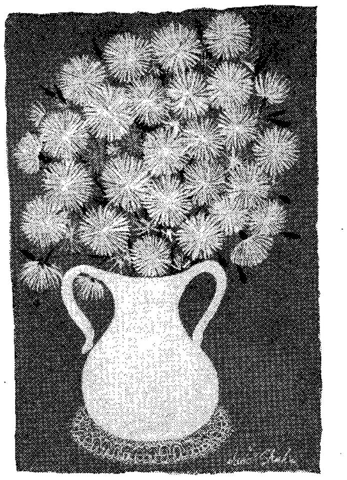


THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE earth shook a bit last week because two Washington journalists, writing in the *Saturday Evening Post*, quoted someone to the effect that during the Cuban crisis in October Adlai Stevenson had "wanted a Munich." Munich is the Bavarian city where, in September of 1938, the British Prime Minister concluded a shameful deal with the German Führer, and thereby, it is generally believed, made inevitable the Second World War, which cost humanity over twenty million lives and countless other sorrows. If there is anything this country can do without, it is an ambassador of whom it could be said that he "wanted a Munich." But who said this of Adlai Stevenson? President Kennedy? Dean Rusk? Dean Acheson? Robert Kennedy? Robert McNamara? The two journalists, whom the *Post* describes in display type as "top reporters," do not give us a name. Fair enough—or at least we're hardened enough to this sort of thing not to expect a name. But was it someone who spoke with authority? Was the man there, in the White House, when Stevenson let his dreadful wish be known? We quote the quoters: It was "a non-admiring official who learned of his [Stevenson's] proposal." We get the point about "non-admiring." The man didn't think much of Stevenson, which is no crime and doesn't mean his ears are bad. But evidently the "official" *wasn't* there. He merely "learned of" Stevenson's "proposal." A "proposal" is a scheme offered for serious consideration. Stevenson says he never made the "proposal" attributed to him by the *Post*. But there are now several million people who could be said to have "learned of" it. We non-admire this kind of journalism.



Safe

WORD that forty-seven thousand new parking meters were being installed in the city sent us straight to the office of Traffic Commissioner Henry A. Barnes, shortly before he set out for Paris to study its traffic problems. We wanted to get the big picture, which, it turns out, really *is* pretty big. A genial, talkative man of fifty-five who reeks agreeably of Revelation pipe tobacco and is not averse to describing himself in fiscal terms ("I'm the highest-paid department head in the city—twenty-seven thousand five hundred dollars a year—and the highest-paid traffic authority in the world"), Mr. Barnes is boyishly enthusiastic over his new toy, which is made by the Nautec Corporation's Duncan Parking Meter Division, in Chicago, and is the only meter he knows of that is, as he puts it, "vandal-resistant." "Parking meters ought to bring in a lot of revenue," he said. "We have a total of sixty thousand parking-meter locations in New York, but we've been running some twelve or fifteen thousand meters short, owing to their being either stolen or damaged beyond repair. Last year, our meters took in only six and a half million dollars. The new Duncan meters are being installed at the rate of five hundred a night; if we have luck with the weather, they'll all be in place by the end of February. With the five thousand Duncan meters that were installed last year, on a trial basis, and the eight thousand meters, made by a couple of other companies, that had already been installed in off-street parking areas, we'll be at full strength for the first time, and I estimate that our meters will take in up to twelve million dollars next year."

Commissioner Barnes told us that the robbing of parking meters had become a large-scale operation in the past year or so, and that no one was quite clear why. "New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia all felt the impact at about the same time," he said. "Suddenly, it's big business, but not for organized crime; the vandals are individuals who need quick money—dope addicts, perennial bums, young punks on the prowl. The meters we used to install here were made of something called pot metal. Very brittle, and therefore easy to smash, as well as easily opened; I could raid one with a screwdriver and hammer in less than thirty seconds. As one test of the Duncan meter, which is made of malleable steel, I took a fifteen-pound sledge and beat on it for fifteen minutes before dislodging it from its post; then I hammered at it for another fifteen minutes on the sidewalk, and all it did was roll up into a ball."

Sitting relaxed behind his desk, his feet comfortably cocked on its cluttered surface and his pipe cozily ablaze, Commissioner Barnes gave the impression of enjoying his job very much, and when he complained that New York is a hard city to get things done in, it was with the air of uttering a conventional bureaucratic beef. "I don't blame the Mayor," he said. "He has backed me all the way down the line. It's the archaic city procedures we have around here that get my goat. Take this phone on my desk. It used to be on that shelf over there—two and a half feet away. I wanted the phone moved from the shelf to the desk, but before that could be done I had to have the approval of a city budget examiner. Here I am, head of a department, and I can't even move my own phone!"

Over the past forty years, the Commissioner has been a laborer on the New

York Central, a bus driver, a journeyman electrician, a taxicab driver, a pressman for a printing company, an assembly-line worker in an auto factory, a policeman, and a city traffic engineer, and for about twenty of those forty years he attended night school, on and off, at the University of Michigan, Michigan State, and the General Motors Institute, but he never bothered to get a degree. The cities, besides New York, into whose traffic problems he has pitched himself are Flint, Denver, and Baltimore. "In Baltimore, I created one of the top traffic departments in the country," he told us, through a blue scrim of Revelation. "I intend to do the same here. I'm not afraid to work, and I've learned how to do several things at the same time. For example, at home I can listen to a two-way radio that keeps me in touch with what's going on in the department, read a book, play something on my hi-fi set, and look at television. For relaxation, I tinker with electronic gadgets. I tried golf, but it didn't take me away from the job; every time I encountered a foursome, someone in it had a traffic problem he wanted to discuss with me."

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The Dime Savings Bank of Brooklyn is advising its depositors to "take the money-worry out of your next holiday season" by making weekly deposits of anything from fifty cents to ten dollars in the Dime's new Chanukah Club.

A Happening

OUR man Stanley drifted into the office the other day, looking rather puzzled, and deposited these sparse notes on our desk:

"At last have gone to a Happening! This one was staged in courtyard (more like ten-story air shaft) of historic Mills Hotel, on corner of Bleecker and Sullivan Streets. Large and bewildered audience, each member of which had paid two dollars admission. What 'happened' was as follows: Around two-story tarpaper-and-wire construction resembling attenuated pyramid, impassive young man in shorts and undershirt pedalled English bicycle, ringing its bell at random intervals. Dishes, cartons, and bits of paper dropped from windows surrounding courtyard onto audience surrounding pyramid. Some of the bystanders were given brooms to sweep up resulting mess. Thumping noises were audible from within pyramid, and unintelligible shouting from upper windows. Mattress dropped, narrowly missing member of audience. Two young men ascended ladders and placed empty cartons on top of pyramid. Automobile tire, suspended by rope dangling from window, swung down and knocked cartons off again. Somebody carried mattress up ladder and leaned it against pyramid. Girl in white negligee appeared, carrying transistor radio, which was playing rock-'n'-roll music. Girl climbed ladder, reclined on mattress, and gave interview to two actors playing gentlemen of press. She was nearly knocked down by swinging tire but grabbed it and held it motionless. At close of interview, girl dropped two rolls of what appeared to be bandages down sides of pyramid. Another huge tarpaper construction descended from top of courtyard and engulfed girl. Happening was over.

"In audience were such venerable Dadaists as Marcel Duchamp and Hans Richter, who, four decades ago, had staged some bewildering pre-Happening happenings at European Dada soirées of their own. Asked enthusiastic lady beside me how often Happenings are staged. 'Regularly,' said lady. Left courtyard."

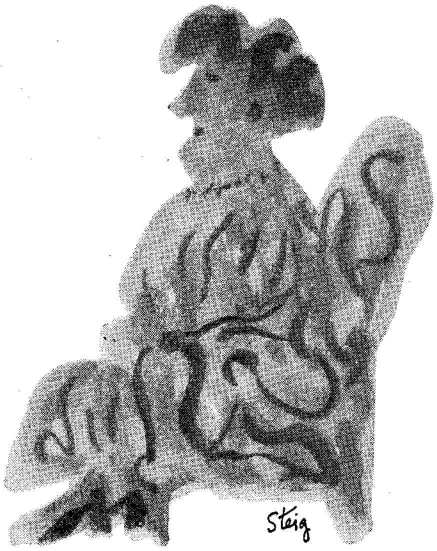
Just Folks

ESSAY on famous people in New Jersey received by a fifth-grade teacher in Arcadia, California:

> New Jersey does not have many famous people. Most of the people in New Jersey are just people. The only thing that had anything to do with famous people was when Washington crossed the Delaware and he wasn't from New Jersey.

T'ai Chi Ch'uan

WE'VE been up to the China Institute in America, on East Sixty-fifth Street, to visit with Mr. Da Liu, a compactly put-together Chinese gentleman of fifty, who has been giving lessons there in the ancient Taoist exercise called T'ai Chi Ch'uan—or, to put it in something like English, Grand Terminus Pugilism. As we entered Mr. Liu's classroom—the Institute's softly carpeted library, where the usual form of pugilism would have been quite out of place—he was standing on one leg, waving his arms, and turning his body about with the languid elegance of a man dancing in his sleep. It developed, however, that he was wide-awake and engaged in imitating a stork. "Stork keeps body straight," he told his students, a group of fifteen or so indisputably Occidental housewives and businessmen, ranging in age from the late twenties to maybe sixty. "One wing up, one down. He rests weight on one leg. He lives long life without medicine." The students attempted to imitate Mr. Liu's imitation, and though their efforts were thoroughly unstorklike, their teacher was far from discouraged. "At first, your body feels very confusing to you, very unfamiliar and strange," he said. "Soon you will learn, and it will be as easy as night and day."


Steig

Leaving his students to stand on one leg for a few moments, Mr. Liu sat down with us in a corner of the library and briefed us learnedly on T'ai Chi Ch'uan. "Invented by Taoist monks in eleventh century A.D.," he said. "Is not pugilism, like boxing, but physical movements to prevent illness, and keep young and healthy. All told, a hundred and eight movements to regulate circulation of blood, stretch muscles, deepen breathing. Many of movements are named for animals that have displayed wisdom in art of survival, like stork. Taoist monks led sedentary lives, preferred movements slow and gently rounded. They drew for exercises on our Chinese cognates, yin and yang. Yin stands for softness, inactivity, passive femaleness, and night; yang stands for firmness, activity, male strength, and day. Interaction of these cognates is said to explain all change in universe. To unite them successfully is Grand Terminus—consummate embodiment of softness and firmness, retreat and advance. In T'ai Chi, we see demonstrated basic Taoist principles of wisdom of appearing foolish, success of appearing to fail. If you practice T'ai Chi every day, your temperament changes. You grow still like mountain, active like flowing water."

Mr. Liu, who was born in Peking, moved to Taiwan in 1949, and came to New York in 1955, estimates that he has taught some fifteen hundred people the art of T'ai Chi. He not only has been giving classes at the Institute, which is a center for Chinese-American culture, but has been advising some students of his who hold T'ai Chi classes in the Y.W.C.A. at Lexington Avenue and Fifty-third Street. He runs through all hundred and eight movements at least twice daily—at seven in the morning and again before retiring. The whole lot takes, at the most, twenty minutes to carry out, and since it's crucial that the movements be carried out with what Westerners would define as an empty mind—that is, a mind containing neither motives nor presentiments, and, of course, nothing as bold and angular as actual thoughts—the practitioner is expected to wear an expression of utter vacancy. "You forget about yourself and gain yourself," said Mr. Liu. "Very simple, very healthy. Myself, never sick in thirty years. Never receive a dentist in my life."

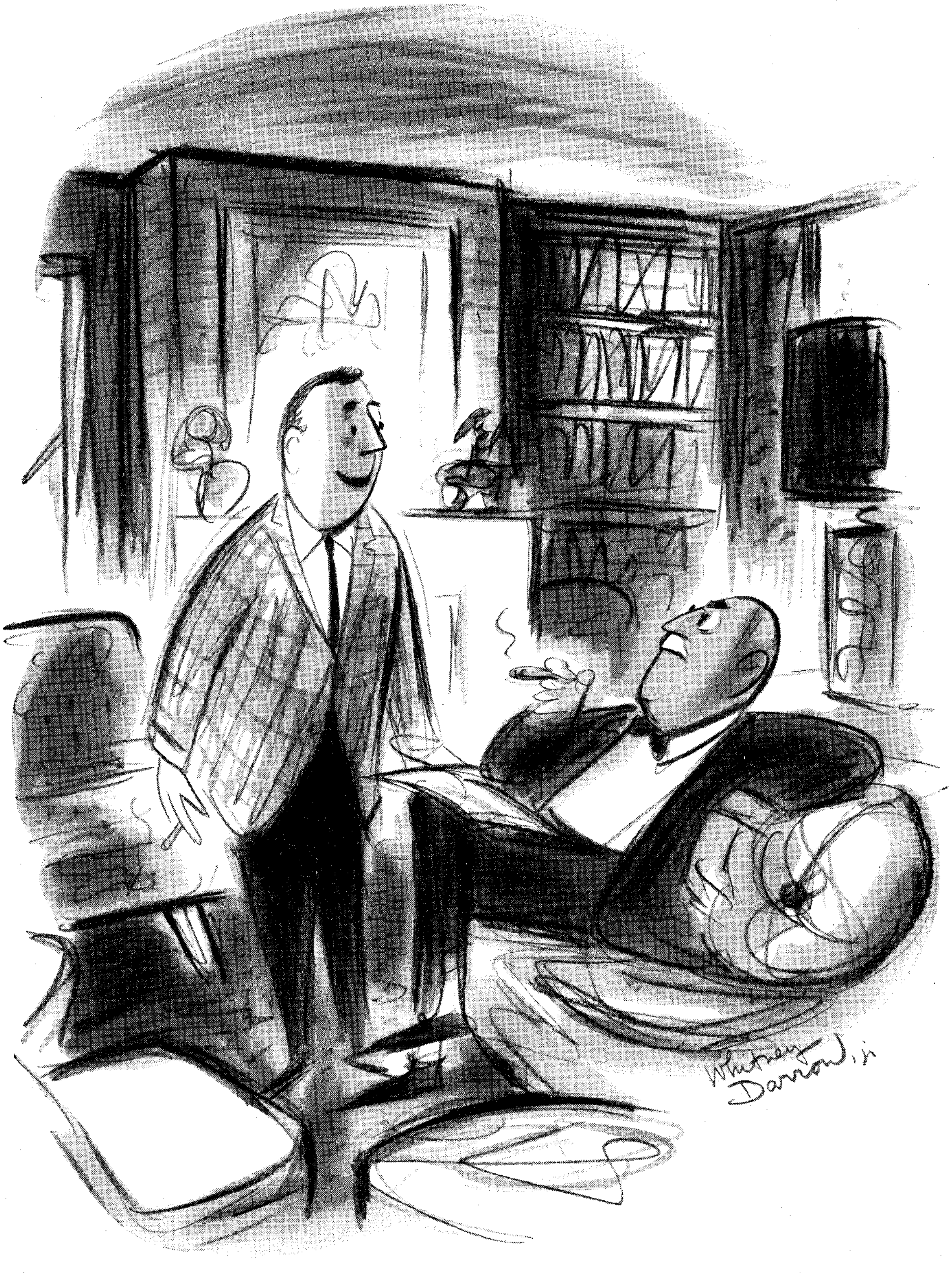
His pupils appeared to be getting rather restless, and Mr. Liu jumped slowly, roundedly to his feet. "Like a Chinese dinner," he said, smiling, and extending his arms as if to embrace the entire class, "I have many dishes." He led everyone through a variety of agreeably mild bends, rolls, dips, and slides, and then, as the period drew to a close, offered a solo performance of the hundred and eight movements, identifying fifty of them by name. They were all charming, but we had certain favorites, and among them were "Golden Cock Stands on One Leg," "Snake Creeps Down," "Needle at Sea Bottom," "Carry the Tiger to the Mountain," and "Step Up to Form Seven Stars." We hope that the next time we're discovered wearing an expression of utter vacancy our friends will realize that we may be trying very hard to become a needle at the bottom of the sea, or even, praise yin and yang, seven stars.

•

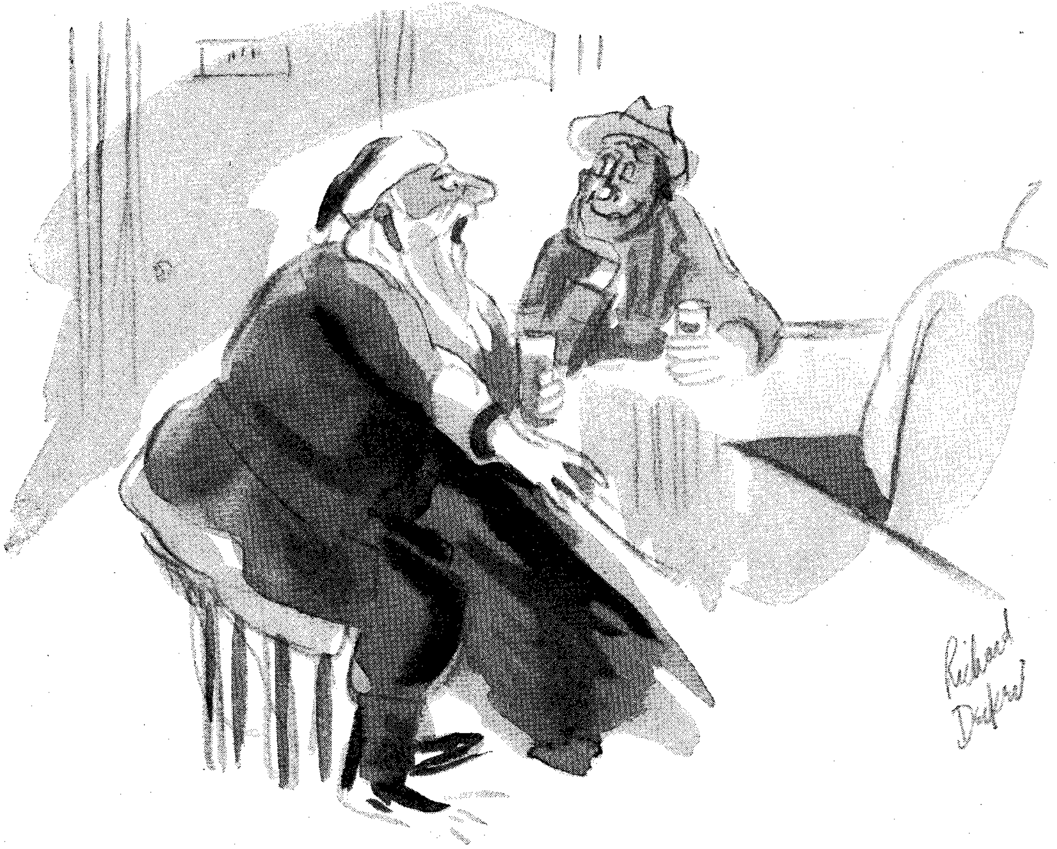
OVERHEARD at the Old Warsaw Restaurant, in Dallas, one weathered matron to another: "I thought it was perfectly adorable. But then sable has always been one of my favorite furs."

The Human Factor

NOW that we've been to the Human Factors Society's fifth annual convention, at the Barbizon-Plaza, we wonder how we ever got along without the Society—for people, we learned, may be all right, but com-



"Can I have the key to the key club tonight, Dad?"



“Mrs. Claus is fine, all the little elves are fine! Now knock it off, will you?”

pare them to the machines they operate and they fall woefully short. The Society, we found out from its chairman, Dr. George E. Rowland, was founded in 1956, has eight hundred and thirty members, and is concerned with bringing machines down to our level. “We’re a mixed bag,” Dr. Rowland said. “Our members are engineers, designers, psychologists, and sociologists. We all feel that machines can take care of themselves. We’re worried about the *people* part.”

We asked Dr. Rowland, a dark-haired man in his late thirties, what a human factor is, and after some understandably human hesitation and head-scratching he replied, “A human factor is that element of a system or an equipment performance that is generated by the unique capabilities and limitations of the human being who is involved with the equipment.” Dr. Rowland then handed us over to another Human Factors Society official, Mr. Douglas Cornog, who is with the Bureau of Standards in Washington. Mr. Cornog, a short, stocky man in his early forties, kindly offered to round up some of the biggest men in the human-factors field (there were about five hundred men, both big and little human-factors fish, milling about the Barbizon-Plaza lobby) to see if they could further clarify matters for us. He went off on his mission, and soon returned with a young man named Dr. E. T. Klemmer, who is a member of the technical staff of the Bell Telephone Laboratories.

“I’m working on customer preference in the field of communication by satellite,” Dr. Klemmer told us. “Telstar is all very well, but soon we may have synchronous satellites aloft—that is, satellites that travel in the same direction and at the same speed as the earth in its rotation, and will therefore remain fixed over the same spot on earth. One might be stationed midway over the Atlantic and about twenty-three thousand miles up—twenty thousand miles higher than Telstar—in order to relay telephone calls between the United States and Europe. Under these circumstances, it takes a radio wave three-tenths of a second to bounce to Europe and another three-tenths of a second to bounce back to New York, or six-tenths of a second longer than over a normal telephone circuit, which is virtually instantaneous. The human-factors problem is: Will this delay be noticeable to people talking on the telephone? The answer is yes. We’re not sure what we’re going to do about it.”

Almost before Dr. Klemmer had finished, Mr. Cornog bustled up with another man in tow—Mr. Paul M. Colson, who is involved with the Liberty Mutual Insurance Company’s Survival Car.

“Automobile accidents are a human-factors problem,” said Mr. Colson. “We can’t prevent accidents, but we *can* package the driver to minimize the effect of an accident. The Liberty Mutual Survival Car is designed around the man. In addition to seat belts, crash-proof hardware, and a padded dashboard, which are old stuff now, our car has safety harnesses, contour seats, and head rests, and roll bars are built into the roof. The steering column is flexible—it’s made out of cable—so that the driver won’t impale himself, and the seat next to the driver, sometimes called the death seat, is reversible, so that the passenger can ride backward. And there’s an automatic device to give warning, and finally stop the car, if the driver should go off to sleep. The Ford Motor Company featured some of our safety devices in a car a few years ago, but it didn’t sell very well. *That’s* a human factor we didn’t take into account.”

Before we could find out more about that factor, Mr. Cornog thrust a thick-set man upon us. This was Dr. J. C. Rupe, executive officer of the United States Army Air Defense Human Research Unit, and (so Mr. Cornog whispered to us) a *very* big human-factors fish indeed.

“We’ve been working on a project called Upstream, and have come up with a proposal called the IMMRAND Process, or the Research and Development Process, which is now being considered by the Air Force,” Dr. Rupe said. “The trouble is that military equipment is developed so quickly that by the time men learn to use it, it’s obsolete. During the Korean War, we used the F-86-D jet fighter, which had been designed in 1948. The fighter contained an electronic fuel-control system and an electronic fire-control system, and toward the end of the war, when the men finally learned to operate them, the ratio of North Korean to American planes shot down suddenly soared to something like one hundred and fifty to one. Only, by that time the F-86-D was obsolete; the F-100 series was already on the runway, and we had the human-factors problem all over again.”

Mr. Cornog was back once more, this time having retrieved Mr. J. Eindhoven from the crowd. Dr. Rupe gave way, and Mr. Eindhoven, a member of the Armed Forces Food and Container Institute, told us that the Army is having trouble finding suitable food to issue as combat rations. "It's a human factor that if soldiers don't like their food, they don't eat it, and this cuts down on their combat efficiency—another human factor," Mr. Eindhoven began. "The problem is to find a food that is compact, storable, and adaptable to special conditions, such as extreme cold and extreme heat, and that, at the same time, the men will find appetizing." He plopped three unappetizing-looking bricks of food—a cornflakes bar, a hash bar, and a split-pea-soup bar—in front of us, and we immediately got the idea. "These bars begin to depart from what we think of as food, and novel foods tend to be disliked," Mr. Eindhoven went on. "No matter how much you like steak, you probably won't like it in a gritty, bricklike form. Steak, corn on the cob, and milk have been proved to be the three most popular American foods, but none of them make good bars. In our tests, the cornflakes, hash, and split-pea bars have been fairly successful. In their prepared state, they've received high ratings on our nine-point Hedonic rating scale—'Hedonic' for 'hedonism.' Least popular was our pemmican meat bar, which we had to scrap, and most popular is our rice bar. The soldiers would probably go for a good beer bar, but I don't think the Institute will provide one."

This time, Mr. Cornog returned with no fewer than six human-factors men. He introduced us to Dr. Edward E. Eddowes, of the McDonnell Aircraft Corporation, who is concerned with tactical bombers that fly so fast that the pilots don't know where they are; to Dr. Alphonse Chapanis, who is concerned with the legibility of numbers on dials; to Mr. Jack Hockman, who has invented a machine, for use in post offices, that transmits letters by means of a magnetic smudge typed on them; to Dr. Arthur Kahn, of the Air Arm Division of the Westinghouse Electric Corporation, who is conducting tests to see whether a man can handle information that is presented visually and aurally at the same time (he can, provided the information is presented properly); to Dr. H. J. Older, who is president of the Matrix Corporation, a human-factors outfit that is working on devices to save lives in airplane accidents; and to Dr. John Lyman, head of the biotechnology laboratory at the University of California in Los Angeles, who is working on human factors in space.

"I have put a man in an oven at two hundred and forty degrees and kept him there for twenty-four minutes," said Dr. Lyman, with a modest smile. "He suffered no ill effects at all."

Before we could find out Dr. Lyman's secret, Mr. Cornog presented Dr. Jack Kraft, of the Lockheed Missiles & Space Co.

"I'm working on the Man-Machine Trade-Off Study," Dr. Kraft said. "We're trying to determine whether machines can do a better job in space than man. In most cases, they can."

Mr. Cornog bustled back to say he had failed to find two scientists he was especially eager for us to meet—Mr. S. Konz, who had just presented a paper proving that monotonous background music helps people doing monotonous tasks, and Dr. Alvin Singer, who had invented a tiny radio transmitter, which, mounted on a pigeon, will tell you where the pigeon is.

We thanked Mr. Cornog for his trouble, and returned to our typewriter, which proceeded to patronize us.

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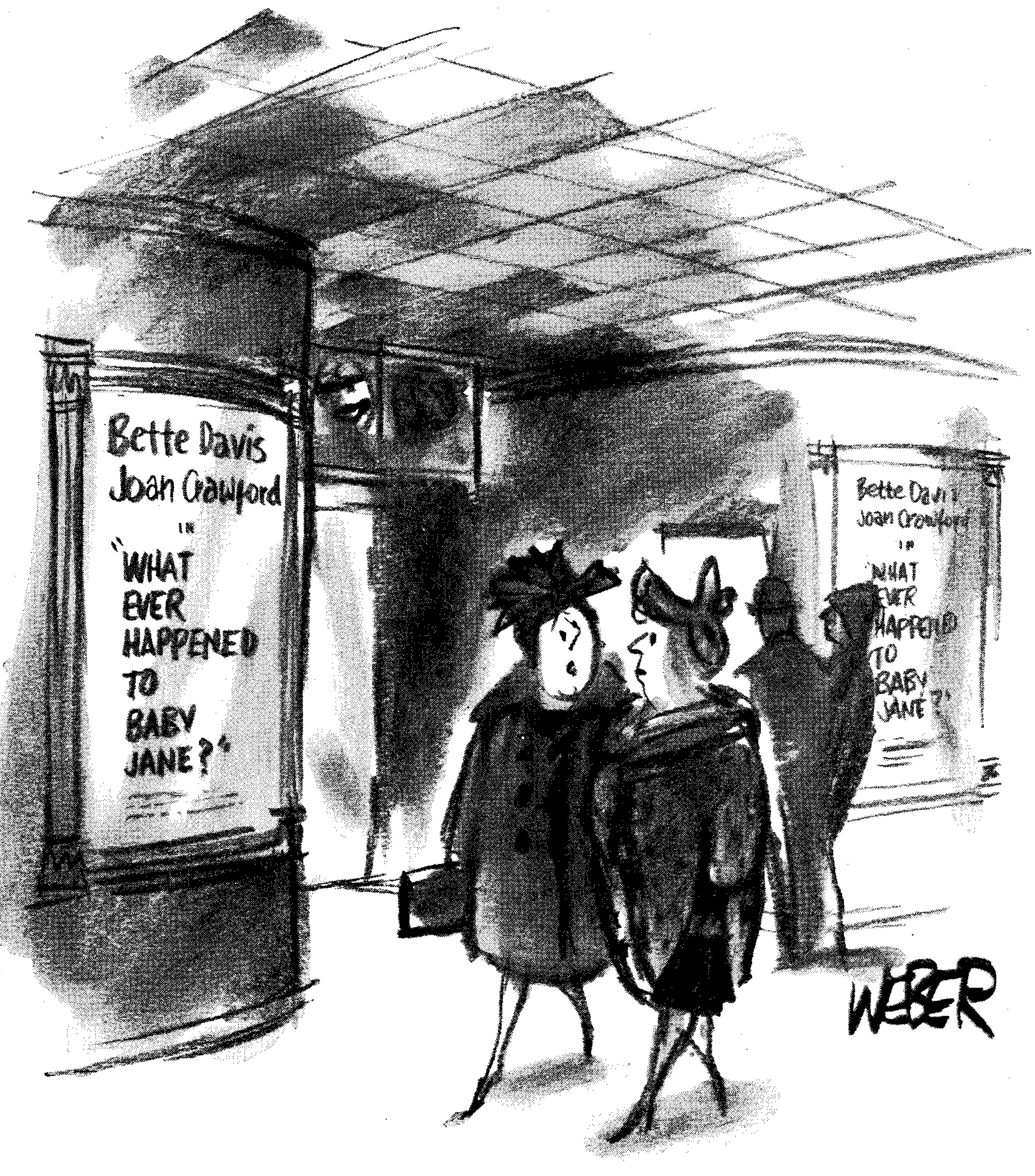
SIGN observed on the side of a garbage truck in Fairfield County: "CONTAINERIZE YOUR REFUSE."


Bette Davis
Joan Crawford
IN
"WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE?"
Bette Davis
Joan Crawford
IN
"WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE?"
WEBER

"I like Bette Davis. I like Joan Crawford. But I don't know if I'd like Bette Davis and *Joan Crawford."*

THE PUBLIC DOROTHY

IT had never been like this before, never as bad, never as arid. He watched her put all the things back in her purse that she had taken out and laid on the table in her careful search for one scrap of paper. "It was here, I know it was here," she said. "I know because as I was leaving the house this morning I made sure."

"It was in your purse then?" he said.

"Of course. No question about it."

"You *saw* it in your purse?" he said.

"I didn't *see* it in my purse. Not *then*, darling. Not at that exact moment. I didn't stop on the porch and take everything out the way I've just been doing. I didn't have to, because less than a half an hour earlier it was there on my dressing table with all the other things, all this stuff. I have this little sort of bin, where I keep all my purses and handbags. I have all the nice ones, the beaded ones and the brocaded ones, all wrapped in tissue paper. But of course I wasn't going to carry one of those today. They're mostly for evening. The leather ones and the cloth ones, like this one, they're all arranged in little piles, according to color. This one—I have seven or eight black ones, cloth *and* leather, and this one was at the bottom of the pile of black, but I wanted to take this with me today because it goes better with this dress. You probably wouldn't notice, but this is grosgrain and it almost matches the material in my dress. Not on close inspection, of course. They don't exactly match. I wouldn't want them to, exactly. But they go well together. In fact—this may sound crazy—but the first thing that came to my mind when I saw this dress—I had a purse to match it! I don't ordinarily buy a dress that way. Usually the other way around. It wouldn't be very sensible to pay that much for a dress because it matches one of your handbags."

"You had no occasion to take the clipping out of your purse on the train?"

"Why should I? I had my round-trip ticket in this little pocket, and when the conductor came I handed him the ticket—see, here's the other half of the ticket."

"In the ladies' room, when you took out your lipstick," he said.

She shook her head. "I can't imagine what's become of it. I don't usually lose things. I know *this* isn't lost. It'll turn up in some perfectly logical place. But it's annoying to have this happen."

"You might as well tell me what it said."

"Well, it certainly isn't worth making all this fuss about. The only thing was, you had to read the whole thing to get the humor of it."

"What *kind* of thing was it?"

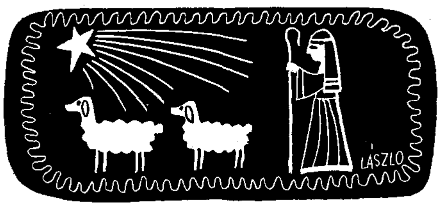
"It was an account of a wedding. It was in yesterday's *Times*, on the society page. I didn't know either of the families, but I usually skim through to see if any of the bridesmaids are friends of Meg's, or sometimes the ushers. *You* know. Big weddings there's always *someone* you know, and this one had about ten bridesmaids and ten or more ushers. One of the ushers was the brother of a girl that's in school with Meg, so it had some personal interest for me. Anyway, this boy and girl that were getting married, it told all about her family. Grandfather was a Supreme Court judge in Kentucky or Tennessee, and descended from somebody a member of some august body in Virginia."

"The House of Burgesses?"

"Probably. And father was president of some company that I didn't recognize. And where she went to school. Foxcroft, and one of the junior colleges and someplace abroad. And then the boy. All about his grandparents and great-grandparents, who *they* were. You could almost hear the one family say, well if *they* were going to brag about *their* ancestry, we'd do a little bragging of our own. And it was all there. Signer of the Declaration of Independence. Founder of some little college I never heard of. And then a list of the boy's clubs. The Racquet. Seawanhaka. Piping Rock. Some club in London. Porcellian. It was all there. Oh, and of course St. Paul's and Harvard, and Buckley. Then at the very end, where they were going to live. An apartment house that I happen to know is coöperative, no apartment in the building worth less than a quarter of a million. We looked at it several years ago, but it was far beyond us. The smallest apartment in the building was ten rooms, so you can imagine."

"Yes," he said.

"Then—I'm sure it was completely by accident—but in the very next line, no separation of any kind, but as if it belonged in the article, this one line. 'Give to the Hundred Neediest Cases.' When I saw that, I just burst out laughing. I'm sure it wasn't intentional, but it made the whole article seem so ridiculous. It just struck my sense of humor, and I cut it out purposely to show you. And now I can't find the damn thing. So irritating, because it's one of those things you have to *see*."



"It is very funny," he said.

"Well, if you happen to have that kind of a sense of humor. I knew *you'd* appreciate it," she said. She put her hand on his knee. "Darling?"

"What?"

"I have some bad news for you, for both of us."

"What?"

"I can't see you this afternoon."

"What's the trouble?" he said, but what he almost said was, "You brought me all the way uptown to show me a clipping that you can't even find?" He was so close to saying it that for one second he was not sure it had not slipped out.

"I called your office, but you'd already started uptown. Mother asked me to go with her to the hospital. She's going in for a checkup and I'm meeting her at half past two."

"I suppose that takes precedence," he said.

"There'll be other times," she said. "She doesn't ask me to do very much, and the fact that she asked me to go with her this time shows she must be worried. She's seventy-four. It's her heart. I have to stop and pick up a bed jacket I ordered for her, so if you'll get the check—or maybe you'd rather stay and have a drink with Larry Campbell. I saw him wave to you."

"I think I will stay, if you don't mind," he said. "I'm sorry about your mother. I hope it turns out all right."

She squeezed his knee in farewell, and left him, and on the way out she waved to Larry Campbell at the bar. Campbell immediately joined him.

"Hello, Roger," said Campbell. "Why is Dorothy in such a rush?"

"Taking her mother to the hospital for a checkup. If you're going to have a drink with me you'd better make it quick. I have to get back to the office."

"Don't flatter yourself, old boy. All I want from you is your table. I've been standing there over a half an hour."

"Well, you can have the table. You can have the check, too, if you like. It'll be about fourteen dollars, without tips. How've you been?"

"O.K. Doing as well as I have any right to expect, I guess. You know I was thinking, standing at the bar, that Dorothy is really a remarkable woman. How many of the girls we used to know have held up as well as she has?

She's a good forty-five. I know that for a fact. She's three years younger than Edwina, but she doesn't look forty. She doesn't look any age. I suppose if I weren't such a tactful fellow I'd have to give you some of the credit."

"Yeah, you're noted for your tact, Larry."

"Well, what the hell? How many guys with an office downtown will take time out to come all the way up here for lunch? You and I don't have to make a big thing of it, and as far as that goes, you and Dorothy don't go out of your way to make a secret of it. You never have. After all these years you're practically an institution, you two."

"Isn't that nice?"

"*I* think it is. Some people don't, but you and Dorothy are a lot more honest than some of those people that take a high and mighty view of it."

"Did I hear you say you *were* going to pay this check, or are you getting my table for nothing?"

"What'd you say it was? Fourteen dollars? All right, I'll take care of it. It's a pleasure to pay for Dorothy's lunch, and I hope you remember to tell her. *When* you *see* her, of course."

"So long, Larry," said Roger.

"See you, fellas. I have to go watch folk songs and stuff on Channel 13."

• •

HE had, accidentally, a free afternoon, so completely free that he could think of nothing more original to do than to sink into a chair in the club library, where he was not likely to be bothered. As always, when he was meeting Dorothy, he had so carefully arranged things at the office that to show up now would be to create some doubt when he made such arrangements in the future. And already it had been a trying day.

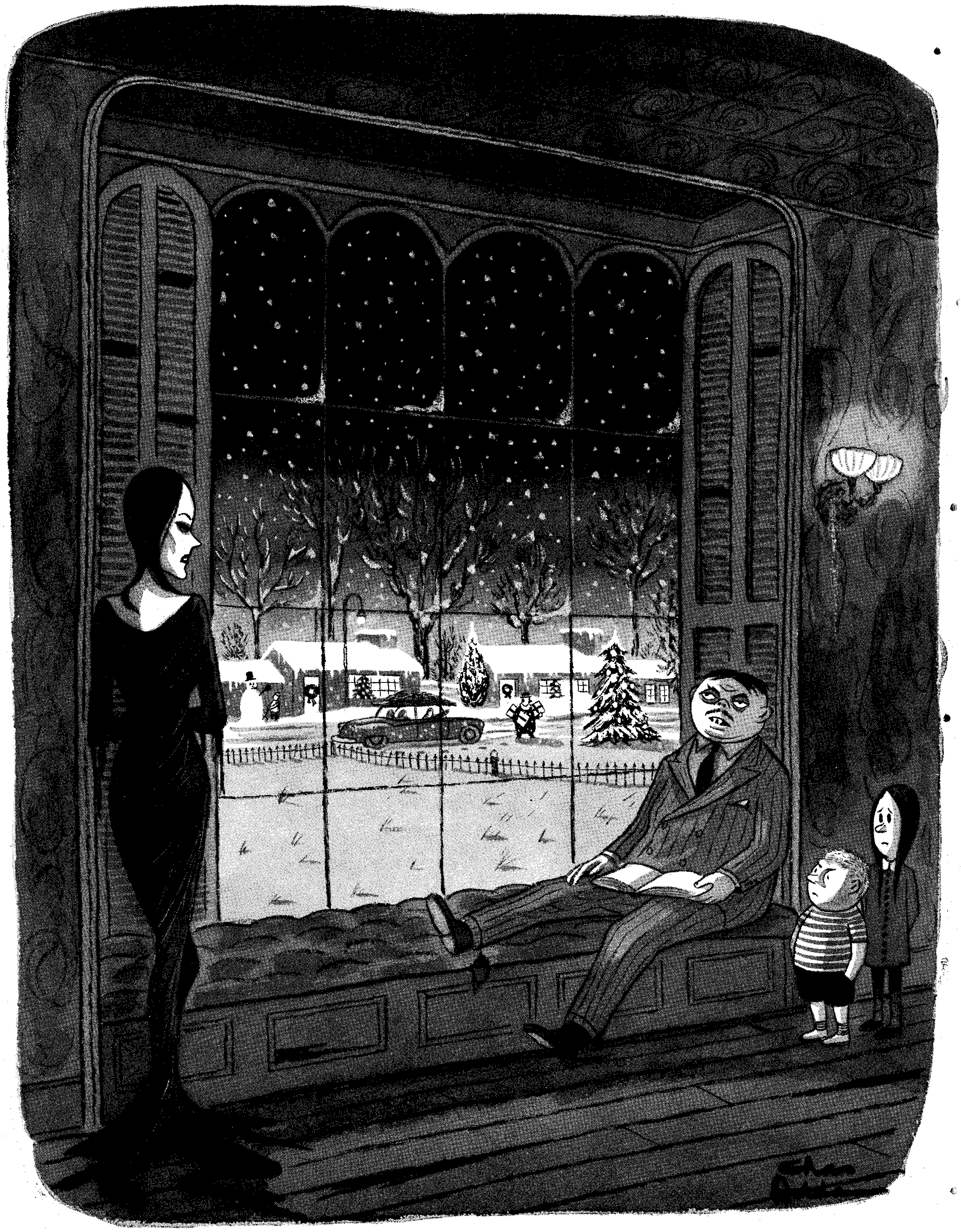
It was quieter than a church in the club library. The librarian moved about, but the high-pile carpeting muffled his steps, and Roger was not acquainted with the other two members in the room, one at a writing desk, the other taking a nap. Roger had almost forgotten that there could be such quiet, such peace, in the middle of the city.

It had been a trying day, she had been at her worst, and at one point during her chatter he had been tempted to say, "Will you for God's sake shut up." Lunch in a public restaurant was a part of their meetings that she had insisted upon from the very beginning. ("We can always say we were having lunch, and it will be the truth.") A secondary part of their lunches was that they must always be seen saying goodbye in the restaurant, and she looked upon it as a piece of luck when someone like Larry Campbell could join Roger after she left. It was up to him to manage to shake free of people like Larry. He had willingly coöperated in all these ritualistic deceptions, but for a year now her chatter had been barely endurable. It had never been scintillating, stimulating. It had always belonged with the public Dorothy, the girl and then the woman who had gone from pretty girl to beautiful woman and in looks was the gainer. But there had been no major change in the thoughts she uttered. He had never known a time when she said anything worth repeating, worth remembering. It was a child's mind she had, and his desire for her had begun as a simple and fierce admiration of her face and body. Whatever he had to give up to get her he was willing to give up—and then it turned out that he had to give up almost nothing. She, it turned out, loved him as well, and did not wish to love anyone else.

He remembered, he would never be able to forget, their first time together. He took her in his arms and kissed her, and the frankness of her embrace was so true that he waited for her to say something childish, coquettish. It was what he expected, and his right to be annoyed was one of the things he had been prepared to give up. But she had not been childish or coquettish. None of that was present that day or ever during the thousand times they had made love. In those moments she was womanly proud, of her body, of her beauty, and of being loved by the man she loved. These were her moments of peace and calm, and they were what he remembered between one meeting and the next. He longed for her now, and he would always long for her, no matter what.

He went to a writing desk and took out a sheet of club stationery, and wrote the first thing that came to his mind: "I love you, Dorothy. Please forgive me." It did not matter that she would never see what he had written. He had written it, and he felt forgiven, and there would be other times.

—John O'Hara



"Suddenly, I have a dreadful urge to be merry."

TENANTS OF THE LAST TREE HOUSE

FIRST he built a tree house that summer. His name was Peter Something-or-Other, one of those names like Smith or Johnson that take those who share them into a jolly obscurity when they grow up; it would be on the list of the bank's recreation-club committee, or the mine's long-service roll. This was the last tree house of his life, and so really rather too elaborate. It extended, L-shaped, on the limb of the big jacaranda tree that stretched out beyond the wire-mesh fence of the house into which his family had recently moved with an Airedale, two pet geese, and a breeding cage of budgerigars. When the house in the tree was finished, he sat about in it for an afternoon or two, and then said he had made it for his small brother. After that, he entered it only occasionally and with an unsafe weight of friends, when they lay up there in the late afternoon to drop peach pits on the heads of the black kitchen boys strolling up to gather round one of their number who played a guitar sitting below in the gutter.

Farther up the same street, Cavada Kinschotter lived with her father—a lawyer—her mother, and several younger children. Her own name was one that her parents had invented to honor some private enthusiasm or to commemorate some meaningful event in their lives, and the obscure origins of her surname were lost in the misspellings of a country populated by cosmopolitan immigration. The previous year, a friendship had flourished between her and Renee Verhaern, a neighbor who was the daughter of a foreign-trade official. Then there came the time when Cavada began to go home every day from school with another girl, who lived in a suburb eight miles away; Cavada's father used to have to pick her up in his car when he came from his chambers, but at least, as her mother said, they knew where she was. Her mother and father always had to know where she was, though she seldom knew where they were.

Cavada rode up and down the street in the brief twilight, standing on the pedals of her bicycle and aware of nothing but the motion of her passage through the air lifting and lowering her hair over her ears. She wore a stiff nylon petticoat under her school dress this year, and one evening she met Renee, wearing one, too. The friendship began again without any awkwardness left over from its failure in the past—they had been two children carrying shoeboxes of dolls' clothes to each other's houses then—and every afternoon they zigzagged across the asphalt in the streets and left a spoor of tires in the soft red dust of the lanes that ran, under stooping loquat and acacia, between each double row of houses that made a block. Sixty years ago, the first rich men built the houses of this neighborhood—the houses of adventurers and prospectors from England and Germany become chairmen and directors of African gold-mining companies. Ordinary suburban bungalows had been put up long ago in their subdivided gardens, and the stables were converted into garages; some of the tennis courts were still in use. The lanes belonged to the children and the servants. The giggles and the exchange of exclamations of the two girls, the gamblers in aprons and gardeners' overalls round the dice, the sagging fence through which customers for back-yard beer slipped in and out, the banked privacy of garden rubbish heaps and collapsing outhouses smelling of ash and coolness, did not exist for the masters and mistresses of the houses. Stones flew up from the lanes onto a lawn sometimes, and cries, drunken or angry, in one of those languages familiar to the ear but not understood; the sad suburban dogs woke from their sleep and flew barking down the gardens. A tramp came along there sometimes—a white tramp rimed and encrusted with filth like a marble statue on an old building. He saw no one, black or white, man or child, and the springy monotony of the kitchen boy's guitar (always heard from some direction in the neighborhood) did not affect with melancholy or rhythm that shamble that carried the tramp nowhere.

"What did you do with yourself this afternoon?" her parents would ask Cavada.

"Oh, nothing. Just went about on my bike."

"Cavada, I hope you don't ride around the main road at this time, when the traffic's so heavy."

"Oh, no. We just go up and down the lane, and our street, that's all."

"Where have you been?"

"Just on my bike."

The parents were tired from the long day of faces and decisions when they came home, and they sat on the veranda and drank whiskey. Their eyes looked as if they were seeing an invisible crowd. After the whiskey and the newspaper, they were strong enough again to go out, or to entertain friends whose departure, later, might wake sleepers in the night, as the milkman did. Cavada sat with her legs dangling over the ledge of the veranda for a while and listened to her parents with an incomprehension that became a kind of passivity. The younger children ignored them, except for taking comfort in their physical presence, and were absorbed in games of their own. But she was old enough now for it to be necessary to censor what was said before her. The two of them did this by talking about whatever they wished but using ellipsis and implications that bobbed toward her and away like the fir cone on a string with which she sometimes teased the dog until he would turn aside, half hypnotized and forgetting what it was he was supposed to be trying for.

"Oh, you're thinking of the business during the 1957 caucus."

"No, I'm not. I'd call that simply expedient. It's fine if he knows what's good for the party. But does he know what's good for himself? Even in his personal life, I mean. It wasn't too discreet to recuperate in the same hotel as the other one."

"Not the same hotel at all. Why do you exaggerate?"

"Comes to the same thing. Oh, I know—Caesar's wife, and so on. But only too often she isn't. And people get their confidence in a man like him from a number of things; small things create an image—"

"Look, he'll never have that popular image anyway. A demagogue never changes his mind unless he knows beforehand how he's going to make the rest change theirs, too. Whereas, he—"

Cavada got up and went into the back yard and took her bicycle. It was pink in the street. The sun had gone down, first beyond this level of trees, then beyond the shape of this house and that. The street was as friendly as a room to her. A hand waved; her friend Renee had just turned the corner. They rode together past the big old house that had been furbished, tended, and repaired for the Verhaerns, and down to the end of the street, past an even grander house that had gone to ruin. It had wooden balconies, a turret with stained-glass windows, and a double flight of steps at the entrance, curling outward to stone urns. Khaki weed choked the oleander in the garden, and in one place the fancy railings were torn apart, the splintered wood sticking up and out around nothing, as if someone had just fallen through. The house had lately been a boarding house, an old people's home, and a nursery school, for shorter and shorter tenancies. It was empty now, except for outcast cats that sometimes appeared from the dark hole that led down into the cellar. Next door was the bungalow where new people had moved in that summer, and as the girls rode under the leaning jacaranda, a shower of small stones landed in their hair.

"Think you're funny, don't you?"

They had the fury, the self-righteousness, and the bridling disdain of girls of thirteen. But they did not go away. At last, the boys came down from the tree house, and the jeers quietened and became more insulting. Two of them were boys they knew, Bobby Marks and Alec Sutherland, and the third was the new one they'd seen about. The others called him Peter; he was a tall boy with a slender waist, in long gray pants like a grown-up, and he said quietly, "We're only fooling. Forget it, man. Can't you forget it?"

They avoided the corner where the tree house was, after that. But on the neutral ground of the lane, they often saw the boys. "Seeing the boys" meant riding slowly, rising and falling measuredly on the pedals, to the place where the boys took to hanging about. They had their bicycles, too, propped against the outcrop of rock that ended someone's garden. The girls always remained astride their bicycles while they talked. Hands on the handlebars, one sandal in the dust, the other on a pedal—this attitude of flexed knee and sturdy down-stretched leg was part of the dressage by which their relationship to their mounts was codified and their intentions were indicated. It clearly defined, however long they lingered and however friendly they might be, that they accepted nothing of the fraternization that dismounting implies, but remained ready for their own pursuits; they had only to whip up and away. In the meantime, the conversations had the charm of things that never officially begin and so have no end.

"And when he leans over to see if the fish is hooked, and there's the top of the submarine coming up—"

"And it pushes his nose back and back, man, and the boat falls over!"

The younger boys described with full sound effects the films they had seen, imitating jet planes taking off, men gibbering with fear, or women pleading for mercy. Older boys, like Peter, the new one from the corner, enjoyed the performance but had lost the knack and employed a straight narrative that had not yet made up in vocabulary what it had lost in grunts and yells. Sometimes someone told a tale from home, usually of some possession—a new car, an uncle who had a boat, the promise of a transistor radio. Now and then, the talk submerged and marked time.

"You did say that."

"I did not."

"You did."

"I tell you I did not."

"Liar."

"Liar yourself."

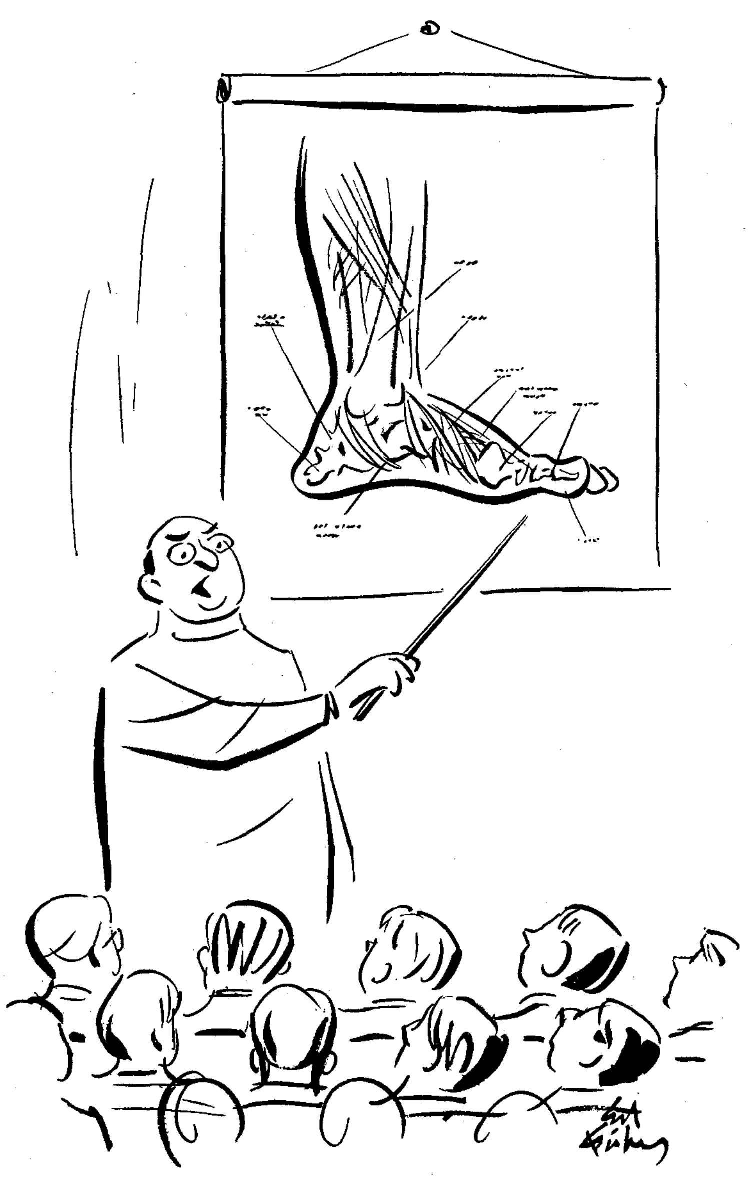
"Look out who you're calling a liar."

"Liar yourself."

Then someone would turn suddenly from his contemplation of the dust and say, "You remember that bit when Dean Martin comes into that office, or something—"

"S'not an office, you dope, it's a sports shop."

And so conversation would revive.



"I realize that those of you who are planning to go into psychiatry may find this dull."

PETER and Alec began to ride down to Cavada's back gate, on afternoons when she did not appear, and whistle for her. "Cavie's boy friends are calling her," said one of the younger children one evening.

"Oh, rubbish, those kids in the street," she said, laughing and drawn swiftly upright. Her mother put down the newspaper and looked at her.

Only rarely now did she sit on the veranda with the family at the end of the day. She sat instead up in her bedroom, on top of a low bookcase made of bricks and planks; there were no books on the shelves but a collection of china ornaments and a pile of film magazines that she was grateful to get third-hand from other children. From this perch (which in time she made comfortable with an old curtain folded up for a cushion and some pictures of rock-'n'-roll singers stuck on the wall near the window) she could see the tops of people's heads as they passed up the street under the trees. When the whistles came, she went downstairs and out of the house, disappearing around corners as quietly as a cat and shutting doors softly behind her. She leaned against the back gate in a timeless murmur of talk until the servant in the kitchen yelled out of a window to her that dinner was ready, and she turned and came flying into the dim house as if she had come from a long way.

ON the leaves of a group of giant aloes that had been thrown onto someone's rubbish pile but had fallen down the bank of the lane and taken root, someone had carved two hearts with the legend "C loves P." Some of these had been scored across, and between them was scratched "Go to hell. So what!!!" The smooth surface of the great leaves gave easily to a penknife or a pin, and the lesions in the flesh beneath bled a pale lymph that dried and shrank, drawing the cut lines into a scar. Each leaf ended in a witch's fingernail of long polished thorn, and the inscriptions would be there as long as the aloes lived. An old Zulu often sat at this spot in the lane. His ear lobes, where he had once worn inlaid discs, were empty loops. He could not read English, but he was busy recording on the lid of a cardboard box his list of wins and losses on the daily Fah-Fee game—a version of the numbers racket—run by the local Chinese. The children were discussing him one day. It began with some suppositions about his ears—whether the lobes would grow together again if they were sewn up. Then there was a difference of opinion about the way the numbers game worked. They had all seen the Chinaman come to collect the bets; he came up the lane sometimes in a car. Bobby said he had talked to the Chinaman and knew how the game was run; he was a boy alert to bets and dares. They wrangled for a while, the girls contributing nothing but a vague partisanship for what a particular boy said, based not on any knowledge of the subject of gambling but on personal favor or revenge. Alec, who was small for his age and had a pretty face, said that he knew a better game than that, man. Peter said, "Cut it out, Alec," in a stern and private tone.

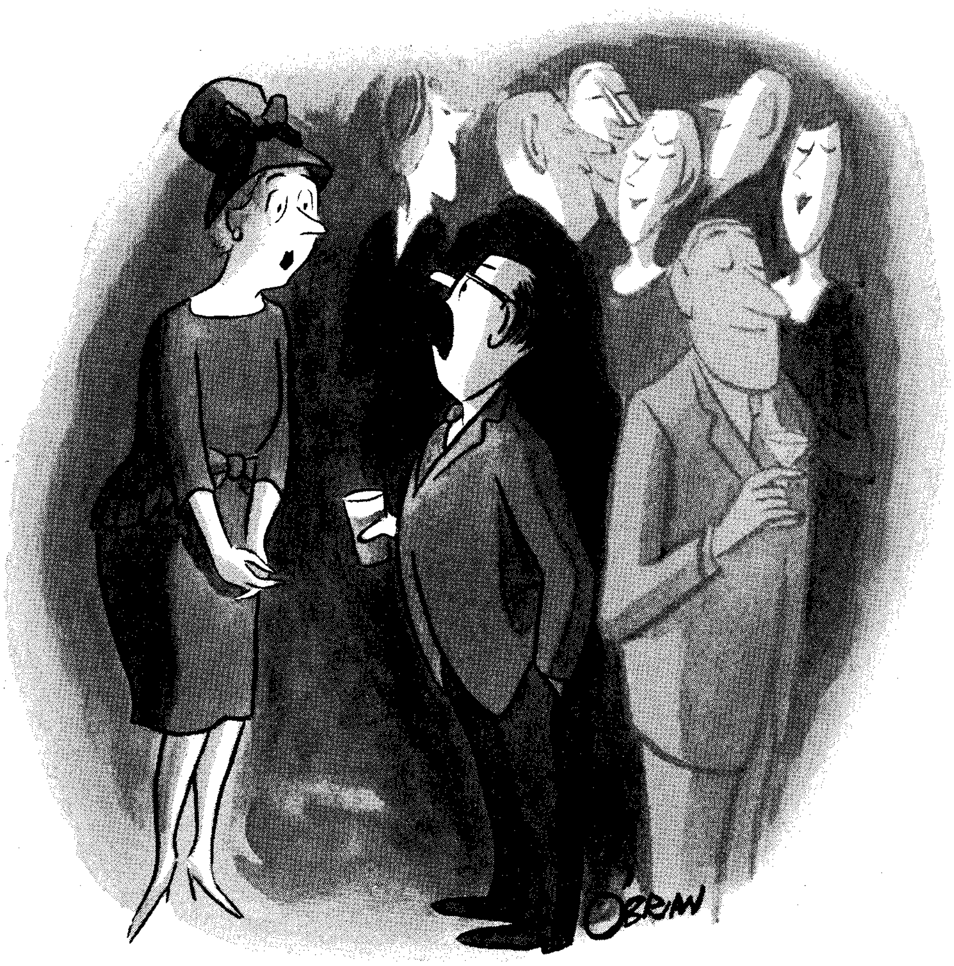
"Oh, it's stupid, man," said Graham, a boy who often set off an argument but never succeeded in holding attention for himself.

"Well, I bet *you* never played."

"Gee, I'd like to have a shilling for every time."

"When? Since when? Just tell me!" Alec laughed.

One of the other boys turned on Alec. "He makes me sick. Always talking such big stuff. Why don't you grow up, twerp?"



"Whether I am the Leonard Bernstein or not depends entirely on what you mean by the Leonard Bernstein, Madam."

The girls watched the exchange with nervous attention, half hoping for some knowledge that gossip might let fall.

"Perhaps you've heard of a certain cellar." Alec's pretty face was baiting them all—those who did not want to be reminded of the matter, and those who didn't know what was being referred to.

"Cut it out, Alec, man," Peter protested, and grabbed the smaller boy by the arm, but the laughing face and the clutch of the boy's other hand on his own shoulder seemed to disarm him and he began to grin, too, in spite of himself.

"What's this cellar got to do with it, anyway?" someone asked.

"What are you talking about? Where *is* the cellar?"

It was one of those times when voices rose suddenly in the lane like a dust devil. On the sidelines, Renee yelled with sudden deprecation, "Oh, I can *guess!* I'll bet they're talking about the cellar in the empty house next to Peter's place! Just a dirty old cellar where the mangy cats live. What's interesting about that, I'd like to know. Alec, you bore me stiff, honestly."

"Come down with me and see what's interesting, Gorgeous," Alec said at once. "Come down. Then you'll know what cellar I'm talking about." He opened his smiling mouth, and his curled-up tongue tested consideringly along the edges of his white teeth.

Cavada always watched the effect that her friend's confident words had on the others. She was emboldened to add a gibe of her own. "I suppose he drinks kaffir beer down there with the natives! My father says there's a regular shebeen going on around here, and it's most probably in that house. There're always drunk natives walking past our house at night. He's going to get the police to see about it."

"Old Alec drinks kaffir beer! Alec drinks kaffir beer!"

"Ha ha. What a sense of humor." Golden eyelashes showed against his cheek as he looked down, getting something out of his pocket. It was a pack of cards. He began dealing them out on the ground. He was very efficient. "Every time you lose, you have to take something off."

They were all quiet now. Cavada did not know how to play, but when they said put this down, pick that one up, she did. Peter lost and took off a shoe; Renee, when she lost, made a face and took off her hair ribbon. Alec was barefoot; he took off his shirt. Cavada lost her sandals and the next time said, "I can't take off anything more." "Oh, yes!" "You have to!" "You've got to!" The faces of the boys surrounded her. "Your stiff petticoat, Cav," said her friend, in triumph. "Just slip it off from under your dress."

She did so with a flourish, waving it in the air as she stepped out of it. Soon the other girl lost hers. They hung around each other's necks, laughing. "We're going now."

"Oh, no. You've got to finish the game," said Bobby, who was not playing.

"We'll finish it off in the cellar. That's the place for games with girls, hey, Peter?" said Alec. "Last week, three girls beat us, and we had to run for it, man."

"What happens if someone comes down here and sees our petticoats?" said Cavada. She was standing in front of Bobby, who had the bunch of bedraggled net in his hand. It was an appeal to the solidarity of their kind before the grown-up horde. But she did not understand that the rough code of childhood was suddenly torn up.

Renee was doing better. She darted at Peter and pulled his shirttails out of his trousers. The boys surrounded her; she slipped away; one caught her. She was squealing and laughing, and every now and then she put her mouth to a scratch that was bleeding on her round upper arm. She grabbed Cavada and the two of them began to run down the lane, tossing their heads, groaning and laughing hysterically. They were carrying their sandals and kept dropping them and snatching at them, and suddenly, as they straightened up, they found themselves in front of the tramp. They paused for an instant, staring at his stained rags, the dirt that magnified the grain of his skin on his bare neck, his face blacked out with filth within a matted ruff of rippling hair that fell to his shoulders, and the green eyes that had no expression but were flecked with prismatic shapes of light. The children drew back without a word. He walked on past the group, and no one thought it necessary to hide the girls' clothing and conceal evidence of the game from him.

FIVE BIRDS RISE

Your mind lies open like the map of rivers
Scored in the palm of our accomplished death;
Five birds rise, soaring out of timbered valleys
That guard this world incorporate of our breath;
But when I lie with you
The dusty angels huddle to the ground
And fiery whirlblasts twist the senses round.

Your heart is troubled like the broken water
Of Garple, where it leaves the moors behind
And pours, dishevelled by high rocks and shingle,
Over five holy falls and then lies blind,
Circling and whirled about
In beer-brown pools where trout savage the flies—
A flick-knife killing, sudden as your eyes.

Your body is a wood where I have built
Five leaky huts to keep my shadows in;
Brown falling leaves have curtained all the air
And livid colors move beneath the skin,
Proving that I have sown
Some death in you that withers all your grain
While it consumes the substance of my own.

—William Hayward

• •

"Aawf! No, thank you. *He* sleeps in the cellar sometimes," one of the smaller boys said in disgust. "I've seen him coming out, on the way to school in the morning."

The girls came slowly to the boys. "Give it back to her," Peter said to Bobby. He took the petticoat from Bobby and handed it to Cavada. Renee got hers after a halfhearted tussle. They sat on the soft ground and put on their sandals.

"We'll play again tomorrow," said Alec. He and Peter were standing together, but Peter said nothing.

"I'VE called and called for you," her mother said when Cavada came home. "Where were you?"

Instantly there was that look of open amazement behind which her face hid these days. "Just riding around. When?"

Her mother did not answer, but her father said, "I don't want those boys hanging about the back gate, either."

"Yes, Daddy." Without a pause, she broke into an excited, confidential, good-humored manner. "Oh, we had such a scare this afternoon! We were coming along the lane and we walked straight into the tramp. He glared at us and he's got such eyes, you know—I mean, they're the only clean and shiny things left in his face." Her anecdotal manner fell into an air of expectancy, of uncertain hope.

"Keep out of his way," her mother said. "And don't ever speak to him, d'you hear?" She added, to the father, "It's that damn neglected house. I thought you were going to get someone onto it?"

THEY found each other in the street, as birds gather, confusedly, for migration. They walked round and round the blocks of the neighborhood, past the houses where each of them lived a life about which the pack did not know. Their homes had no meaning for them once they were together; the façades were as blank as public buildings. Bobby usually wheeled his bicycle on the flank of the group, and at various points someone would drop out or join them.

"I don't believe a word about that cellar," Renee said one day, stabbing the warm skin of tarmac on the street with the heel of her shoe. They had paused, for no more reason than, presently, they went on.

"O.K., you don't."

Now they had stopped again, in front of the house where Peter lived, and someone opened the gate.

"Hey, I'm not going into Peter's house," said Cavada, pulling back.

"It's all right, fusspot," said Alec. "Everyone's out. Pete?"

The tall boy stood awkwardly, suddenly the helpless host, dubious about the invasion of guests. "Wait." He disappeared round the back of the house. In a moment he was back; he looked at Alec.

"Well, what's the score?" said Alec briskly.

Peter looked at him again; the answer was drawn from him. "No one."

They trooped into the house, across loud worn boards and frayed strips of carpet. They followed Peter and Alec into a sort of storeroom off an old-fashioned pantry. Peter pulled aside a battered tin trunk, a pile of dahlia bulbs, and a tower of *Women's Weeklys.* "This is mad," someone said. "What are you looking for, I'd like to know"—and suddenly they were staring down into a dark place that breathed cold air at them.

Peter held the trapdoor, with its beard of cobwebs.

Cavada said, "What is it?" She was appealing to him, but Alec said, "Cellar, of course."

"Is this really the cellar, Peter?" she said.

"Yes."

Her eyes were shining with puzzlement. Alec crouched over the opening, gripped the edge, and let himself down. For a moment he hung from whitening knuckles; they heard a soft thud. "It's jolly nice in here." His voice was flattened and blurred. "Chuck us some matches."

Peter took a matchbox slowly out of his pocket and threw it down. They heard Alec walking about beneath them, and then the darkness of the hole thinned, became shadowy, and was hollowed out with light from the bright head of a candle. Alec's foreshortened figure appeared. He grinned up at them. The girls drew closer and looked down. The light eddied out under them, trembling and dancing. They could see one of those unsteady tables, made out of peeled branches, that are sold by venders on highways, a brass pedestal ashtray, several fruit-box stools, a broken leather pouf, and a very old mattress covered by a torn tablecloth and adorned with two cushions propped diamond-shape against the wall. All these things leaped and leaned out of themselves into reaching shadows.

"Psst, Comrade! Commissar coloring book?"

• •

"Jolly nice in here," Alec said, grinning.

"Who fixed it up?" asked Renee respectfully.

"Pete, of course." Bobby nonchalantly threw credit, like a bone, where it was due.

Peter was sitting on the old magazines beside the trapdoor. "I found the wood for the tree house down there."

"Come *on,*" said Bobby.

It did not seem to the two girls that this was the cellar that talk had returned to again and again. Alec with the pretty face had made the cellar a possibility that day in the lane; it had come to exist out of what people said about it. Its walls and being had come up like the thunderclouds of the summer afternoons, in their thoughts when they were all talking of other things.

With the exception of Alec, the boys were quiet.

"Who's going to bite you, d'you think? Aren't you coming?" He was singing, making a show of kicking up a row down there, and then his head would appear, slightly offended, encouraging.

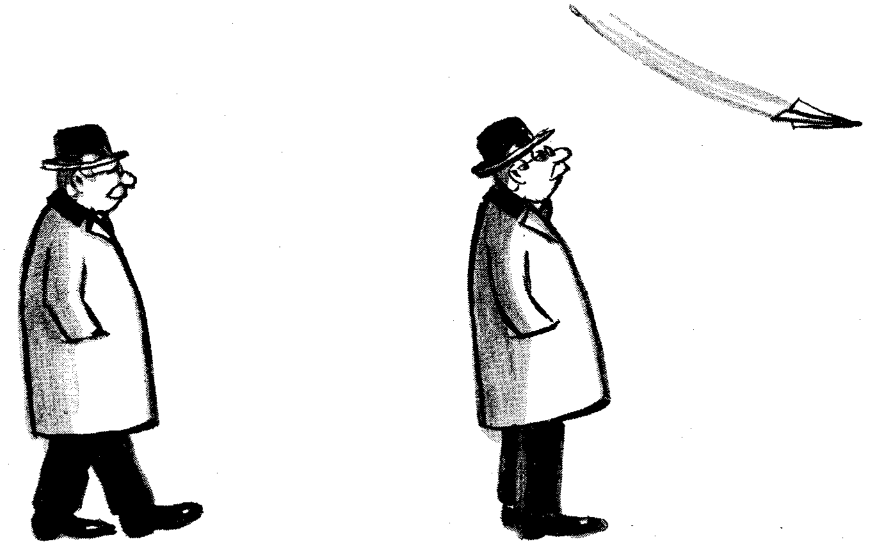
"Ugh, look at this." Cavada was hooking the cobwebs onto her shoe. They were heavy with dust and clung and tore.

"I know." Renee watched her, drawn back as if from a grave.

"Oh, for crying out loud, who's going to eat you?" said Alec.

The boys above were curiously inattentive, curiously still.

Cavada turned from the place and



walked through the boys. Her walk was careful, awkward, ingratiating, and tight. At the pantry door, she broke into a dash that they heard like something falling in quick, broken succession through the house.

In the garden, they found her looking for footholds up to the tree house, and several of them began to mob up the tree with her, but Peter said, "Not up there. No one up there," and though they did not listen, the climb turned into horseplay, and they scattered, chasing, giggling, through the garden, watched by the hissing geese. In the grass beside dusty shrubs, they flung themselves down and Bobby began pelting everyone with brittle dead leaves. Jokes and games and scuffles grew one out of the other; the girls, sprawled on the grass, shook with sobbing laughter. Their hair was full of sharp crumbs of leaf, and there were brilliant scraps of bougainvillaea flowers on their teeth. The game became a version of the old one where you pay a penalty if you change the attitude in which you fall. "You're not allowed to move, you're not allowed to move!" And every time one of the girls lifted a helpless hand, or rolled away from a scuffle, some piece of clothing was pulled off her. At last, Bobby and Alec carried Cavada, hoarse and drunk, into a hollow shelter made by the heavy overhang of the old bougainvillaea. Her little girl's body, in all its shameful lack of breasts, stood bared as if in the doctor's room. It had no mark or color except the shared, sexless variation of fading sunburn. The pale S of her back from bent shoulders down to buttocks could have been the peeled stem of a plant; the feet, with the toes splayed rigid against the moldy earth, were the only part of her that cried out, for shame, defiance, bravado. At once, without looking at her, the boys thrust her clothes at her with as much yelling carelessness as they had taken them off.

Everyone was terribly thirsty and they took turns at drinking with the nozzle of the garden hose in their mouths. When Renee was having her turn, Cavada remembered that she had breasts already, and felt a painful, protecting anguish for her.

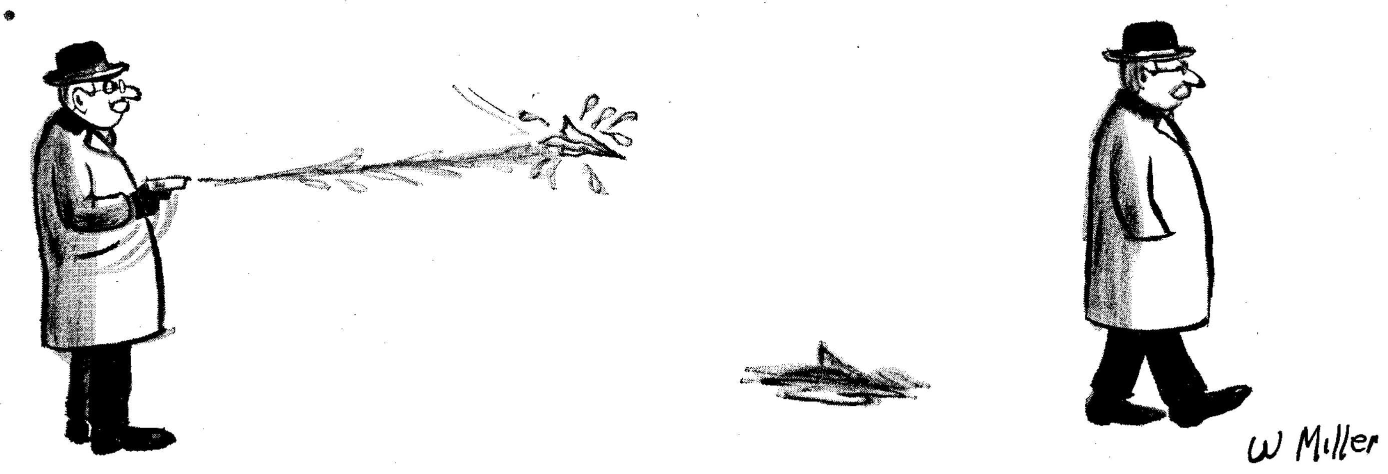
PETER did not come to the gate for a few days, and then she heard the whistle again. Bobby and Alec were with him; she understood that he could not come without his friends, but when she saw Alec she did not want to be reminded of his face. She scarcely spoke to him, but he came again. "Why do you always tag along?" she said once. Neither Alec nor the other two seemed surprised that he, who belonged, should suddenly be spoken to as an outsider. He became smilingly thick-skinned, like an outsider. "Why has he got to come?" she complained in his presence. "I've *told* him," Peter said. Alec laughed and went on telling jokes. Peter had toward him the attitude of tolerant exasperation that a man will show toward an alcoholic he has known in better days.

The three boys came into the house occasionally and sat up in her room on the bed that she had pummelled and bounced to a hollow through years of tenancy. The day simply came when it was all right to bring them quietly but not furtively up the stairs. The first time, perhaps, her mother was not in, but later they came when her mother and even her father were in the house. The boys listened to the radio, which had been banished to Cavada's room so that she could follow her serials and rock-'n'-roll programs without inflicting them on the rest of the family. Eventually, her mother and the boys met, the visitors standing against the passage wall, flung back into gangling, noncommittal childhood. They were taller than Mrs. Kinschotter, as tall as her husband (except Alec). She went on down the passage after a polite, firm, friendly word or two.

They said in the living room now, "Better than hanging about the streets. I suppose at least one knows where she is."

Even when she was alone, she spent most of her time up in her room. The cupboards were nests of lost things—single socks, odd counters from games, dirty clothes that could not be found in the wash. She sat in a litter of paper cuttings and comics as worn with thumbing as a monk's breviary, and she raised order and beauty—pictures of ballet dancers, dogs, and singers stuck in a pattern on the wall, and exercise books in which it sometimes took her an hour to write her name in one of her many elaborate and constantly evolving scripts. Sometimes she suddenly appeared downstairs, like a grown child who has left home to make his way returning for one of the visits that are becoming farther and farther apart, and brought down to the living room some little book she had prepared for her small brother. They sat on the floor together, lavishly affectionate. He knew no better than that she had come back forever.

AT the end of the summer holidays, she began her first term at boarding school. When they took her on the appointed day, it was clear that she was one of the smallest girls in the dormitory; the girl who had the bed to the right of hers had just taken off high-heeled shoes to change into her school uniform, and the one on the other side was unpacking grown-up dresses. Cavada had gone stripped of all but her official possessions, but the first time she had a Sunday off at home she took back to school her pictures, some china animals, and a large photograph album that had never been filled. Whenever her family saw her now, her hair had been curled and puffed out by an expert among her new friends. A letter beginning "My darling Cavie" was displayed among the cinema tickets and postcards pasted into the album. Underneath it was written "A letter from Peter." She herself wrote home once a week, in the style of a specimen letter. "Dear Family," the letters began, and ended "God bless you." They did not appear to be addressed to anyone at all. Her mother read these letters aloud to the father. After a pause, one or the oth-



er would say, "She seems to be shaking down all right."

"Thank goodness she's taken it rather well."

One day, the father got a call in chambers to come to the school. The headmistress received him in a chintzy study with flowers and water colors and told him that there were complaints from the parents of several girls who had related a story Cavada had told about a cellar. It was a cellar, the girl had said to her dormitory mates, where boys undressed girls and some of the girls "had relations" with them. Cavada said that she herself was one of the girls who had "had relations." Cavada used some coarse words when telling the story. The headmistress found it an obvious boastful fantasy, but the parents of the child's companions were very disturbed.

That night, Cavada's mother said, "Of course, she's bragging. She's always been a child who'd stand on her head to get attention. Now she's discovered it's interesting to be wicked. Oh, these damned girls' schools!"

"But where does she get the cellar idea? There must be some thread she's spun the yarn from."

"The smut she's got from those boys, I suppose."

"She does know everything, though, doesn't she?"

The mother said, "I told her the plain facts of life, but it seems impossible to learn about them like that, in any way that counts."

When Cavada came home on her next half day, they took her into the living room and shut the door. She heard the headmistress's story through in silence; then she seemed to be considering what to do; then, feeling the walls of authority, of defenselessness, of the impossibility of truth, cornering her, she tried for tears. She worked her face as her little brother's worked, but the tears would not come.

"Is there a cellar?"

"Yes."

"Where? In one of your friends' houses?"

She nodded.

"Whose house is it?"

"Peter's. For a club. He fixed it up. But he doesn't take girls in there."

"Have you been in there?"

"No."

Her mother cut in with the directness of one woman challenging another within the code of their class. "Why did you say you had 'had relations' with a boy? Where do you get such phrases? Don't you understand that to people like us making love isn't something two children do for a game in a cellar? Don't you see all around you that there's more to it than that?"

At once Cavada had a child's instinct to snatch at what righteousness was left to her. "I never said I had. Only that other girls—"

"Is it true that you haven't been in this cellar, Cavada?"

"Yes, Daddy, I promise you."

"So you've been repeating a story the boys told you."

"Yes." She began to weep easily now. "It's Alec—Alec and some of the others. Once, they tried to force us to go in—"

"And Peter? In Peter's house?"

She sobbed. "—wasn't even there, he was somewhere else, he wasn't even there." And it was true; she could not remember his being there that day, under the shrubs, or among the spider webs beneath the bougainvillaea, where she had been seen by eyes. She could only remember his saying something about the tree house. "Peter likes to make things—that house in the big tree at the corner of his garden—and he fixed up the cellar for fun, but Alec and the others, they won't listen. He's told Alec hundreds of times not to come. Even when Alec comes to our house. He's told him, and I'm always telling him—"

"The next time he comes here, just tell me, that's all," said her mother.

"Cavada, do you know what 'tart' means?" her father said, determined to go through with it. "I know you know all the so-called rude words connected with the sexual act itself, because I remember from when I was a child that all children know these words, but I wonder whether you know the meaning of some of the other words you used—words that reflect on the honor and decency of the people so described."

"Yes, Daddy," she said respectfully.

"Yes, you do, or yes, you don't?"

She shook her head.

"You don't know what 'tart' means?"

"No, Daddy."

"It means a woman who earns her living by taking payment in return for sleeping with men."

"Having sexual intercourse with men," said her mother. The fastidious effort at the precision of truth was an instinct of tenderness. The man and woman hesitated and chose, trying to pick a way for her through the ambiguities and compromises that were about them, comfortably marked by use, like shabby furniture.

HER mother went through Cavada's cupboards one day when everyone was out of the house. She put the crumpled, outgrown clothes in a heap on the floor, as they came. She opened the chocolate boxes of trinkets and plastic charms and closed them again. Whenever she came to a sheet of paper or an old exercise book, she stopped and was quite still. "Cavada Patricia Kinschotter;" it marked out the limits of a domain like a prison cell. It appeared in cursive and printed script, capitals and small letters, backward-sloping, forward-sloping, upright. Across the tops of pages, in the middle of pages, cancelling out a page diagonally. There were notebooks and bridge-score pads and diaries (the kind that tradesmen give away) as well as exercise books. Most of the diaries were for past years and were empty except for the name; the fan of pages opened and fell back again, all the days of the months passing white. In others, another name appeared beside the first—"Peter James Smith." "I love Peter James Smith"—in January, September, April, Tuesdays, Sundays, Fridays, this year, last year. On the final page of a tartan-covered address book from a Christmas stocking was scrawled, "I love Peter and adore him and need him and want him forever and ever."

The mother suddenly began to put all the notebooks and diaries back again, hiding them carefully where she had found them. When she had finished, she stood in the middle of the room with the air of someone who feels herself watched to see what she will do next. She bundled up the pile of outgrown clothes after a moment and went out.

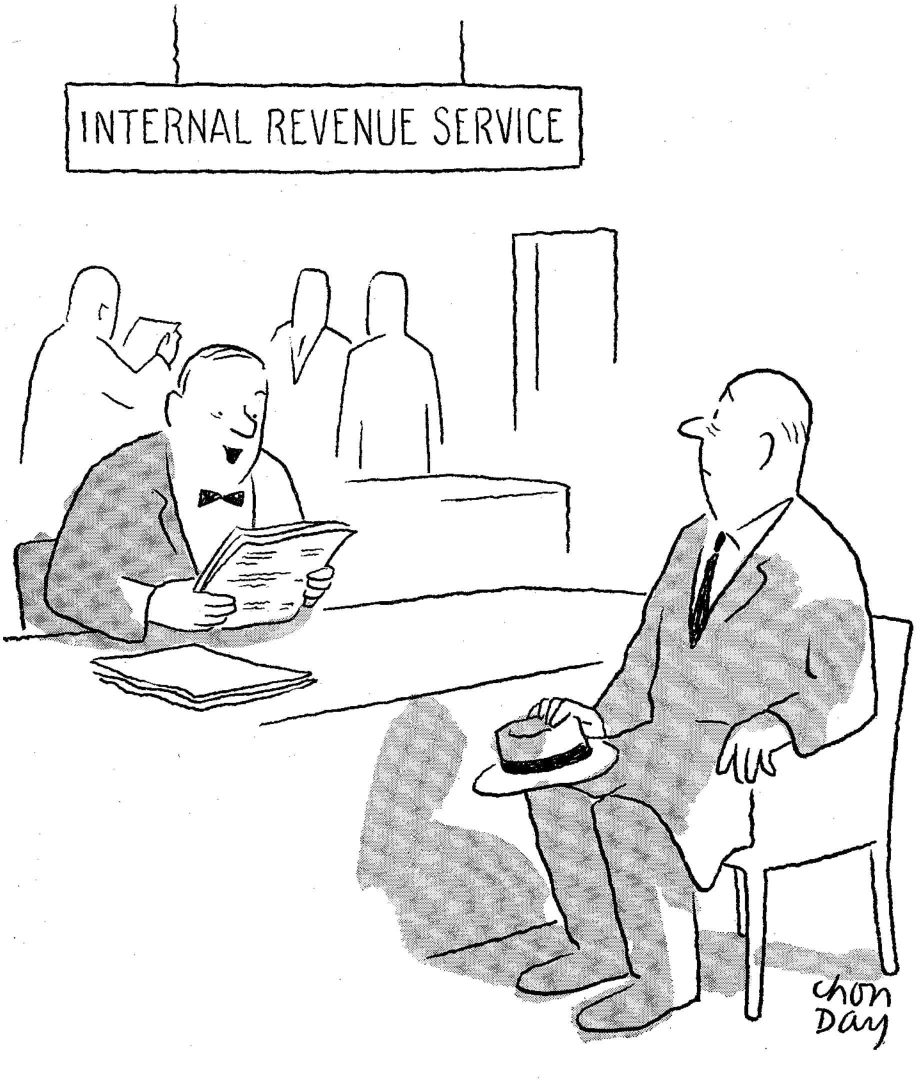
A LETTER came as usual: "Dear Family . . . There was a maths test on Thursday and I got 61 per cent . . . four girls in the class have gone to the sanatorium with a rash, they thought it was scarlet fever but it isn't . . . Miss Crossfield sent for me and was very sweet."

"Miss Crossfield sent for me and was very sweet." The headmistress might have been interviewing her in order to congratulate her on some achievement, rather than to warn her that girls could be expelled for telling tales like hers. Her mother read the sentence again, but her spasm of annoyance had nothing to tighten on; the letter was as calming as all matters of form. Letters continued to arrive regularly, written at the appointed time, on the appointed day of the week. "We played Protea Convent and tied . . . Dinks says if we don't stop being careless about bad marks, our poor old dormitory is going to be last in the whole school. At least no one in our class has been named yet . . . God bless you all. . . ." These fits and starts of bald information on activities they knew nothing about made it unnecessary to think of her; one knew where she was. Soon her mother skimmed through the letters in silence, merely remarking, "Cavada must be fetched; half day on Saturday," or "She says you must get a new press for her tennis racket."

One day when Cavada was home for the weekend, she heard at the lunch table that a man had been found dead in a cellar that week. The younger children were full of talk of how the police had been asking questions in all the houses up and down the street. At the word "cellar," her normal comprehension fell apart into the idiotic vacancy of one who is caught out. Between one sentence and the next, sitting among her mother and father and brother and sisters at the table, she dropped, muffled and gagged, into a dark place. Her being lay quite still in the grip of retribution and an evil without a name. The threat at her back at night, the fear in lies, the confusion of love and unspeakable shame that were the same and yet dreadfully different—as a man is at once the same man but alive and then dead—all this drew abreast of her menacingly. The next moment, she understood that it was the cellar of the *empty house* they were talking about, and, at a stroke, terror went from her like a weird light that passes on and takes distortion with it. She was able to ask, with normal curiosity, "Who was it they murdered?"

"D'you know, it was the tramp," said her mother, raising her shoulders, crossing her arms over her body, and frowning pityingly. "You remember that tramp who frightened you once when you met him in the lane?"

—NADINE GORDIMER



"Oh, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practice to deceive."

•

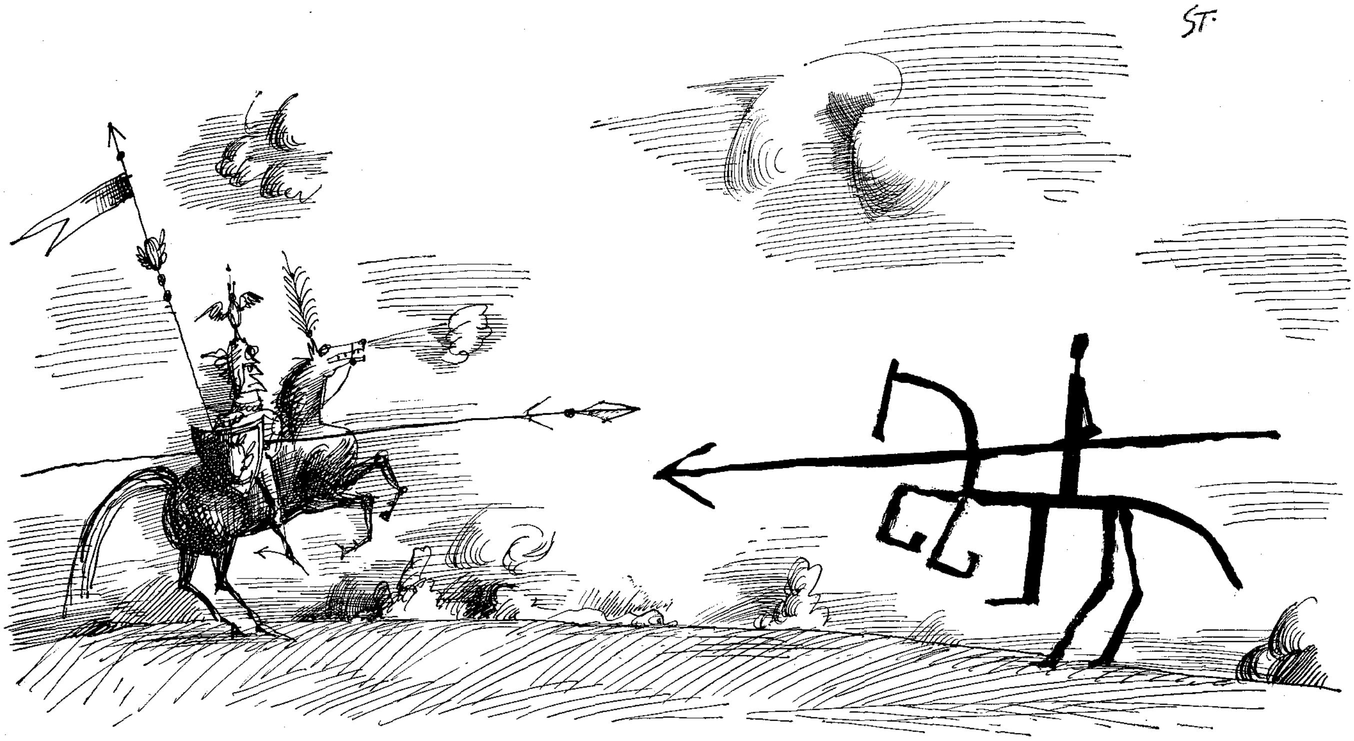
Sam Goldwyn Jr. wasn't discussing the existentialism of Paul Tillich or the difference between Mozart and cool jazz with Burt Lancaster and Delbert Mann. He was discussing "April Morning" . . . Which is a story about Lexington, Mass., site of the first bloodshed in the American Revolution.—*Mike Connolly in the October 25th issue of the Hollywood Reporter.*

Sam Goldwyn Jr. signed Fred Zinnemann to steer his Civil War story, "April Morning."—*Mike Connolly a day later in the Hollywood Reporter.*

When you've seen one war, you've seen them all.

ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

THE FLIGHT OF CROOK-TALONED BIRDS—II



METAPHYSICALLY inclined thinkers, like Marx, Spengler, and Toynbee (plum-cake historians), have had a large, all-embracing explanation of history—why things happen as they do—which they demonstrate with a nod now and again to examples. The professional academics (dry-biscuit historians), like R. H. Tawney and Sir Lewis Namier, respectively, detect causal connections between religion and capitalism, or between Parliament and the self-interest of the M.P.s, or, like A. J. P. Taylor, notice a discrepancy between an intention and an action, and then arrive at small theories—why particular things happen at a particular time—which they substantiate with analysis, illustrate with exhaustive examples, or prove, however obliquely or indirectly, by a sustained narrative of events. Miss C. V. Wedgwood belongs to neither of these schools. She is a shortbread historian. She tells stories simply and entertainingly, in the manner of Somerset Maugham (that is, without the deep psychological perceptions of Proust, the sensitive nerve ends of James, or the linguistic virtuosity of Joyce; the historian counterparts of these literary figures almost always come out of one or the other of the two schools), or as the Victorian Carlyle or Edwardian G. M. Trevelyan did—straight, and with an unerring eye for the dramatic. Like Carlyle and Trevelyan, Miss Wedgwood seldom, if ever, fishes in the treacherous waters of philosophy or psychology. Because she has no theories to prove, her histories generously give the available facts a hearing, without rigorously applying the aristocratic principles of exclusion and selection, and if her democratic approach toward facts crowds her narrative as densely as the mainland of China, the terrain of her history, unlike the mainland of China, is seldom overrun by a mob; her felicity of style and mastery of the language for the most part keep the mob at bay, and carry the brimming narrative forward like a mountain stream. Miss Wedgwood, however, has felt the need to justify her nineteenth-century approach to history by once in a while delivering a theoretical pronouncement. She wrote, in a book of essays called "Truth and Opinion":

> My writing experience has led me to set a very high value on investigating *what* men did and *how* things happened. Pieces like "The Last Masque" and "Captain Hind the Highwayman" [the first about Charles I, the second about one of his supporters] were written partly to provide entertainment; they are small literary diversions. But they were also written because limited and relatively simple subjects like these, where passion and prejudices play little part, give the historian an opportunity for the purest kind of enquiry. The apparent objectives may seem light and even frivolous, but the experiment in reconstructing as accurately and fully as possible a detached incident or a character *without attempting to prove any general point or demonstrate any theory whatsoever* is a useful exercise. I have found by experience that in the course of such neutral enquiries unexpected clues are found to far more important matters. "The Last Masque" gave me numerous indications for lines of enquiry into the Court and administration of Charles I and "Captain Hind" has left me with a handful of hints, ideas, and sources for the social consequences of the Civil War. The older historians concentrated more on narrative than on analysis, on the *How* rather than the *Why* of history. But now, for several generations, *Why* has been regarded as a more important question than *How*. It is, of course, a more important question. But it cannot be answered until *How* is established. The careful, thorough, and accurate answer to the question *How* should take the historian a long way towards answering the question *Why;* but for this purpose narrative history must be written with depth and reflection.

Miss Wedgwood's detractors in both the plum-cake and the dry-biscuit schools might retort—indeed, they often do—that narrative history is the least neglected aspect of history; that the *How* is much more easily apprehended than the *Why;* that the *How* does not advance knowledge, does not develop new variations on old explanations, does not introduce new ways of thinking about old facts; and that the life of a *How* history is scarcely as long as that of a fashion in ladies' hats, since no sooner has a researcher turned up a handful of new facts than the narrative is dated and a new one has to be constructed. But Miss Wedgwood's detractors realize that she is aware of all this, and they also realize that their objections and her defense are beside the point, for her natural gifts are unanalytical and literary, and she can no more resist writing narrative history than they can help writing metaphysical or academic history. Ever since I had first read her books, some years before undertaking a recent pilgrimage to the shrines of the great modern historians, many of them living in England, I'd wanted to meet her, perhaps as much as anything because of her fine prose and her uncontainable interest in history. "By the time I was twelve," she had written in one of her essays collected in "Velvet Studies," published some fifteen years ago, "my writing had grown dangerously swift. There was a special kind of writing pad called 'The Mammoth,' two hundred pages, quarto, ruled faint; under my now practiced pen Mammoths disappeared in a twinkling. 'You should write history,' my father said, hoping to put on a brake. 'Even a bad writer may be a useful historian.' It was damping, but it was sense. It was, after all, unlikely that I would ever be Shakespeare."

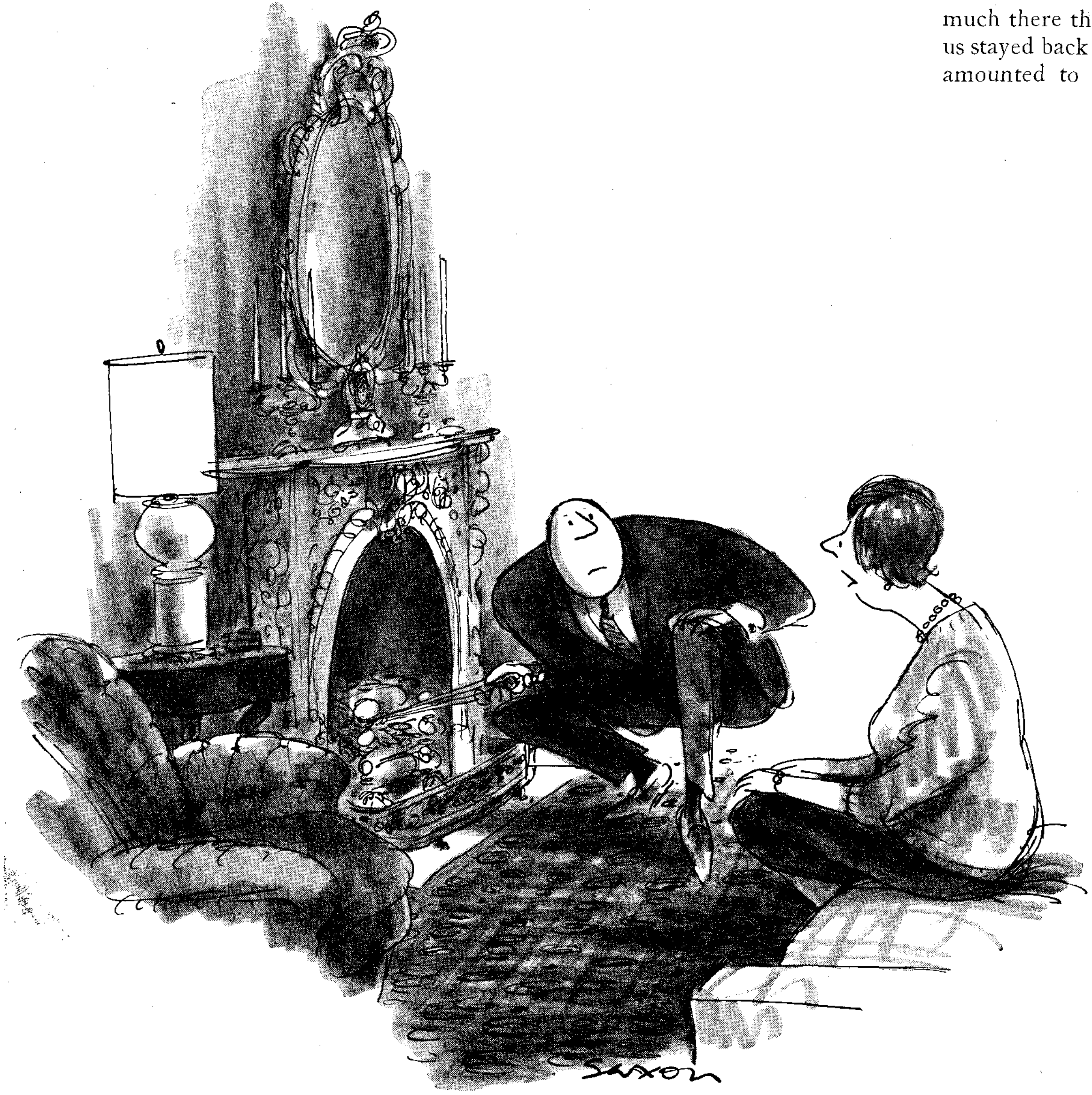
To learn more about Miss Wedgwood and her *How* history, I now invited her to lunch with me in London—at Plato's, a quiet Greek restaurant whose glass front looks out on Wigmore Street. I waited for her at a small table near the glass wall. She arrived a little late, and grasped my hand warmly. Without any further formalities, she seated herself across from me and started talking ebulliently, as though we had known each other for years.

"I am sorry not to be prompt, but right across the street I discovered a Wedgwood china shop," she said. "For the family's sake, I had to look in the window—the Wedgwoods have been in the china business ever since the eighteenth century—although, being a seventeenth-century historian, I don't know much about the history of Wedgwood china." Miss Wedgwood, who is fifty-two, gray-haired, and brown-eyed, was conservatively and tastefully dressed in an English-cut suit. She spoke in an effervescent voice. "My interest in history is a very long one," she continued. "My father, not being the eldest son—here I go off on a tangent, my Achilles' heel—instead of going into the family china business, went into railways, so when I was a girl we did a lot of hard and bouncy travelling in Europe. In railways, as in the china business, there is a sort of freemasonry of the trade, and we had as many free passages as we wanted."

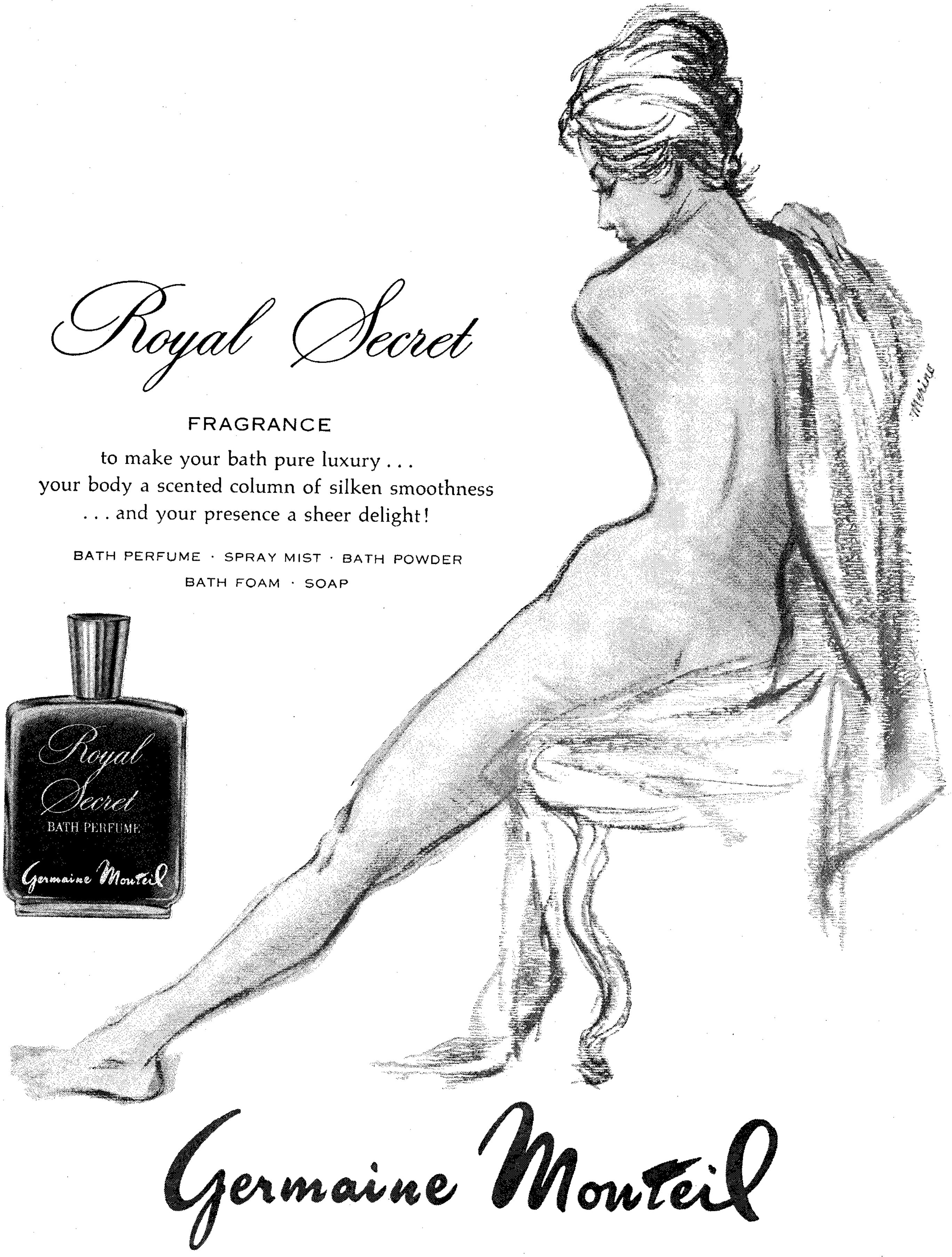
Miss Wedgwood paused for the first time, and I asked her if she would like a drink. She ordered a dry vermouth on ice, and went on talking. "When I was a girl—here I go off on a tangent again—I went to a day school in Kensington, from which everybody moved on to a proper, high-powered school, like St. Paul's Girls' School, but I liked it so much there that I stayed on. So few of us stayed back that we were given what amounted to private tuition. When I was fifteen, I finished, and thereupon immediately rushed off to Germany to live with a family and learn German. I rushed back to England to take the scholarship examination for Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, and rushed off again, this time to a family in France, to learn French." She stirred her vermouth.

"Would you like to order?" I asked.

"Oh, I almost forgot," she said. She studied the menu and ordered egg-and-lemon soup, moussaka, and a glass of red wine, and went on talking. "When I came down from Oxford," she said, "I decided I'd do a thesis with Tawney on some forbidding seventeenth-century subject. Had I gone on with it, I would have become a *Why* historian, but I didn't. I discovered that in *Why* history research is much more important than writing, and I wanted to do both. I really decided to become



"I try not to keep analyzing everything, but I notice you always start fires with the Sunday travel section."



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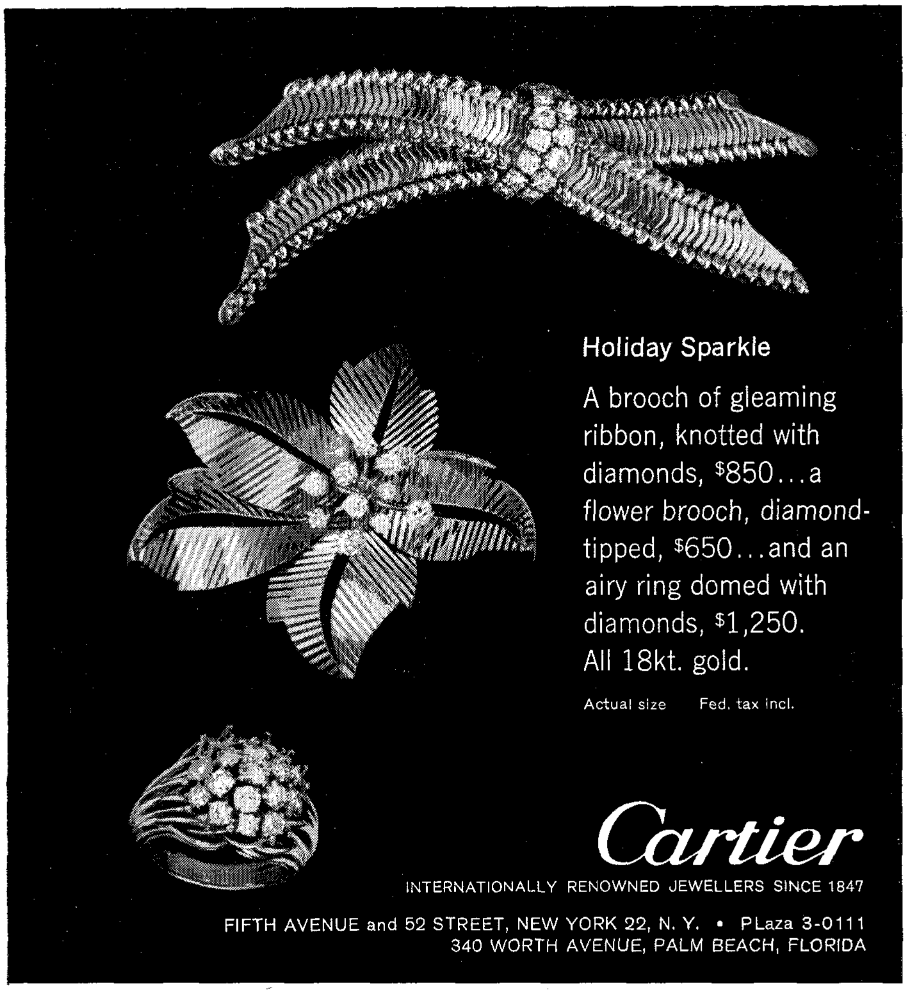

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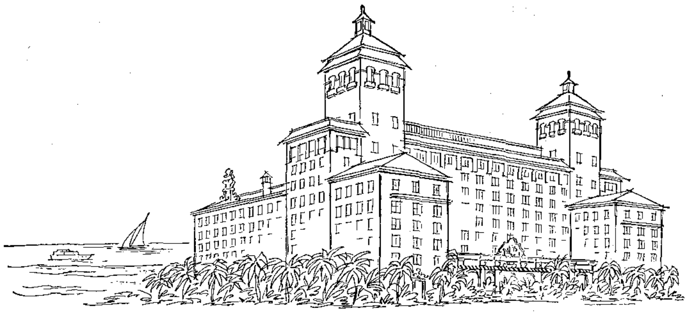

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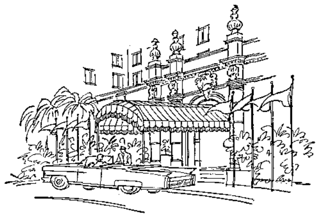

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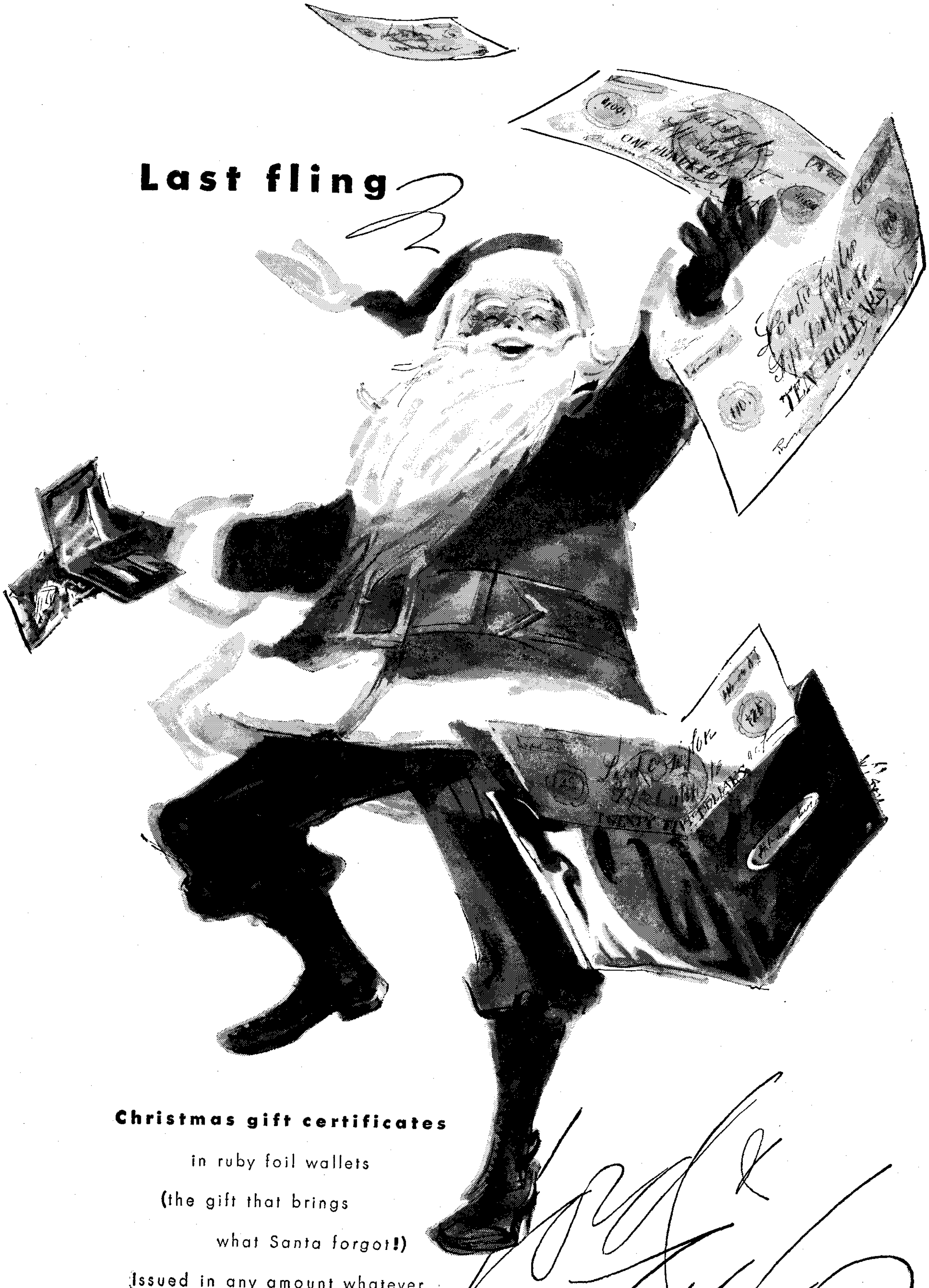
a *How* historian when, a little later, my father arranged for me to go and spend a weekend at the house of Trevelyan, who was then fifty-five; my father, Trevelyan, G. E. Moore, and Ralph Vaughan Williams had all been at Cambridge together and knew each other very well. Trevelyan was a great *How historian, and he encouraged me to* write a biography of the Earl of Strafford, which I did, instead of doing my thesis with Tawney. The biography was very feminine and sentimental. Sir John Neale, who writes two kinds of history—the literary and the analytic—with equal success, helped me to revise it and place it with a publisher. Ever since then, I have been writing *How* history continuously. I am not embarrassed to say that I write about the surface things—men in action, how the decisions were taken on the spot. I don't have much patience with secondary sources, which stud the *Why* historians' pages in the form of bulky footnotes."

I recalled that she had once written:

> Whether it is that I have never quite outgrown the first excitement of that discovery [reading Pepys, Clarendon, and Verney when she was just a girl], I find in myself to this day an unwillingness to read the secondary authorities which I have difficulty in overcoming. Indeed it is rather the fear of some learned reviewer's "the author appears to be ignorant of the important conclusions drawn by Dr. Stumpfnadel" than a desire to know those conclusions for their own sake which, at the latter end of my own researches, drives me to consult the later authorities.

Miss Wedgwood was by now in the middle of her egg-and-lemon soup. "The *Why* historians," she said, "start with the assumption that there are deep-seated motives and reasons for most decisions, and they concentrate on that rather than on the action. Sometimes, happily for me, the historical characters surprise their *Why* historians by, say, not voting in a Parliament in accordance with their party and economic interests, as they should have voted. But this sort of thing doesn't seem to have daunted the *Why* historians very much, for the general preoccupation in this country and century remains *Why* history; in our universities the *How* history has mostly gone by the board." Countless historians had investigated the causes of the English Civil War, she went on, but they had been so mesmerized by the *Why* of the Civil War that, reading them, one would never know that England in that time had a day-to-day foreign policy. Indeed, in Miss Wedgwood's opinion, they themselves often forgot it, and were misled in their analyses. They enriched history by delv-

Last fling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ing into its undercurrents, but they impoverished it by not gathering all its froth into their pages. "I know that many good historians are intolerant of my way of doing history," Miss Wedgwood said, putting her soupspoon down. "They say it's popular and short-lived. In a sense, I agree with them. Does that surprise you?"

"No," I said. (I had read in her "Velvet Studies": "At twelve I had no theory of history. Since then I have had many, even for some years the theory that in the interests of scholarship it is wrong to write history comprehensible to the ordinary reader, since all history so written must necessarily be modified and therefore incorrect. This was I think always too much against my nature to have held me long.")

"Women are very sensitive and self-conscious about what is said about them," she went on. "I think the mansion of history has enough rooms to accommodate all of us. I mean many sorts of history can be illuminating—and by 'illuminating' I mean you can show things by the way you relate them. When I was young, I was Left Wing and intolerant, prepared to damn many books and many ways of doing things. Now that I am a little older, I can tolerate many points of view and many types of books."

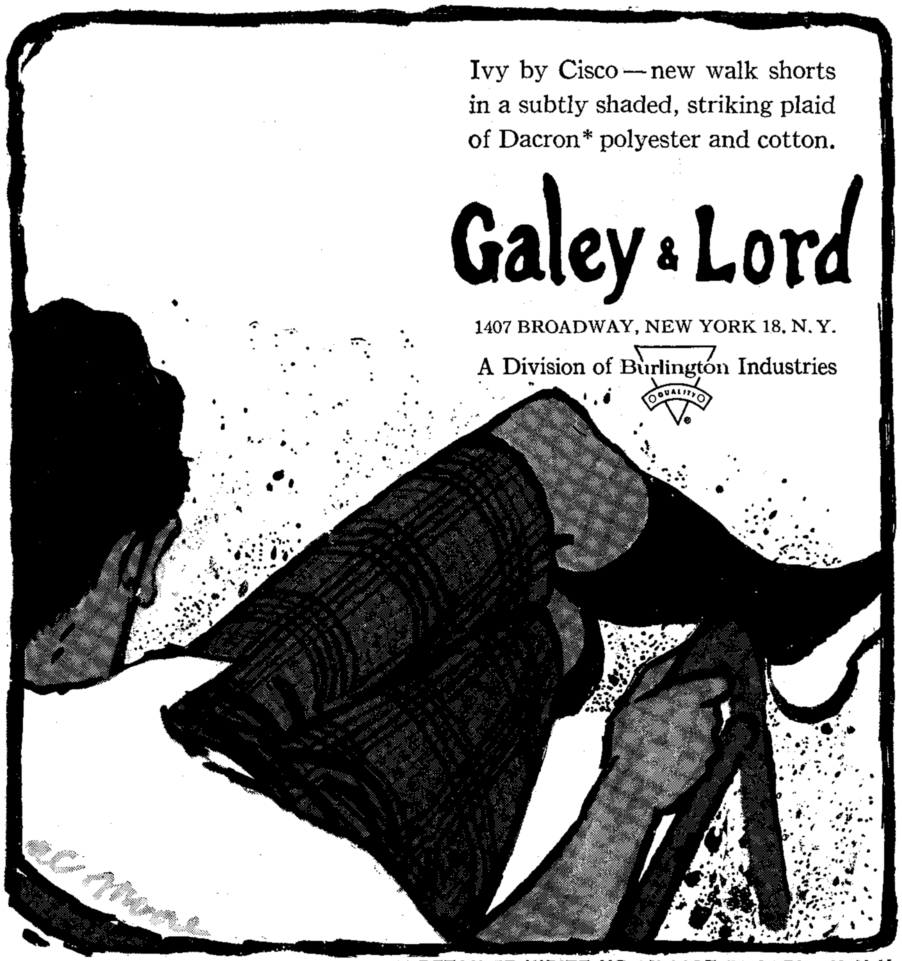
Over her moussaka, Miss Wedgwood told me that she had lived in London ever since she came down from Oxford, and had made ends meet by writing successful history books, by reviewing, by "being on every prize committee," and by doing a lot of work for the B.B.C.

I asked her if she had ever missed not having a university connection and a secure income.

"I haven't, because I really can't teach," she said. "Once, I did teach for a bit, and found that most of the pupils I thought were brilliant failed their examinations." She laughed.

The waiter brought her a cup of coffee, and also a Turkish delight, which she unwrapped slowly and carefully, as though she were peeling an orange. "By temperament, I am an optimist," she said. "But I am very gloomy about the uses and lessons of history. The whole study at times seems to me useless and futile. I give lectures now and again about the uses of history, but I always come home with a sinking feeling of whistling in the dark."

IF history were simply a series of rough guesses, more art than science, as narrative historians from Thomas Babington Macaulay to Trevelyan, Miss Wedgwood's mentor, have thought,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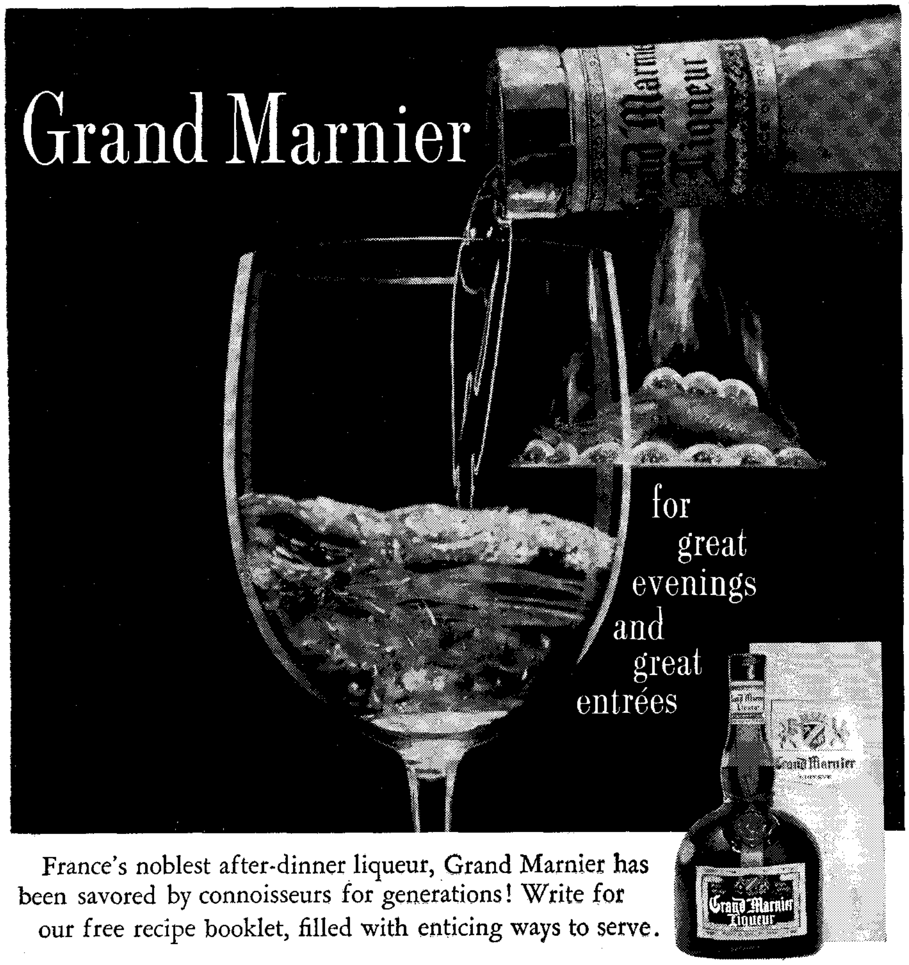
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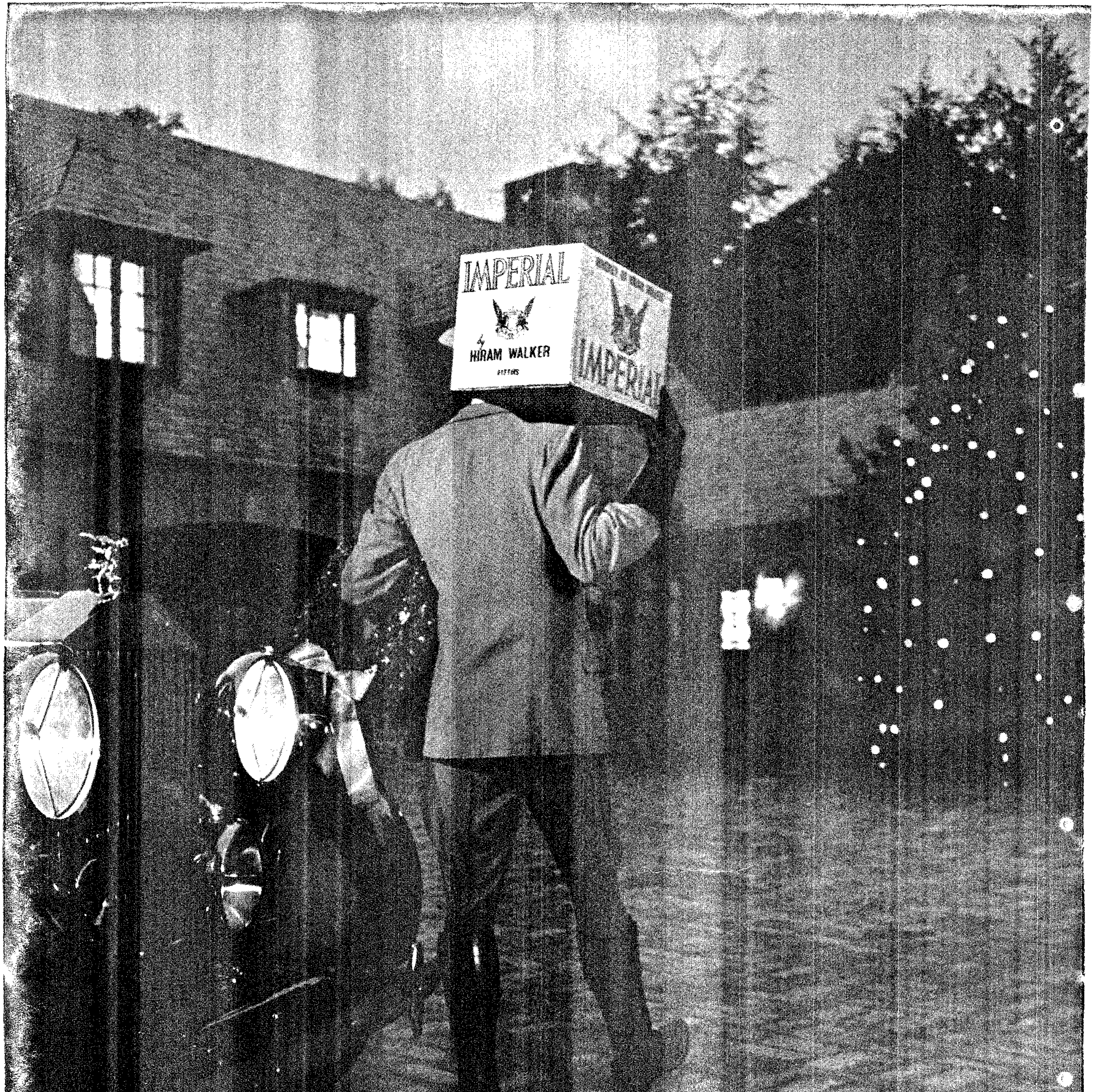
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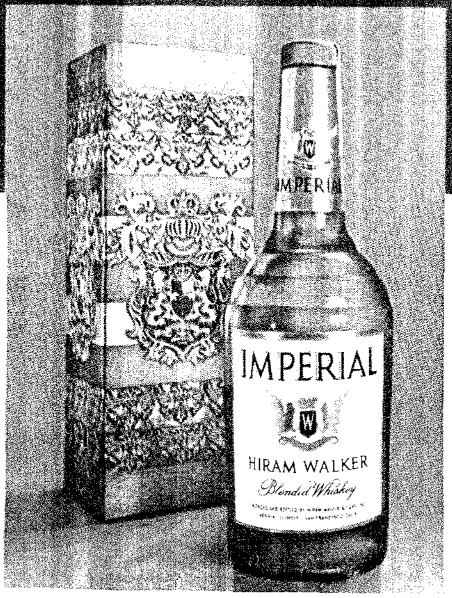
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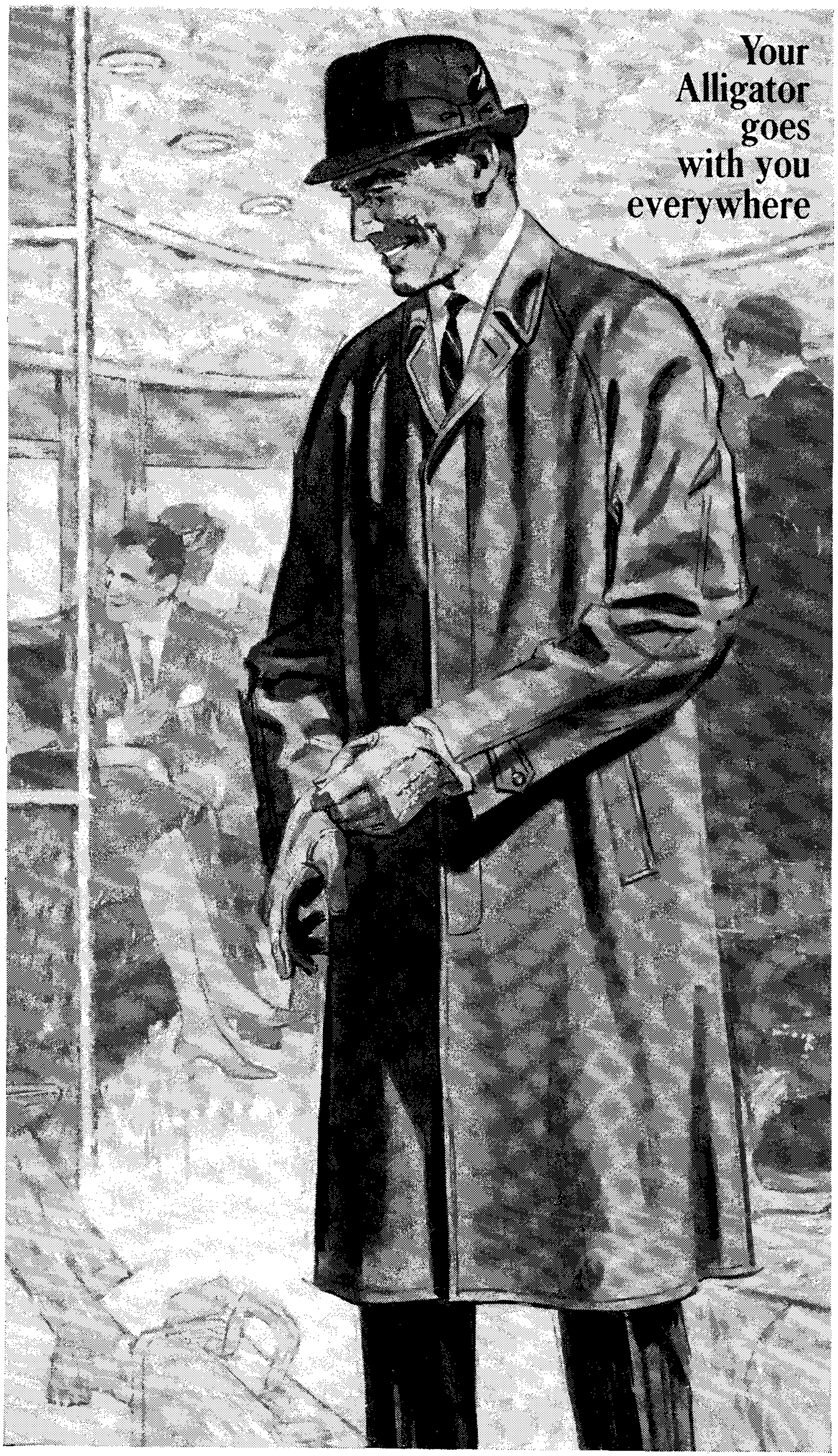
To learn something about Tawney and Namier and their *Why* histories, I thought it would be pleasant as well as useful to take up residence at Balliol, the old college of both of them (and mine), and perhaps talk history with my tutors, with whom I had studied the subject (the nontheoretical variety) for three years. But when I went up to Oxford, I found that Balliol, which had survived for six hundred and ninety-nine years (preparations were then under way to celebrate the seven hundredth anniversary), had altered beyond my expectations, even though, as these things went, I was a recent graduate. Walking through the quadrangles, I sensed that a great gulf divided me from the people around me. In the few years since I had gone down, a new body of undergraduates had entered the shell of the college. In the desert of new Balliol faces, however, there was one familiar landmark, the tall figure of my close friend Jasper Griffin. He and I had come up to the college in the same year, and had found ourselves living next door to each other; indeed, in the affluent days of the college, our two rooms had formed a suite, and among its occupants had been Gerard Manley Hopkins. It was discovering that Hopkins was a favorite of both of us that had drawn us together and begun our long friendship. As it happened, when the college elected him to a Junior Fellowship in Classics, he was given my old room as his office. Since he now lived out of college and worked mostly in the libraries, he let me have my old room back for the duration of my stay at Oxford. The room was intact, but again, like the student body, the staff of Balliol historians had changed. A. B. Rodger, who had brought me to love the manicured English countryside of the eighteenth century, had died. R. W. Southern, one of the greatest living English medievalists, who had led me to the springs of Anglo-Saxon and medieval history very much like a soldier leading a recalcitrant horse to water, had since



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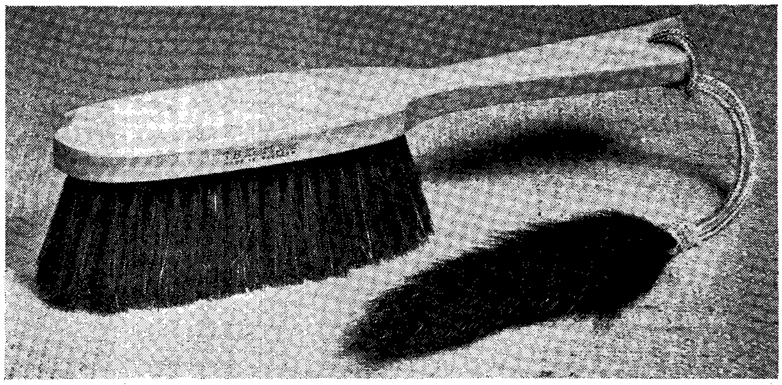

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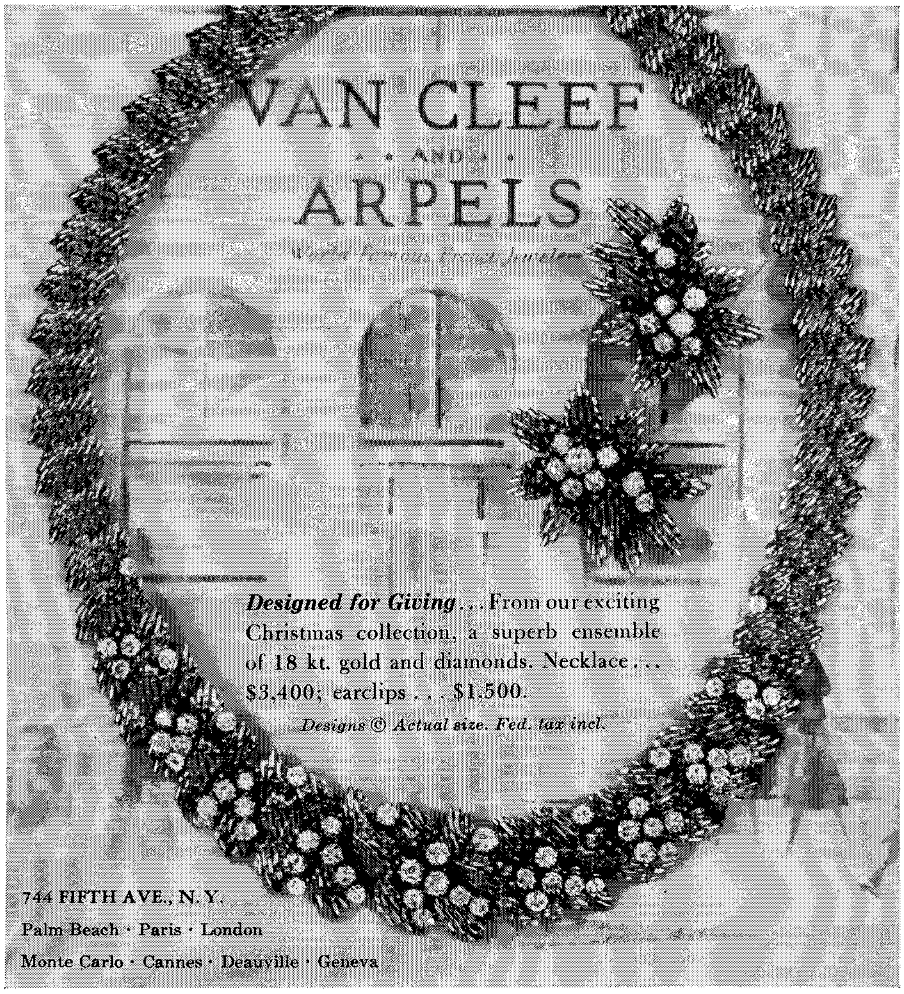

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been raised to a chair connected with another college. Even my external tutor, James Joll—he had conducted me through the tortuous European politics terminating in the First and Second World Wars—was at Harvard for a few months. Of the tutors who had tended me term after term, Christopher Hill, an authority on sixteenth- and seventeenth-century history, was one of the two or three still at the college. Like Southern, he was in high feather; he was holding the post of Ford's Lecturer, a distinguished university appointment, for the year. By one and all he was regarded as the spiritual heir of Tawney, who in some ways had personified the traditions of Balliol, which to its adulators is "the best teaching college in the world" (the Oxford tutorial system is thought to have originated there) and to its detractors is a mere "teaching shop." Like Tawney, Hill had spent much of his life studying and teaching the history of the Puritans and of the birth of revolutionary ideas and ideals in seventeenth-century England. It was no surprise to me, therefore, that when I saw Hill, who is fifty—his three hallmarks are a legendary shyness, pithy sentences, and high, bouncy black hair—in his college room we conversed about Balliol, about teaching, about the English historical scene, and about Tawney.

As Hill talked, I couldn't help feeling that some of his observations on Tawney were equally applicable to himself. At one point, he said, "Tawney thought, and I agree, that anyone can write narrative histories, but that it is the analytic histories that advance knowledge. Of course, both Namier and Tawney were analytical historians, but they had very different spiritual fathers; it is impossible to conceive of Namier without Freud or of Tawney without Marx—Marx because the main feature of Tawney's work is a never-failing concern for the underdog in history. Namier's contribution was to go below the surface of public records to private papers and diaries, and Tawney's great contribution was asking the right questions. Surely part of good history is to *ask* the right questions. By *right* questions, I mean those that produce fruitful answers. Indeed, once he is supposed to have said, 'What historians need is not more documents but stronger boots.' Whereas Namier only recorded facts and left you to draw your own conclusions, Tawney put forward tremendously interesting hypotheses, which were not considered in the old, established histories, though these were often more accurate and learned than Tawney's. You remember going through

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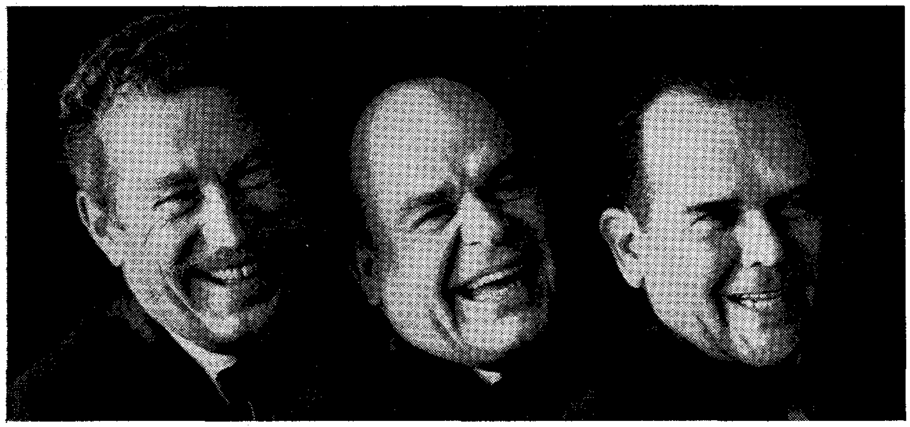

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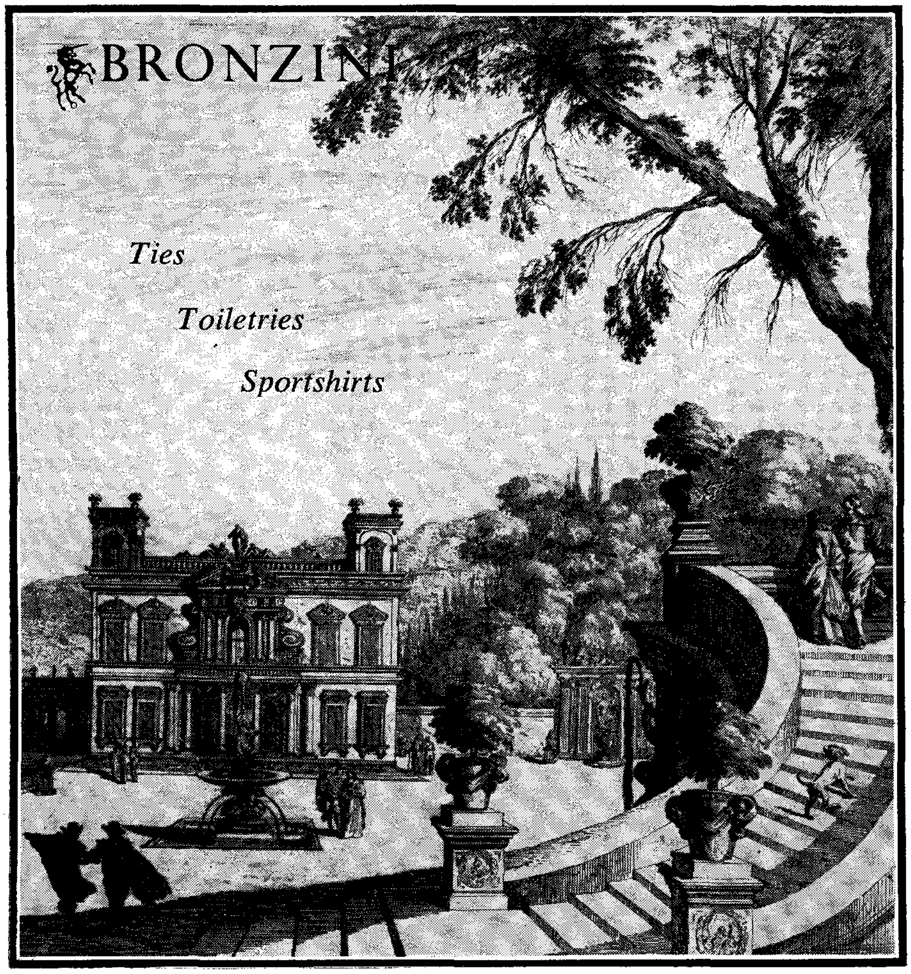

with me those dozens of volumes on the Puritan Revolution by S. R. Gardiner and C. H. Firth? Well, those incomparably learned Victorians took it for granted, until Tawney, that the seventeenth-century English Parliament represented the *people.* Nor did they distinguish between different social classes; they wrote as though the Puritan Revolution were a struggle for liberty by *all* the people and *all* the classes. No historian thinks of the Puritan Revolution in those terms now, and it's all due to Tawney and his questions. In some ways, of course, Tawney was traditional and Victorian. For him, as for his Victorian counterparts, knowledge and virtue were one. Indeed, he used his researches to carry through reforms in society. Unlike the Victorians, however, he studied social and economic history. He directed the gaze of historians away from the narrow stage of politics and action to the infinitely wider one of society and life, opening up vast territories of interest and evidence for them to tend and reap. But perhaps his greatest achievement was discovering and developing the connections, in England, between religion and the rise of capitalism. One thing that made Tawney great in my eyes was his politics. He was a deeply committed Christian Socialist. His Christianity was very much akin to Sandy Lindsay's [former master of Balliol, A. D. Lindsay] and to Oliver Cromwell's—'Trust in God and keep your powder dry.' Heavenly intervention went hand in hand with human action. Tawney's Socialism wasn't the state variety—state ownership of industries, and so on—but a very individual sort of Socialism. Here again he was kin to Sandy Lindsay. Where he got his Christian Socialism I don't know—probably not at Rugby, his public school. Perhaps at Balliol. The Balliol of the nineteen-hundreds, his time, was far more Left Wing and radical than that of the nineteen-sixties. Another thing that perhaps made him great was his lifelong work for the Workers' Educational Association, or W.E.A. He gave up a Balliol fellowship to continue in adult education, and accepted his professorship at the London School of Economics quite late in life. Still another thing that made him great was his combination of shrewdness and gentleness. He was a very shrewd man—he could see through people—but he never took issue with anyone on personal matters, always on principles."

After talking to Hill, I spent a little time in our college library, reading books and articles both by and about Tawney, whose name is a byword for the Tudor

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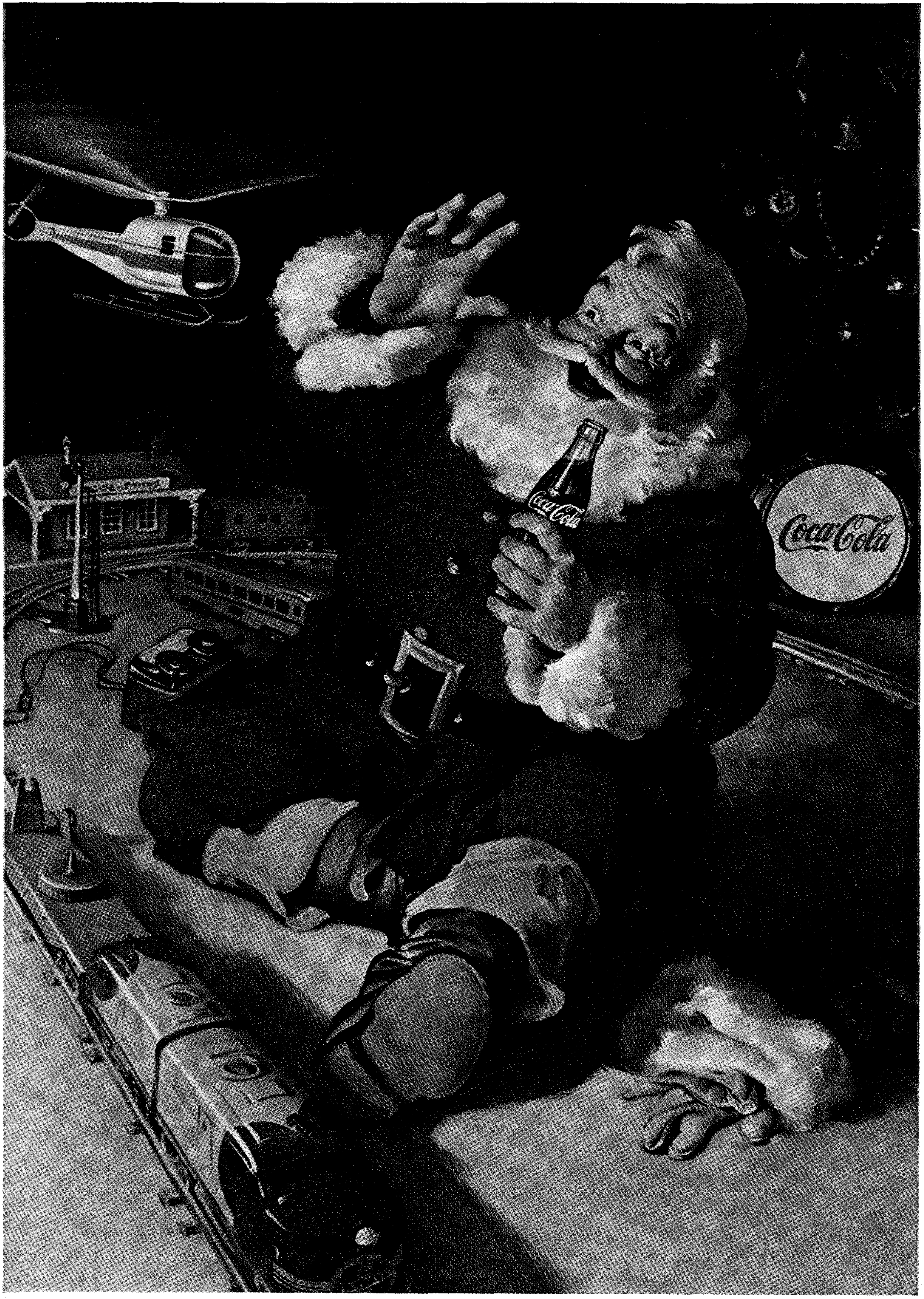
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period. Going through the Tawney shelf made me remember my first essay, which had been written with the aid of Tawney's books, some of them forty years old. My assignment was "What, If Anything, Can Be Salvaged, About the Gentry and the Causes of the English Civil War, from the 'Gentry Controversy'?" It called for reading and evaluating one of Tawney's most famous theses. Tawney maintained that the moneyed classes, or the gentry, of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries had risen on "the crushed bodies of the peasants" and on the debts owed them by the wasteful and dissipated hereditary class, causing the Civil War. By the use of better agricultural techniques and economic ruthlessness, the gentry had acquired land (it was the symbol of status) and money, but they had not acquired power, which, instead of accompanying the gentry's acquisition of land, had remained in the grasp of the Crown and the nobility, opening a political chasm. As soon as the gentry discovered that war was a cheaper means than litigation of wresting land and power from the wellborn bankrupt, they struck, setting England adrift in the waters of revolution. H. R. Trevor-Roper, Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford, in a thunderous charge, had long since cut through this view, yet in Tawney's history there remained such a store of research and wisdom that every new start on the causes of the Civil War began with him. Perhaps the reason was that while, with each wave of new evidence, the narrative historians were superseded (since the great excavations of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, even the narrative hunks in the third volume of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" retained only a literary interest), the analytic, the interpretive historians had a touch of immortality about them. (About evidence, the stuff of *How* history, Tawney had once written, "The first feeling of a person who sees a manuscript collection such as that at Holkham must be 'If fifty maids with fifty mops—,' and a sad consciousness that the mop which he wields is a very feeble one.") Even though his examples were dated, many of his statistics revised, and (sometimes under the impetus of his own ideas and researches) his theses jettisoned, we undergraduates yet turned to his histories for their functional value as works of understanding.

During his long career, which spanned more than fifty years, he wrote two kinds of works—historical and Socialist. His histories, such as "The Agrarian Problem in the Sixteenth Century"

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(marked by social morality: faith in the potentiality of ordinary men and distrust of the arrogance of the rich and the powerful—equalled only by his distaste for the specialist), created a minor revolution, making possible a new kind of history, with new actors. In his histories, he presented, in powerful Elizabethan prose, the state of Tudor society, letting the yeoman, the peasant, the displaced farmer speak—in many cases for the first time; in his Socialist books, such as "The Acquisitive Society" and "Equality," he drew aside the veil of hypocrisy, exposing the discrepancy between the Christian ethic and the actual condition of modern society. Hugh Gaitskell, leader of the Labour Party, has said of these works, "[They] made a tremendous impact upon my generation. . . . If you ask me why we were so impressed, I think it was really . . . that these books combined passion and learning. There was nothing false or exaggerated in them. . . . He was not inventing things but simply showing them to us—things we had failed to appreciate before but which we recognized immediately he wrote about them." As a political thinker, Tawney became the social conscience of his age. Indeed, Sidney and Beatrice Webb thought that he was destined to be a Labour Prime Minister of England—an ambition that many nursed for him but that was made impossible by poor health resulting from wounds he received in the First World War. (He himself didn't set much store by honors; when Sidney Webb and he were offered peerages by the Ramsay MacDonald government, Webb accepted and he declined.) With the improvement in the condition of the working classes and the beginning of the welfare era in England, his Socialist books lost much of their bite, yet his vision of a healthy, coöperative society, of politics not of power but of principle, continues to inspire socially concerned undergraduates. Nor are the dons left untouched by his example, for he succeeded in being a scholar who practiced his learning, whose domain was not limited to the tutorial or professorial chair but stretched on to include the republic of laborers and politicians.

I had met Tawney only once, over after-dinner coffee at Oxford. As a person, he reminded one of Socrates at his most ironical. (His humility was overpowering and exasperating; when an undergraduate asked him a question about enclosures, a subject on which he was an authority, he said, "No, no, I'm sure you know the field better than I do.") And, like Socrates, he would either

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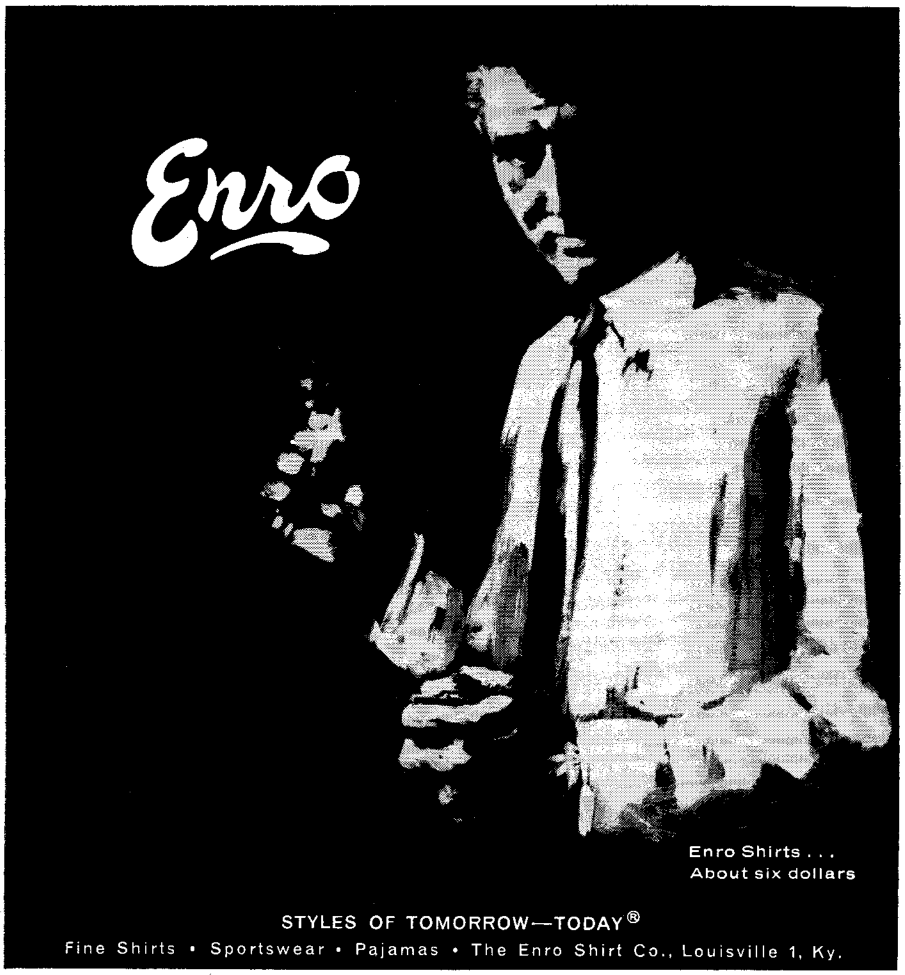
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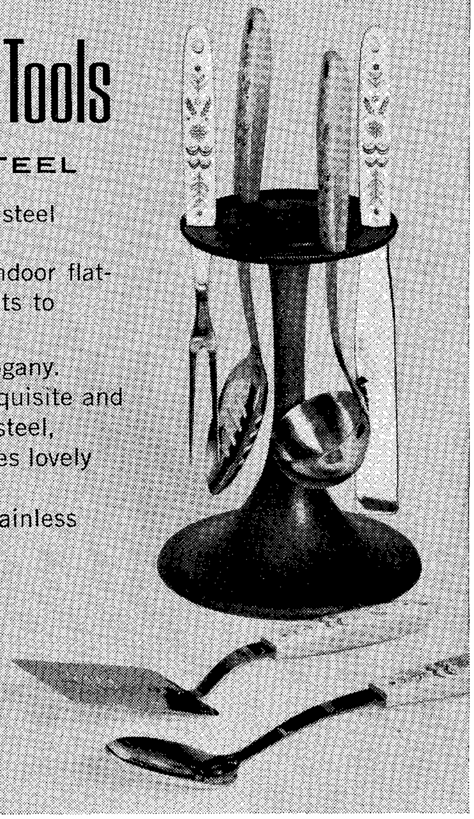

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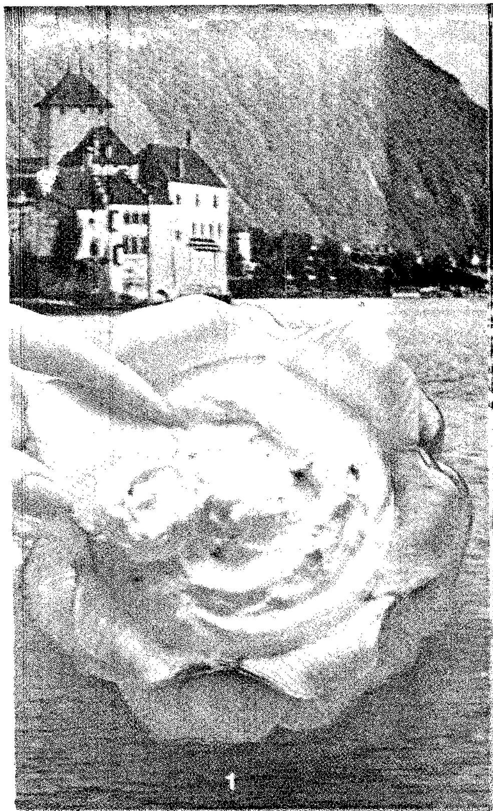
be absolutely silent or deliver an endless monologue. Indeed, he gave the impression of being a Platonic Idea of the absent-minded scholar; he would put his glasses on his forehead and then be unable to find them, his brown tweed suit always looked as if it had been slept in, and his untidiness was so thoroughgoing that one expected matches to explode when he reached for them to light his pipe. But whether or not he had fire in his pockets, there was nothing about him to suggest the revolutionary which he actually was.

Tawney, the recent graduate of Oxford setting out on his revolutionary, almost evangelical mission of education, is glimpsed in a commemorative portrait that H. P. Smith, the tutorial secretary for the Delegacy for Extra-Mural Studies, Oxford, wrote for the Delegacy's journal. It tells how Tawney threw himself into the development of the Oxford Tutorial Classes Committee, an extramural body for adult education, whose work—which still continues—has influenced the course that English society has taken. He brought the fruits of learning to people at large first by talking and teaching at workingmen's clubs in East London, and in the textile country of the north, where he also organized classes for the Lancashire workers. One of his old students, looking back, remembered a number of scenes:

> First [Smith quoted], in the classroom at the Sutherland Institute: a heated discussion on surplus value is taking place. A pertinacious Marxian, arguing with the tutor, challenges point after point of his exposition, until at length, baffled but not defeated, the student retires from the tussle, saying to the tutor: "It's no use; when I point my gun at you, you hop from twig to twig like a little bird"—and laughter comes to ease the strain. A more sociable scene in the same room: the class meeting is over, and we sit at ease, taking tea and biscuits provided by members' wives. Talk ranges free and wide—problems of philosophy, evolution, politics, literature. Then R. H. T. reads to us Walt Whitman's "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd;" this moves a student to give us his favourite passage from the same source: "Pioneers! O Pioneers!" Another follows, quoting from a poem of Matthew Arnold that evidently has bitten him, one ending with the magic line, "the unplumb'd, salt, estranging sea." And for some of us as we sit listening, a new door opens.

Tawney's students soon became the center of a lively educational movement. They started giving talks and classes of their own, modelled on their master's. Under Tawney's direction, the North Staffordshire Miners' Higher Education Movement was launched, and the miners were now enrolled in the movement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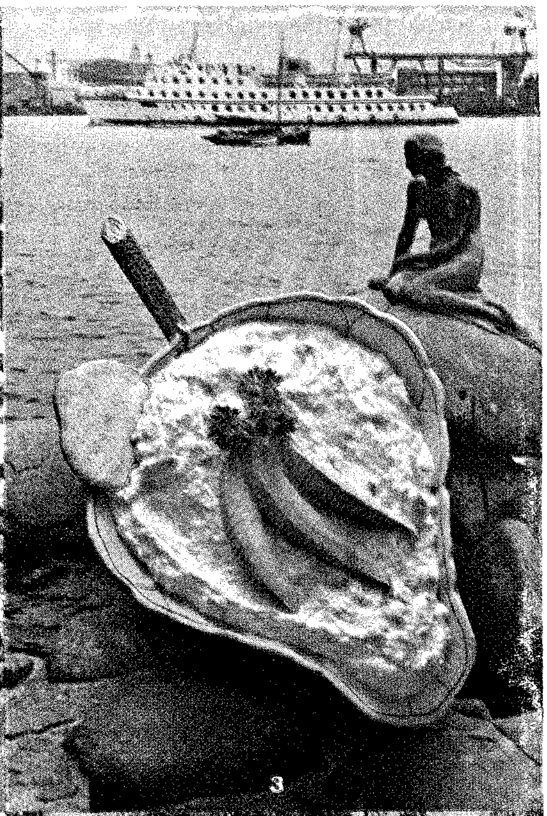
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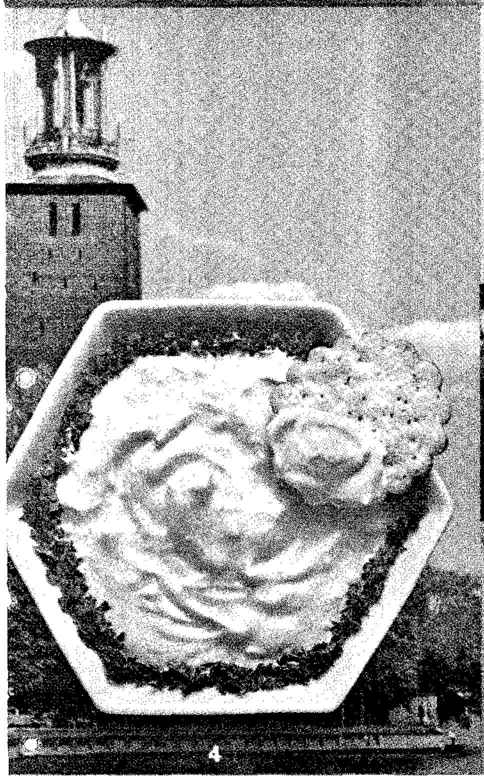
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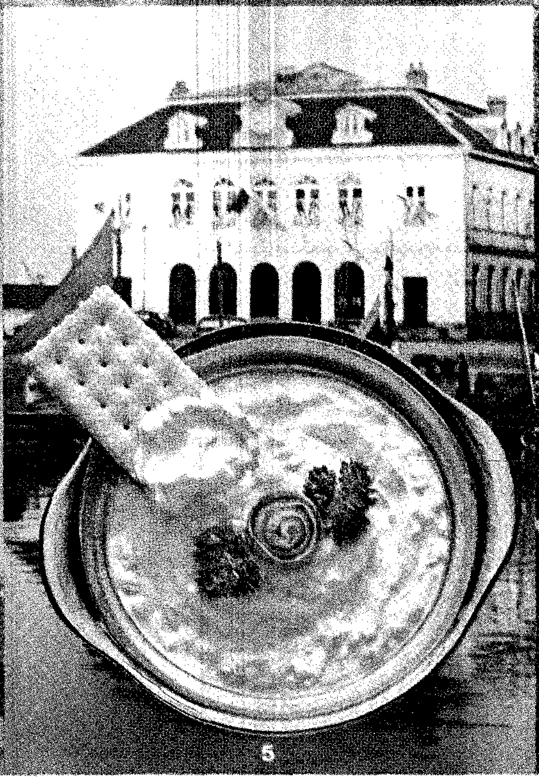
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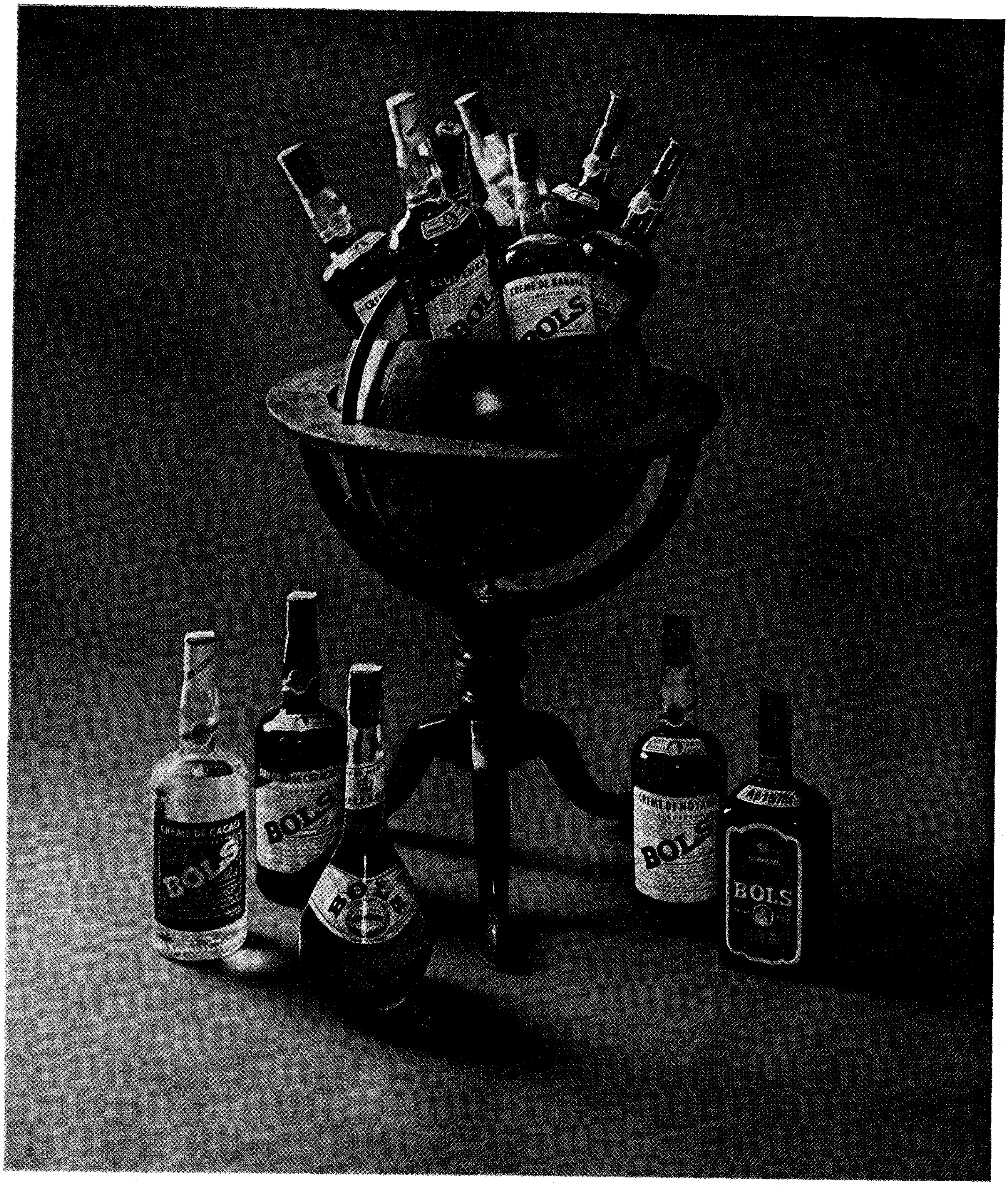

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of voluntary learning and teaching. The scheme, a crusade, culminated a few decades later in the foundation of the University of Keele, in Staffordshire, which is still only one of eighteen institutions of higher learning in all England. Tawney's genius for teaching (copies of his pupils' essays bearing his corrections still serve as examples to young tutors), his relationship with his students (while impatient of sham, he was pastoral in his treatment of his classes), his ability to impart something more than knowledge ("He made manifest a new power in those he taught: the power to shape their own educational activities as adult men and women with their own interests and responsibilities"), his involvement in the social ideals that the classes represented, all helped to make his work a success, to extend the narrow horizons of English aristocratic learning, and to hold out a promise of mass education for a day when there might be greater and greater participation of the people in the government.

The Tawney of the early days [Smith concluded] has become a legend among working-class students in this country. He joined the ranks at the outbreak of hostilities in 1914 and stayed there: it was his way of practicing the equality that he talked. . . . Severely wounded on the Somme, Tawney was brought to hospital in Oxford. There at the Examination Schools he used to lie with piles of books around him, and hot ash dropping from his pipe to his bed. The nurses were scared at his burnt sheets. Another well-authenticated story, this time of the W.E.A. Summer School, is that one of his students . . . decided to honour the occasion of an Oxford college opening its doors to the working classes by coming to Balliol in top-hat and frock-coat. After all, it was his Sunday best, and as an S.D.F.-er [a member of the Social Democratic Federation] he knew that . . . such a garb was indispensable to his preaching of Marx. And so the midnight club was in full swing, the argument was fascinating all participants, the air was thick with smoke, and nobody noticed, until it was too late, that Tawney was emptying his pipe into the silk top-hat on the table beside him. . . .

He set out his thoughts [in an article] on the work in which he was engaged. It is the clearest statement I know of what he stood for in his early days as a tutorial class tutor: "One may suggest that when the wheels have ceased rumbling and the dust has settled down, when the first generation of historians has exhausted the memoirs and the second has refuted the memoirs by the documents, and the time has come for the remorseless eye of imagination to be turned on the first two turbulent decades of the twentieth century, it is perhaps less in the world of political and economic effort than in the revival among large masses of men of an Idea that their dominant *motif* will be found. . . . The minds of an ever-growing number of men and women are passing through one of these mysterious

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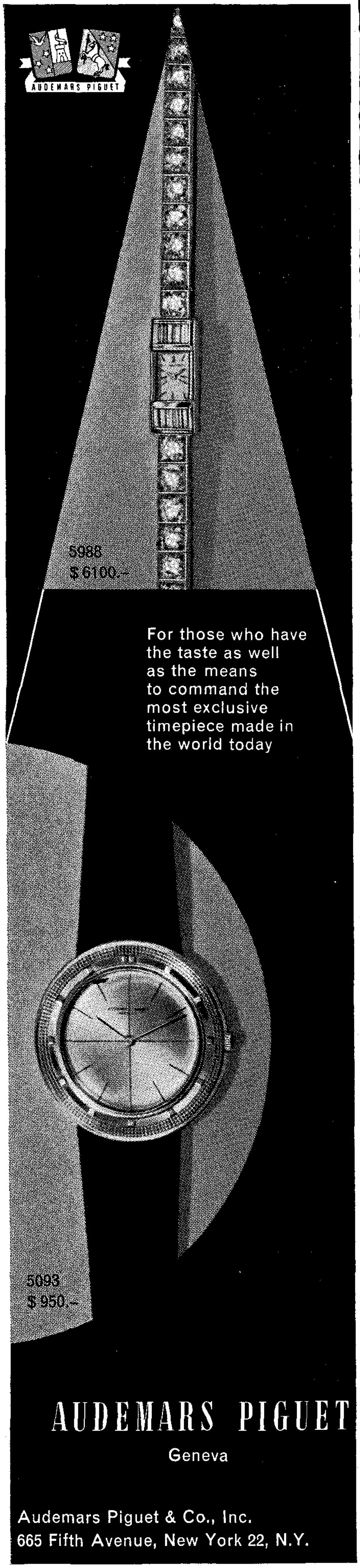

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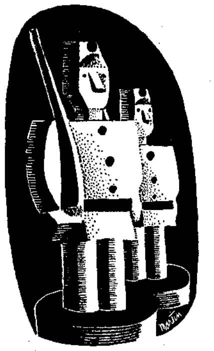
bursts of activity which make some years as decisive as generations, and of which measurable changes in the world of fact are the consequence rather than the cause. May that wonderful spring not be premature! It is as though a man labouring with a pick in a dark tunnel had caught a gleam of light and had redoubled his efforts to break down the last screen. The attack on the mere misery of poverty is falling into its place as one part of a determination that there shall be a radical reconstruction of human relationships. . . . It is surely a very barren kind of pedantry which would treat education as though it were a closed compartment within which principles are developed and experiments tried undisturbed by the changing social currents of the world around. The truth is that educational problems cannot be considered in isolation from the aspirations of the great bodies of men and women for whose sake alone it is that educational problems are worth considering at all. . . . The majority of men—one may hope an increasing majority—must live by working. Their work must be of different kinds, and to do different kinds of work they need specialized kinds of professional preparation. Doctors, lawyers, engineers, plumbers, and masons must, in fact, have trade schools of different kinds. . . . If persons whose work is different require, as they do, different kinds of professional instruction, that is no reason why one should be excluded from the common heritage of civilization of which the other is made free by a university education, and from which, *ceteris paribus*, both, irrespective of their occupations, are equally capable, as human beings, of deriving spiritual sustenance. Those who have seen the inside both of lawyers' chambers and of coal mines will not suppose that of the inhabitants of these places of gloom the former are more constantly inspired by the humanities than are the latter. . . ."



If Tawney the historian, by questions and hypotheses, made old facts give new answers, Namier invented a new method to abolish debate and get all the answers once and for all. For the first, the "why" was only a searchlight, for the second a floodlight. Time and again during my encounters with historians, I had come across remarks such as "Namier, perhaps, has found the *ultimate* way of doing history," "Namier believed that just as you can't send up a satellite into space without twentieth-century mathematics, so you can't write history with nineteenth-century psychology; as soon as this truth is grasped, all the histories written thus far will become dated," and "If Namier had his way, history would become a perfect science and a perfect art. All controversies would cease, and we would know as much historical truth as is humanly possible, without being constantly worn down with doubt and uncertainty." In the minds of the professional academics, he seemed to occupy the position of God, and if they criticized him, it was often more in the spirit of theologians than in the spirit of atheists. Everywhere one turned, whether to literary, diplomatic, philosophical, or psychological historians, whether to Marxist or Conservative, Namier's name was magic. It was alarming and unsettling. To the eminent historian E. H. Carr, Namier was "the greatest British historian to emerge on the academic scene since the First World War;" to Sir Isaiah Berlin, "an historian who psychoanalyzed the past;" to Miss Wedgwood, "perhaps the best historical writer in our time." Arnold Toynbee, who had told me that he had almost nothing in common with Namier, had nevertheless said of him, "I worshipped him. He was a big man with a big mind."

Namier has been called a Marx of history, a Freud of history, a Darwin of history. These, like all epithets, are false, and yet contain a grain of truth. Namier attributed the causes of men's actions, like Marx, to something besides their professed motives; like Freud, to subterranean springs; and, like Darwin, to something beyond the mind and its ideas. His spiritual fathers were very imposing, yet when Namier was not writing European or diplomatic history, he concentrated his great gifts and genius on studying—or recruiting other great historians to study with him—a period of English Parliament, in exhaustive detail; the last ten years of his life were spent in doing research and writing, with the help of a staff of four, three volumes in the series the "History of Parliament," a sort of *Who's Who* of Members of Parliament who sat in the House of Commons from the Middle Ages to the present century. Namier's own *Who's Who* was to contain a study of nineteen hundred and sixty-nine Members in the Parliaments between 1754 and 1790.

A. J. P. Taylor, one of the leading English historians, who had been Namier's pupil, in composing a touching and evaluative epitaph for the *Observer*, succeeded in both justifying and criticizing Namier's narrow preoccupations. He tipped his hat to the master's "unique place" in the world of history, and acknowledged that whatever subject Namier touched his genius transfigured. The nineteenth-century Whig historians had seen democratic Britain as emerging out of the conflict between liberty and despotism. According to them, during the reigns of George I

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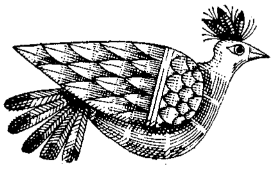

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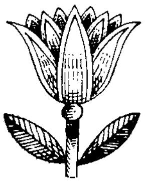

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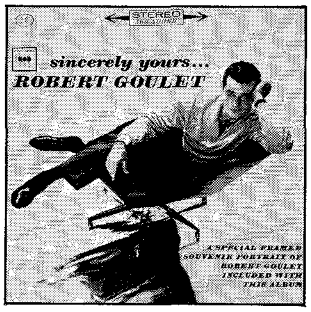
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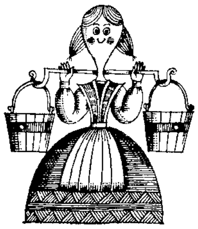

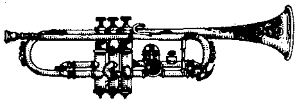

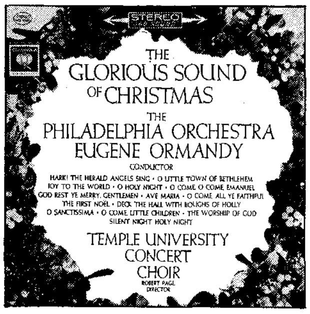
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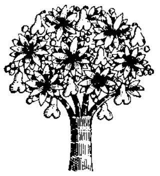

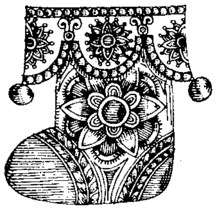

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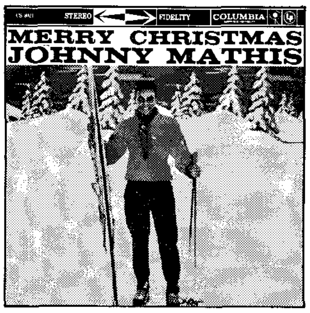
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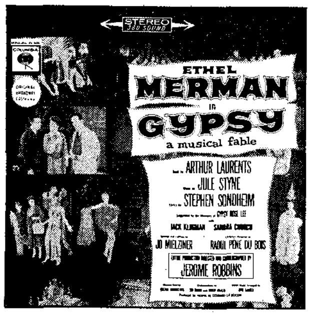
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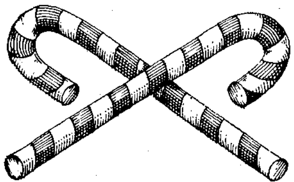

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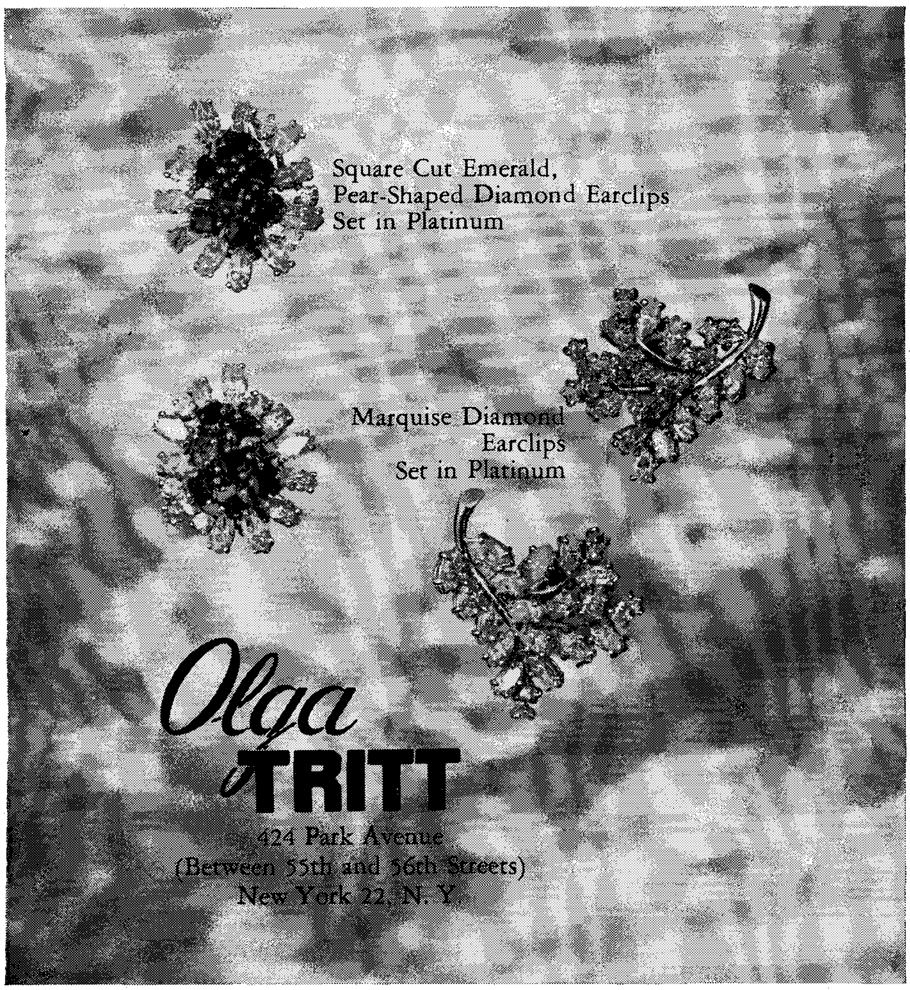

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and II liberty had made such inroads on despotism that early Hanoverian politics were polarized between Whigs and Tories, the two kings serving as idle, if handsome, figureheads. George III, however, at the prompting of one of his malign ministers, Lord Bute, was supposed to have reverted to the personal monarchy, costing England the American colonies. Taylor noted that Namier went behind this orthodoxy. He examined the contemporary correspondence, he exposed the assumptions on which the backbenchers and their leaders acted, and he succeeded in showing that these men were not working for the victory of any principle, or party in the modern sense of the word, but were seeking promotion and influence—ambitions to be achieved, as at any time before, by serving the king, still the source of power in public affairs. Even more important than this new interpretation was Namier's method for arriving at it, a method since become famous as "Namierization." Instead of forcing the ideals and opinions of the present onto other times, Namier, by relentlessly substituting accurate details for those vague generalizations that interlined the pages of earlier histories, tried to conduct a gigantic opinion poll of his period. Namierization had since been applied by other scholars to other fields from the fifteenth century to the twentieth century. In Taylor's own words:

> Where writers had once dealt vaguely with changes in public opinion or national sentiment, Namier went to the grass-roots of politics. He asked such questions as: What determined the conduct of the individual Member of Parliament? How was representation settled, or changed, in the individual constituencies? Why did men go into politics? What did they get out of it? . . .
>
> Namier did not confine himself to the eighteenth century. . . . [He] knew in his blood the complexities of European nationalism and class-conflict; and he interpreted these complexities to English audiences with dazzling clarity. . . .

But Taylor qualified his praise:

> Though his collected works make up a formal array on the shelves, none of them is the finished masterpiece which he hoped to write. . . . It was a strange thing about this great man that, while he could use both the microscope and the telescope to equal effect, he never managed the middle range of common day. He was tremendous when he dissected each detail of some seemingly trivial transaction; and just as powerful when he brought the whole sweep of a century or a continent into a single lecture. But he could not provide sustained narrative. His work lacked movement, which many find the stuff of history. It was ponderous and immobile, like the man himself. . . .
>
> All his books are really related essays on a theme; and they all tend to peter out after the first great impulse. . . . With

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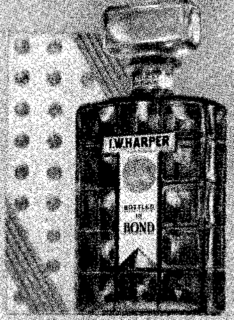

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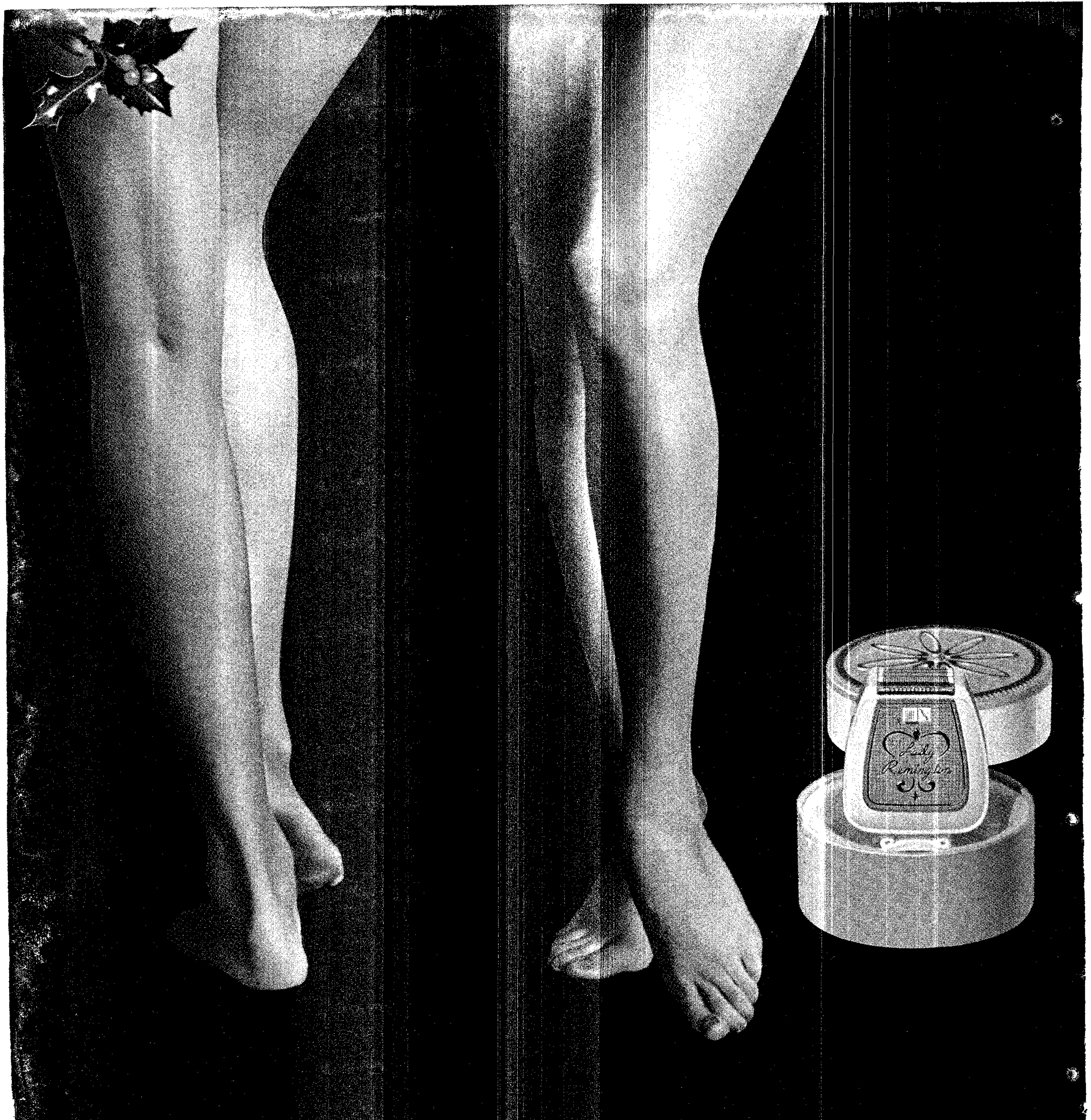

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Namier, it was always all or nothing. Either he was trying to absorb every detail of his subject; or he would throw it away. An excess of patience at one moment; and of impatience afterwards.

I was his colleague at Manchester for eight years; and for twenty-six years his close friend. I loved and admired him as a man as well as an historian. We had our differences. I thought that he had an excessive contempt for ideas and principles in history; a contempt all the stranger when one considers how much he sacrificed in his own life from devotion to the idea of Zionism.

He was an inspired lecturer; and a master of English prose-style. He loved England, particularly the traditional England of the governing classes. Most of all he loved the University of Oxford.

I decided to look up Namier's star pupil, John Brooke—said to be the best source of information on Namier's work and the aims of his history—who had inherited the *Who's Who* duties of his teacher. I made an appointment to see him one afternoon in London at the annex of the Institute of Historical Research library, a rather Victorian house where Brooke and the "History of Parliament" had their offices. I arrived a little early, and chatted for a while with a young lady of the Institute. She told me that in 1951 the British Treasury, at Namier's urging, had provided a grant of seventeen thousand pounds a year for twenty years in order to make possible the writing of the "History of Parliament," which had been apportioned among many historians, some of the country's most distinguished scholars being engaged for the work; originally it was hoped that the whole project would be completed within the twenty years. The work had proceeded at a turtle's pace, however. Namier's period alone had taken the great historian and his staff twice as long as had been planned; often it took many weeks to track down the bare essentials—an M.P.'s parents, the place of his birth, his education, and the date and place and circumstances of his death. Presently, the young lady showed me to a small room at the top of a flight of stairs, and said as she left me, "Mr. Brooke is a very eccentric man. When it gets cold, he wears an electric waistcoat plugged into the light socket, and reads aloud to himself."

The room was brimming with books and papers. Peering over a deskful of big boxes of papers and index cards was a short, slight man with a white, pinched face, who was holding in the corner of his mouth, rather nervously, an unlit pipe. He was youthfully dressed in sweater and slacks, but it was impossible to guess at his age. He was Brooke. Drawing up a chair next to Brooke, I

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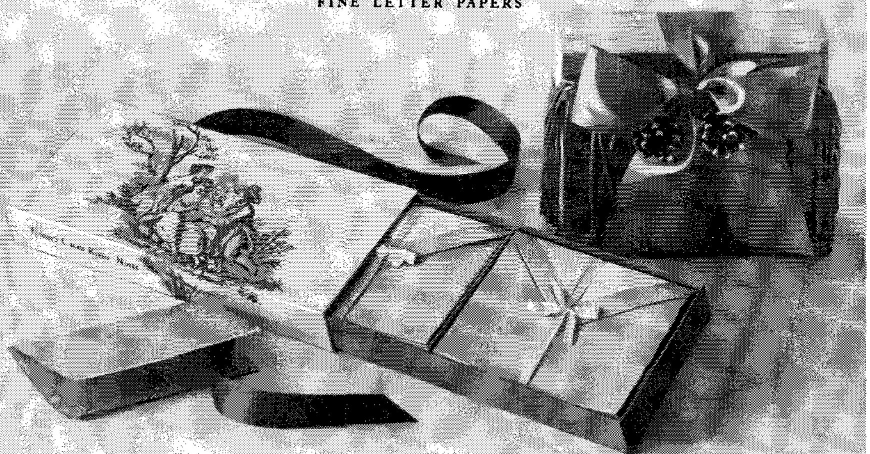

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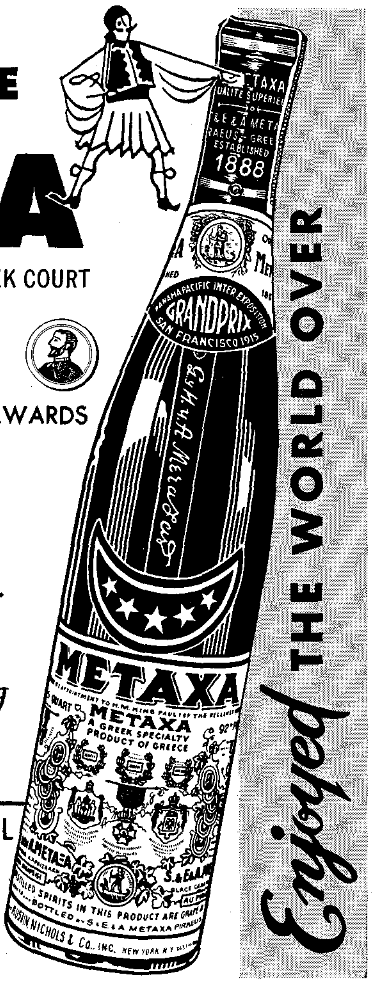
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asked him to tell me a little bit about Namier's ideas.

"Sir Lewis had no use for theories of history, you know," Brooke said, switching his unlit pipe to the other corner of his mouth. "He has written only one essay, 'History,' on the subject; it's collected in 'Avenues of History.' He said once that a great historian is he after whom no one can write history without taking him into account. A historian, to be counted great, must change the whole way of scholarship. Because Sir Lewis basically doesn't believe that a historian can ever know the truth—in our time, you know, this sort of humility is non-existent—his influence at the moment is limited. But fifty years from now *all* history will be done as Sir Lewis does it." Brooke had a high-pitched voice, and as he talked on I became aware that in speaking of Namier he rather eerily switched from the past tense to the present, as though Namier were still alive. "Sir Lewis doesn't believe, you know, that, like sunshine and rain, ideas exist independently of men," Brooke said. "Rather, he believes that behind every idea there is a man, and *he* is history, the idea a mere rationalization; a revolutionary, you know, may think that he is a revolutionary by conviction, but if, as a historian, you delve into his background—his place of birth, his childhood, the sort of people he was reared with—you may find out that he was really rebelling against his father when he later thought he was rebelling against society. Like Marx, Sir Lewis believes that the way men earn their living, provide themselves with food and shelter, has a lot to do with the way they think and act. He does, however, think that the historian should try to get as close to the truth as possible, though if he thinks he knows the truth about the past, he is either humbugging himself or humbugging someone else. For the men, the real stuff of history, are elusive, as we never have enough material on them, and even when we do, as in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, we never have the all-important psychological material."

Brooke paused and shifted his pipe again. The more he said, the more the small room became filled with the absent presence. As he talked on into the afternoon, I realized that facing me was not only a historian but a hagiographer. "The fact that Sir Lewis was an Eastern European made him an unprejudiced English observer, you know; he didn't have any English axe to grind," Brooke said. (Namier was a Polish Jew, born Bernstein-Namierowski, in Galicia, who did not come to England until he was

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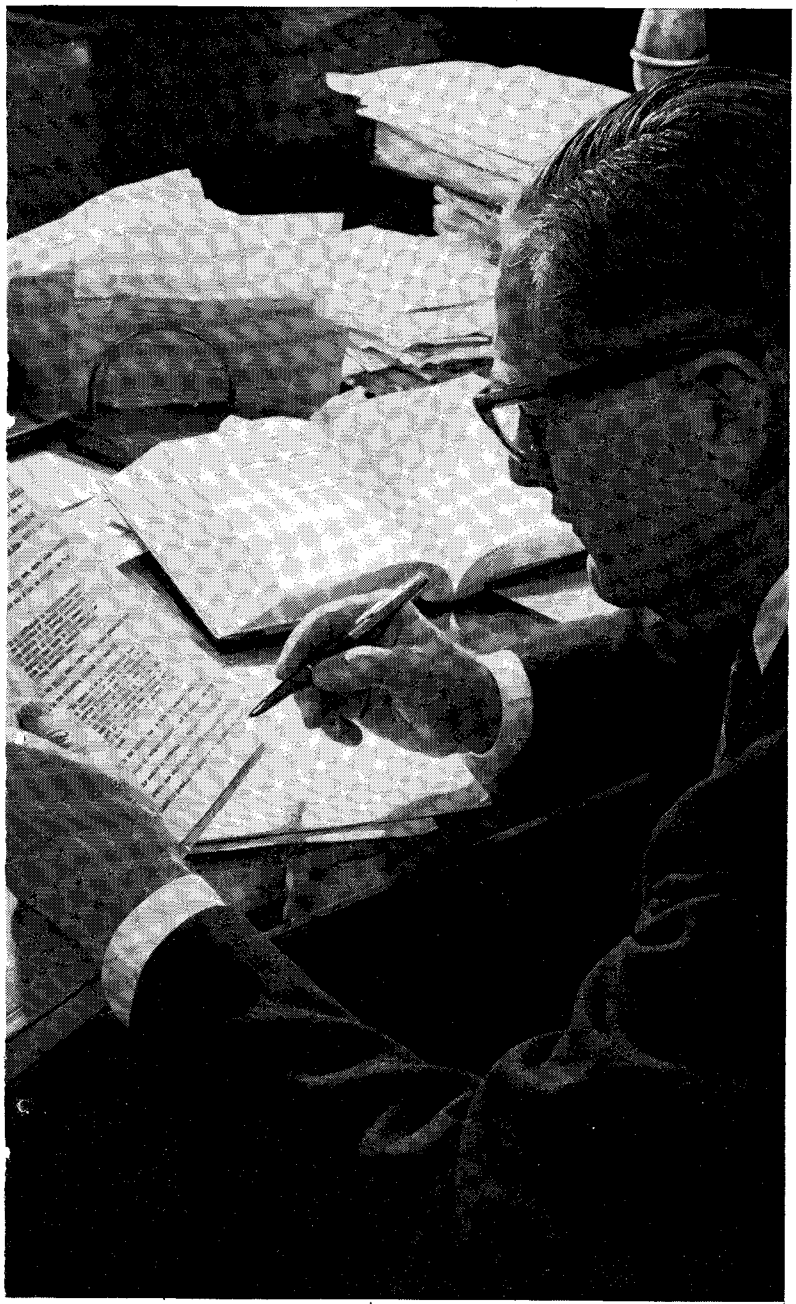

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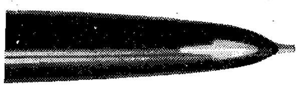

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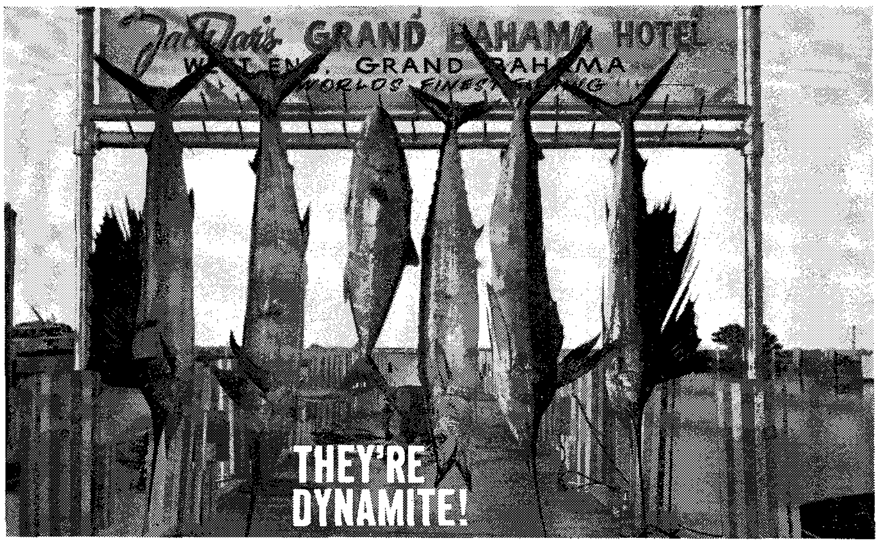

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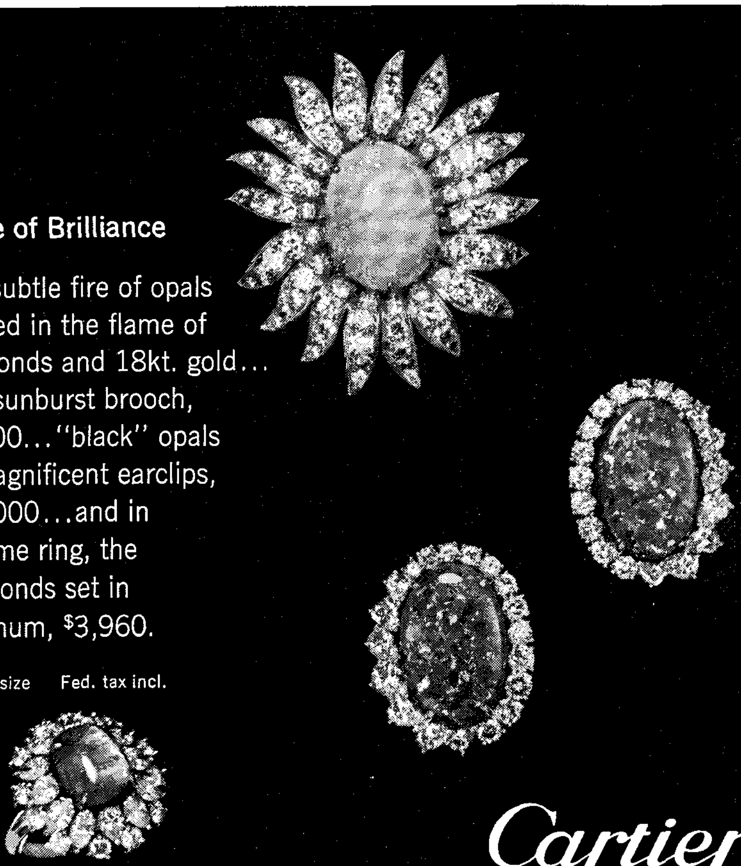

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nineteen years old.) "You see, most people approach history with prejudices. Well, Sir Lewis thought that if you confined yourself to looking at the *lives* of people, writing their *biographies*, you were able somehow—at least you had the chance—to write history with as little prejudice as possible. You know, he wanted to get away from prejudices and find out what *people* were like, what they did, what their motives were. A historian's job was constantly to ask what vested interest a man might have had in not reporting an incident accurately, what opportunity he had for reporting it at all. If a historian failed to scrutinize *all* the motives of *all* the people *all* the time, he might brilliantly reconstruct a typical day of George III and still get every fact wrong. Characteristically, Sir Lewis's interest was never in the big men but always in the little men behind the scenes; he would give me the biographies of big politicians to do, and take for himself the backbenchers, not in the public eye and with little material. He was for writing the biographies of these men because with biographies there was less chance of a historian's projecting his own ideas into the past and justifying them with facts. For example, in writing about the constitutional struggle in seventeenth-century England, a Communist would see it in one way, a Tory in an entirely different way, but if you were simply writing biographies . . ."

He shifted his unlit pipe once more and went on, "Sir Lewis thinks that the reason for the flood of prejudiced histories is that most historians to this day use nineteenth-century psychology, as though Freud had never lived. Because in history there are no criteria of true and false, as in the natural sciences, no one can really disprove or dismiss these histories that keep on being written and read and accepted." According to Brooke, Namier believed that psychology was as important to history as mathematics was to astronomy, and that without the psychological plane history was two-dimensional; all the historians of the past had spent their time sketching flat characters. Take the great Charles K. Webster, Brooke said, who composed his celebrated works within our lifetime. His histories made no connection between, say, Castlereagh's foreign policy and his insanity, which ended in his suicide, and none between King George III's policy and *his* insanity—between the men as they were and the ideas they had. For Namier, if history had any value, it lay in trying to reconstruct the lives of men from practically nonexistent material. He wished—as far as the

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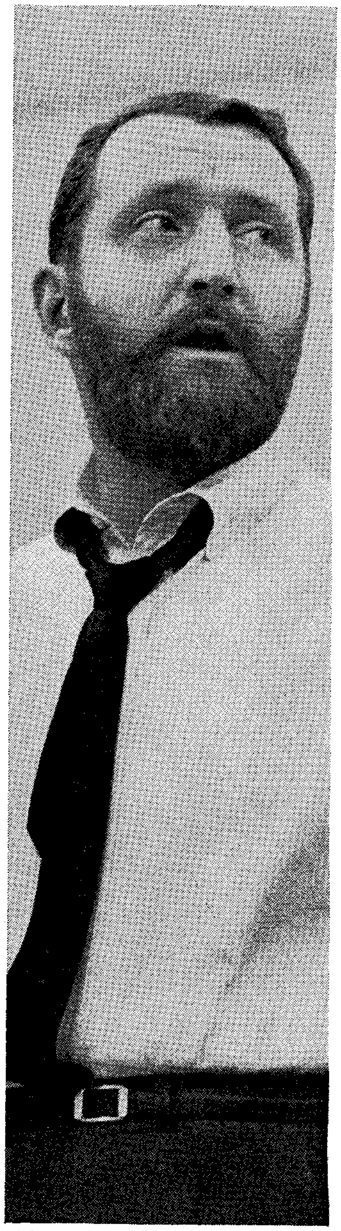

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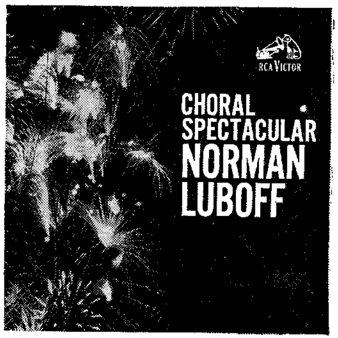
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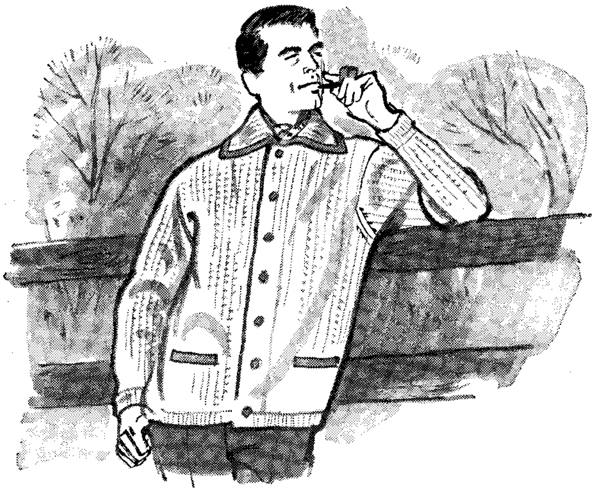

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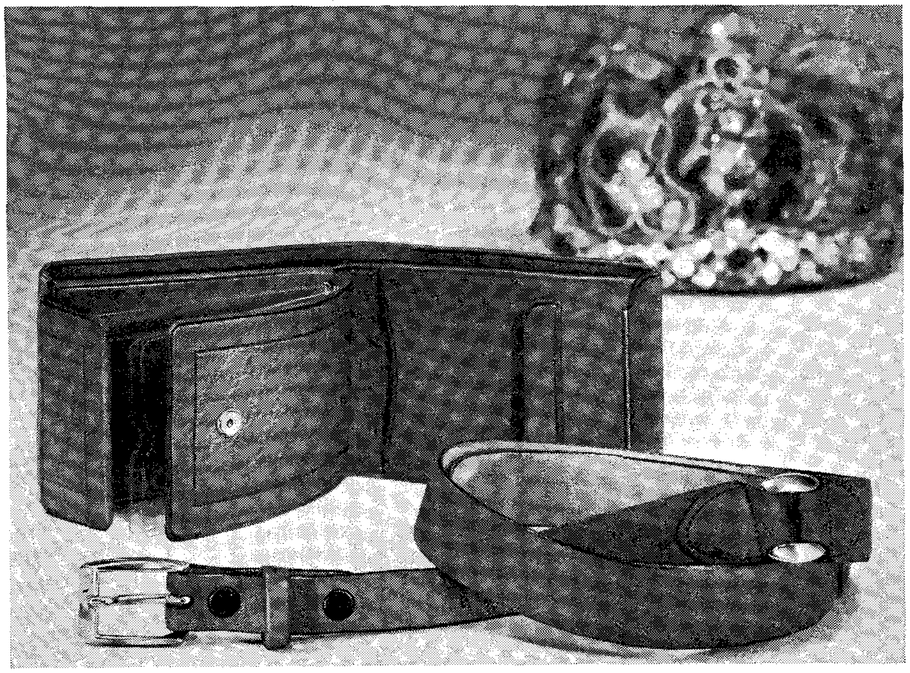

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evidence allowed—to write history as current events, to view it through the eyes of the characters as they were acting history. Namier wanted to put himself in the shoes of vanished Kennedys and Khrushchevs, and, ignoring all the later happenings, to see them as they were in the process of making decisions.

I asked Brooke why a historian couldn't write both about men and about ideas.

"It is not that Sir Lewis was not interested in the history of ideas," Brooke replied. "He was the last person to deny that, say, Communism influences the way people think, and that we should write about it. But he just thought that anybody could sit down and turn out a history of ideas, anybody could produce a study of Marx and Lenin simply by reading them. It needed far more imagination to get to the psychological springs of these ideas. In this sense, he did discount plans, ideas, and dreams in favor of realities and pressures. In this connection"—here Brooke walked over to a bookshelf that held the complete works of Namier—"there are a couple of very famous paragraphs, you know." And then he read out in his thin voice a passage from Namier's "England in the Age of the American Revolution":

> "Why was not representation in the British Parliament—a British Union—offered to the Colonies? Or why, alternatively, was not an American Union attempted, such as had been proposed at the Albany Congress in 1754? This might have freed Great Britain from burdens, responsibilities, and entanglements, and paved the way to Dominion status. Both ideas were discussed at great length and with copious repetition, but mechanical devices, though easily conceived on paper, are difficult to carry into practice when things do not, as it were, of their own accord, move in that direction. There is 'the immense distance between planning and executing' and 'all the difficulty is with the last.' . . . In the end statesmen hardly ever act except under pressure of 'circumstances,' which means of mass movements and of the mental climate in their own circles. But about 1770, the masses in Great Britain were not concerned with America, and the mental and moral reactions of the political circles were running on lines which, when followed through, were bound to lead to disaster.
>
> "The basic elements of the Imperial Problem during the American Revolution must be sought not so much in conscious opinions and professed views bearing directly on it, as in the very structure and life of the Empire; and in doing that the words of Danton should be remembered—*on ne fait pas le procès aux révolutions.* Those who are out to apportion guilt in history have to keep to views and opinions, judge the collisions of planets by the rules of road traffic, make history into something like a column of motoring accidents,

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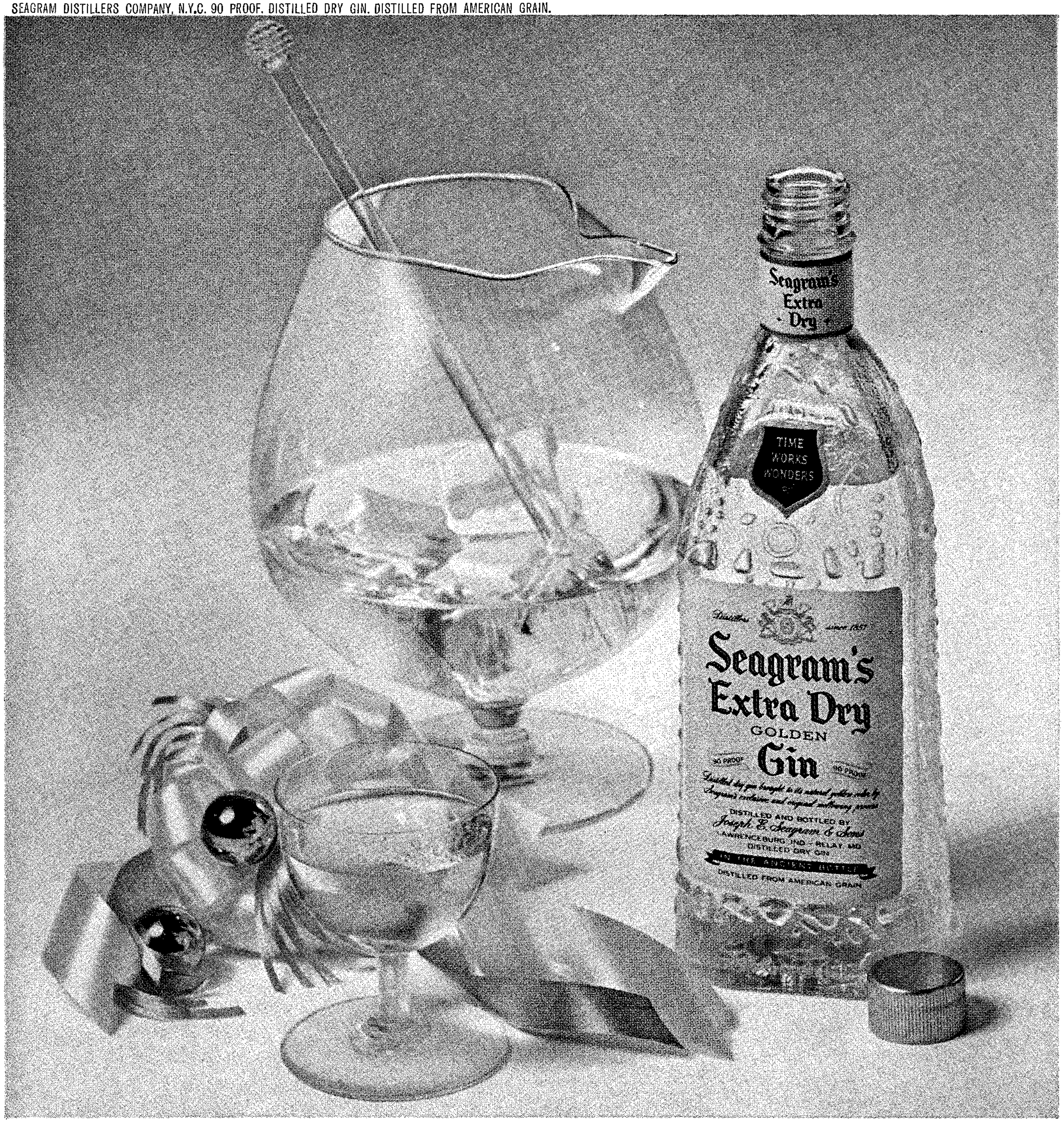

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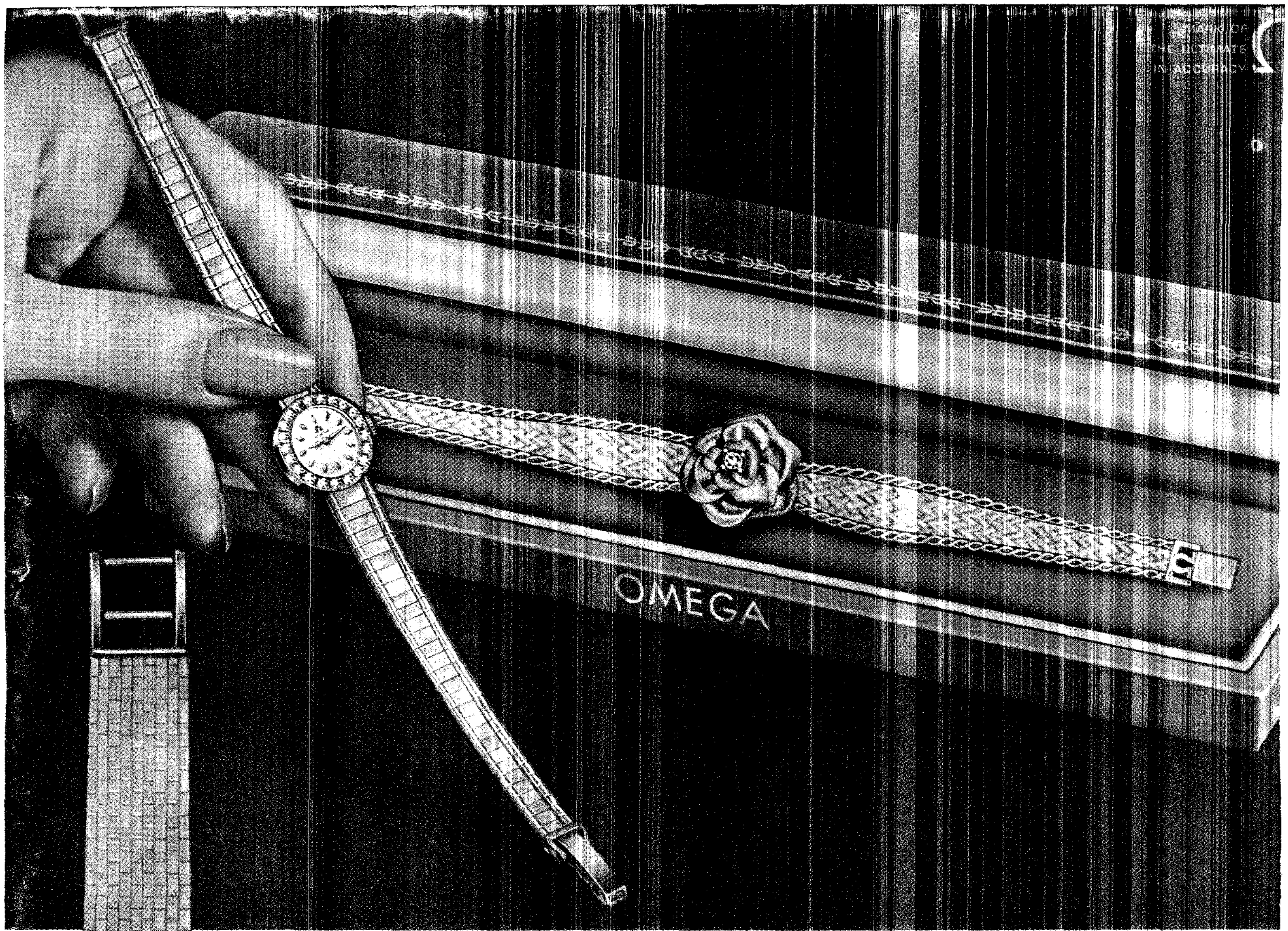

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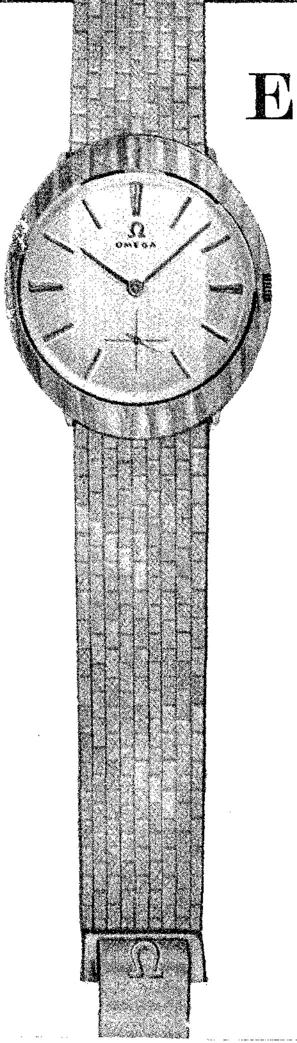

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THE WATCH FOR A LIFETIME OF PROUD POSSESSI and discuss it in the atmosphere of a police court. But whatever theories of 'free will' theologians and philosophers may develop with regard to the individual, there is no free will in the thinking and actions of the masses, any more than in the revolutions of planets, in the migrations of birds, and in the plunging of hordes of lemmings into the sea."

Brooke tenderly returned the book to the shelf and resumed his seat behind the cluttered desk. "You know," he said, "there has been a bitter debate going on between Taylor and Trevor-Roper about Taylor's latest book, 'The Origins of the Second World War.' Everyone has been wishing that Sir Lewis were alive to settle it. I have no doubt about his sentence. The main issues between them are: Did Hitler have a plan? Did the masses have free will not to follow him? Trevor-Roper invokes Sir Lewis's name when, in his review of Taylor's 'Origins,' he says 'what devastating justice it would have received' at Sir Lewis's hands. I think if Sir Lewis were alive he might object to Taylor's provocative style, the lacunae in his arguments, but nevertheless, as the paragraphs I read to you suggest, he would come out firmly on the side of Taylor, for his thesis. When Alan Bullock's brilliant biography of Hitler was published, Sir Lewis and I had a long conversation about it. I said to him that for me Bullock didn't answer two essential questions: Why, if Hitler was so mentally unstable, was he able to get such a hold on the German people, and why—this is an allied question—did the German people follow him as they did? Sir Lewis said that he agreed with my criticism, and that, unlike Bullock, he didn't think that the answers to these questions could be found in the character of Hitler. They were to be found in the German people as a whole—in the *pressure of circumstances*. He himself, in his 'Diplomatic Prelude,' had tried to do precisely this—shift the emphasis from Hitler to the German nation. In any case, Sir Lewis thought extremely highly of Taylor's scholarship, and such criticisms as 'Taylor didn't give much weight to the death of the six million Jews' wouldn't have caused Sir Lewis to turn a hair; after all, their death had little to do with the origins of the war. Indeed, if Sir Lewis were now living, his presence would be enough to prevent Trevor-Roper from laying into Taylor. His very existence deterred people from writing bad reviews and bad books. But"—Brooke sighed—"his first love was not diplomatic but parliamentary history."

"Why was it that the Freud of history

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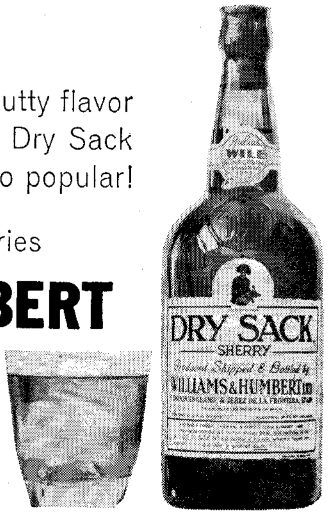

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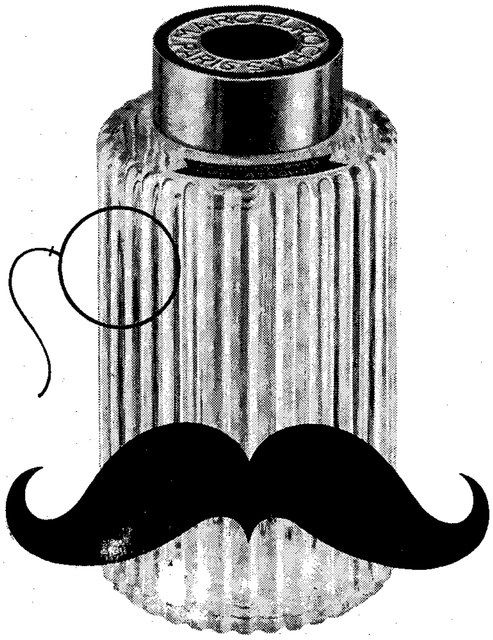

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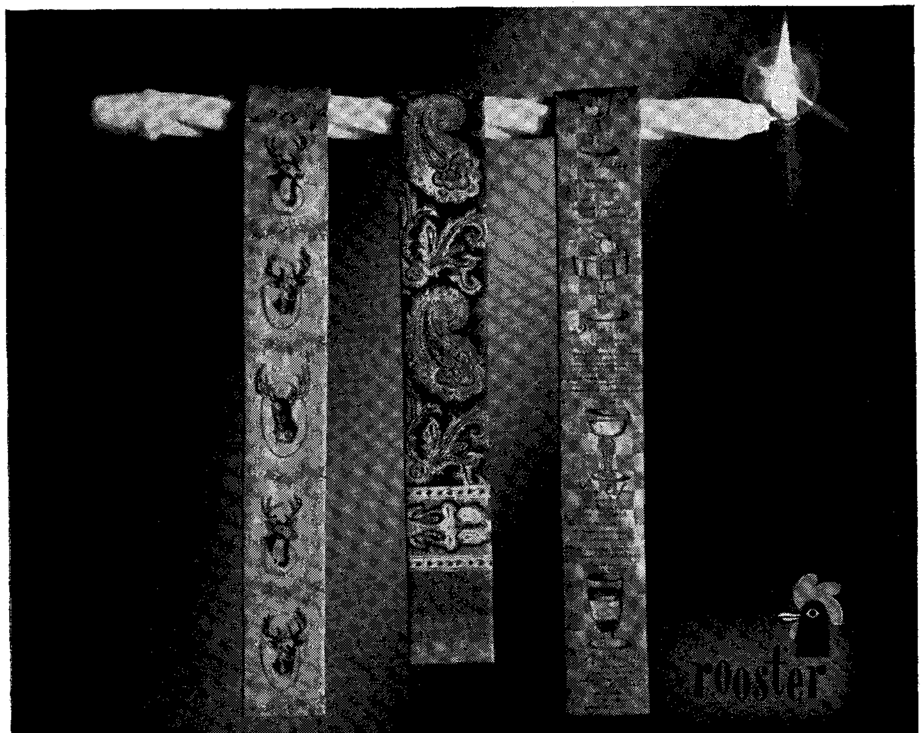

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took up the stick-in-the-mud subject of Parliament?" I asked.

"Sir Lewis, you know, was essentially an existential historian," Brooke replied. "Here, he believed, were the people, here their relationships; they together made up the circumstances of history. If history was *not* to be a catalogue of suppositions—it became that in the hands of most historians—it had to be *solidly* based on minute facts. A historian had to address himself to facts about people who *mattered*—and in his eighteenth century the people who *really* mattered were the politicians. For in Parliament and Parliament alone had people made politically important decisions. The workers, the peasants, collectively, had hardly ever mattered, except in times of rebellion. But since all rebellions were short-lived, a historian rarely had to take notice of them. His method, I agree, was perhaps better suited to nineteenth-century Europe—the material for it was more abundant—but he settled on the eighteenth-century English Parliament because at heart he was an imperialist, and he wanted to know how the American empire had been broken up."

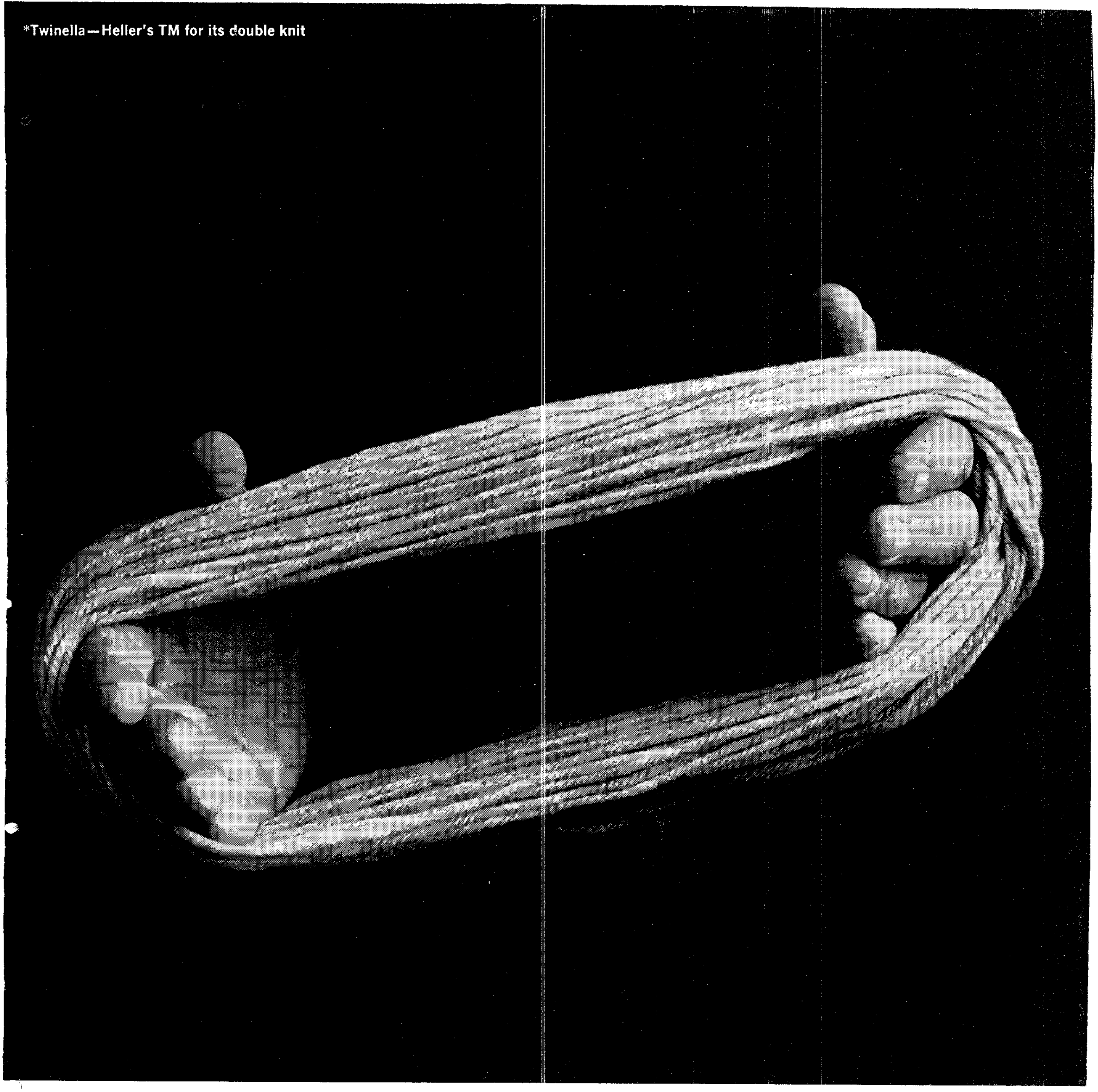
"An imperialist!" I exclaimed.

"Imperialist, yes. Imperialist," Brooke said. "But the reasons for his imperialism are too complicated for me to go into."

I said I had plenty of time.

"Don't you know anything about Sir Lewis as a man?" he asked.

I said, "Not much." I knew a little bit about Namier through a conversation I had had with Toynbee, who had been at Balliol with him. "Lewis was the freshest thing that happened to Balliol in my time," Toynbee had said. "We got on very well, perhaps because we were both interested in queer, faraway places—he in his home, Eastern Europe, I in the Orient. Perhaps his alien background partly explains the totally original outlook he had on things all his life. Even as an undergraduate, he succeeded in illuminating the world with flashes of insight. Once, he came up to me in the college quadrangle and told me that in Poland there was little relation between the Bible and the development of her language. This simple fact made me realize instantly how different life in Poland must be from life in England, for here the Bible was the fountainhead of the literature, a great armory of our language. Perhaps I should have known such simple facts, but I didn't. After Oxford, we became more and more opposite; he started applying to history the same microscopic method that the rabbis had applied to the study of the Scrip-



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tures, while I addressed myself to larger and larger questions. Yet he told me once, 'Toynbee, I study the individual leaves, you the tree. The rest of the historians study the clusters of branches, and we both think *they* are wrong.' For a while, I sent him my chapters, like those on Palestine—he was a great Zionist—and he never failed to mark them up with notes so copious that it was barely possible to read the manuscript. One day, when the differences in our historical treatment became too great, he returned one of my Palestine chapters without a single comment. But years later, when I met him in lower Regent Street, the first thing he said to me was, 'Toynbee, about that footnote in the Palestine chapter . . .' "

"Let me begin from the beginning," Brooke said now. "Of course his wife, Lady Namier, knows him best as a person"—Brooke was back in the present tense—"but next to her I suppose I am closest to him. Most people find Sir Lewis impossible to get to know. For one thing, he doesn't talk to anyone about his deep convictions, lest they be misunderstood, and, for another, not being a very social person, he doesn't have much opportunity for talking. He has no patience with small talk, so if he doesn't know people, he is silent, and if he knows them, he talks endlessly, but never ranges far from his subject, which is why he has a reputation for being a crashing bore. In fact, Sir Lewis talked himself out of a chair at Oxford. The dons were afraid that he would not be good company in the common room. This belief was so universal that it even got into the obituaries. Also, the manner of his speech was a deterrent. He couldn't really pronounce the 'th'—but then some Englishmen can't either—but the thing that made his speech most difficult was the shortening of the 'a's; he said 'feather' instead of 'father.' And many people were put off by his grim expression, which seldom broke into a smile—but when it did, it was wonderful. Yet, you know, Sir Lewis is a very engaging man. In winter, he comes into the office in a soft hat, but if it's raining he may wear a felt cap. He usually comes in at ten o'clock in the morning and leaves at six. He also does a lot of work at home. He works very hard. He never reads very much outside his subject. It is difficult to imagine him having an evening with a detective story or a novel. In fact, he is not a very broad man. He never listens to music or goes to the theatre. He hates the dilettante, and perhaps that's another reason he is considered a bit of a

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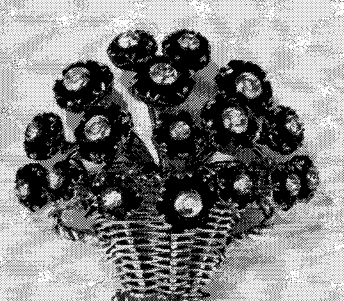

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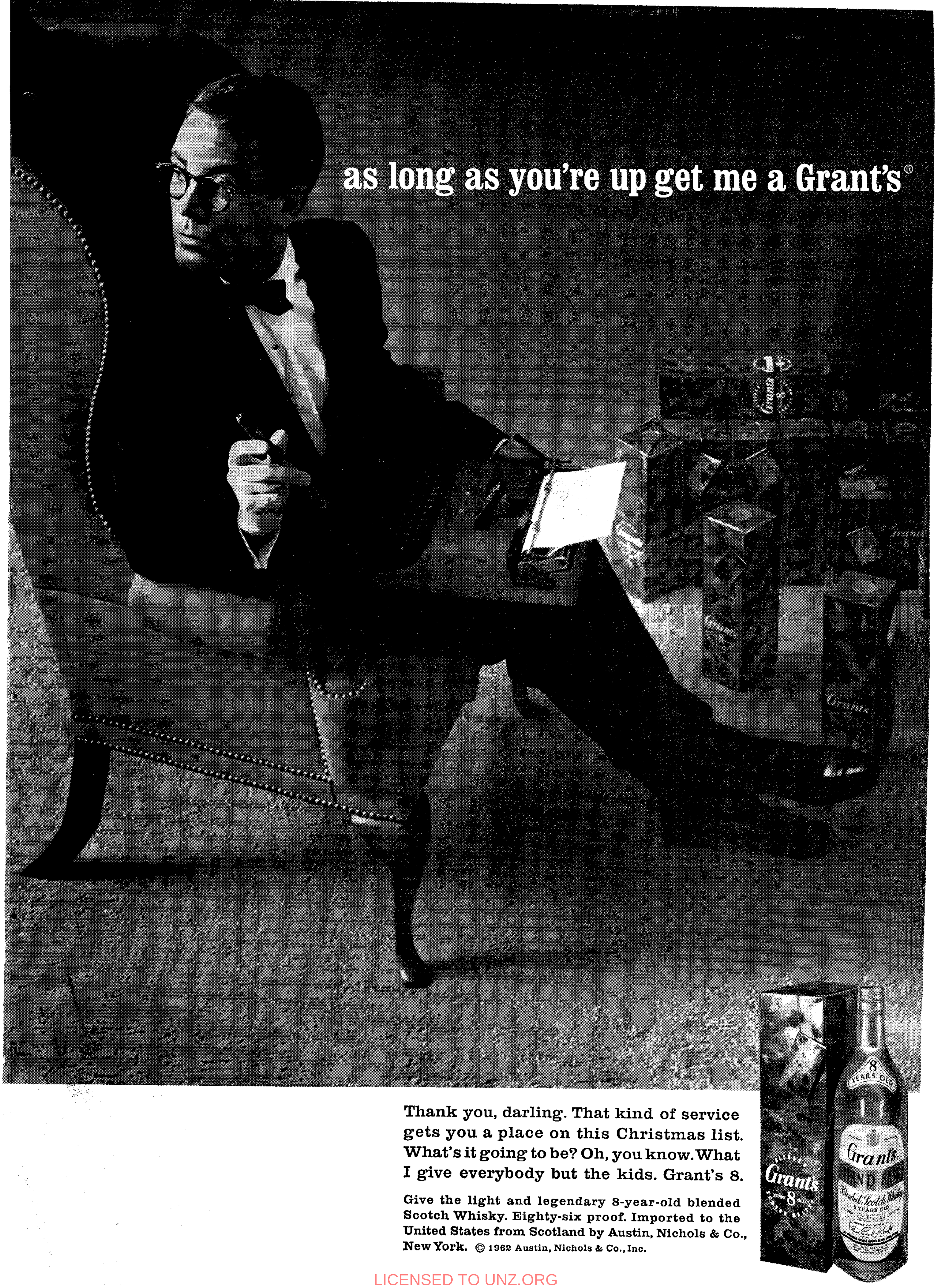
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bore. When he was alive, we used to work in the basement of the Historical Institute—they wanted to move us to the annex then, but they didn't dare while he was alive. I used to sit with another assistant and a secretary in a large room, and he occupied the next room, which he always kept very bare; there were just the usual books all around, and these boxes, and this armchair you're sitting in—that was all. The way we worked was to go through all the manuscripts and printed sources looking for names of Members of Parliament, and first we would do a factual survey on where the M.P. lived and when he died—that was all put on one set of cards. Then, on the second set, we put where we got all the material, and then, with the help of these sets of cards, we wrote up the biographies. I wrote mine very quickly. He stewed and labored for days and days. He was so neurotic about his manuscripts that he was always fearful that they would go up in smoke. Even though I sat in the next room, he asked me to stop smoking. When I asked him why, he said, 'I'm afraid of fire.' You know, Sir Lewis is a strange man. But he is not at all moody. Not being able to sleep is his greatest curse. He used to come to me in the morning and say, 'I didn't sleep very much last night. I can't write a word today.' He might have as many as four such days in a week. Of course, it didn't affect the quality of his research, but it did slow him down. I can't sleep at night, either. I'm physically tired, but my mind is very active."

I asked Brooke if he and Namier had a lot of other things in common.

"Of course, I am of his historical persuasion," he said, "but a whole generation divides him and his politics from me and mine. He was seventy-two when he died, and I am forty-one. While he grew up to be a natural conservative in imperial Eastern Europe, I grew up in a Left Wing, Left Book Club, Spanish Civil War atmosphere, and ended up being a Socialist. I first met Sir Lewis when he was a professor at Manchester and I chose to do his special topic. We met for two hours at a time twice a week. After that, he adopted me as his star pupil and brought me with him to London when he came to do the 'History of Parliament,' and after that I saw him every day. How he hated change! When I started attending his class at Manchester, I happened to arrive before anyone else, and took the first chair on his left in the semicircle. My second time, I came late, but he insisted that I sit in the same chair, saying 'I don't like change.'

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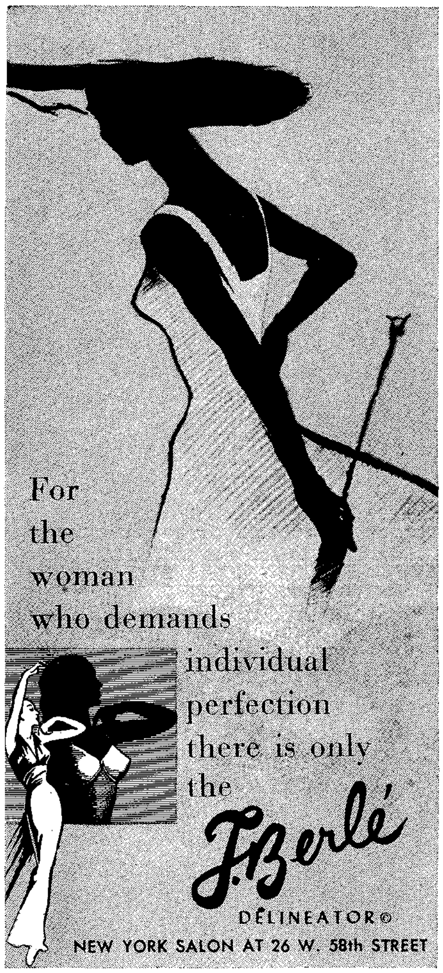

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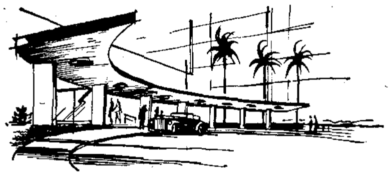

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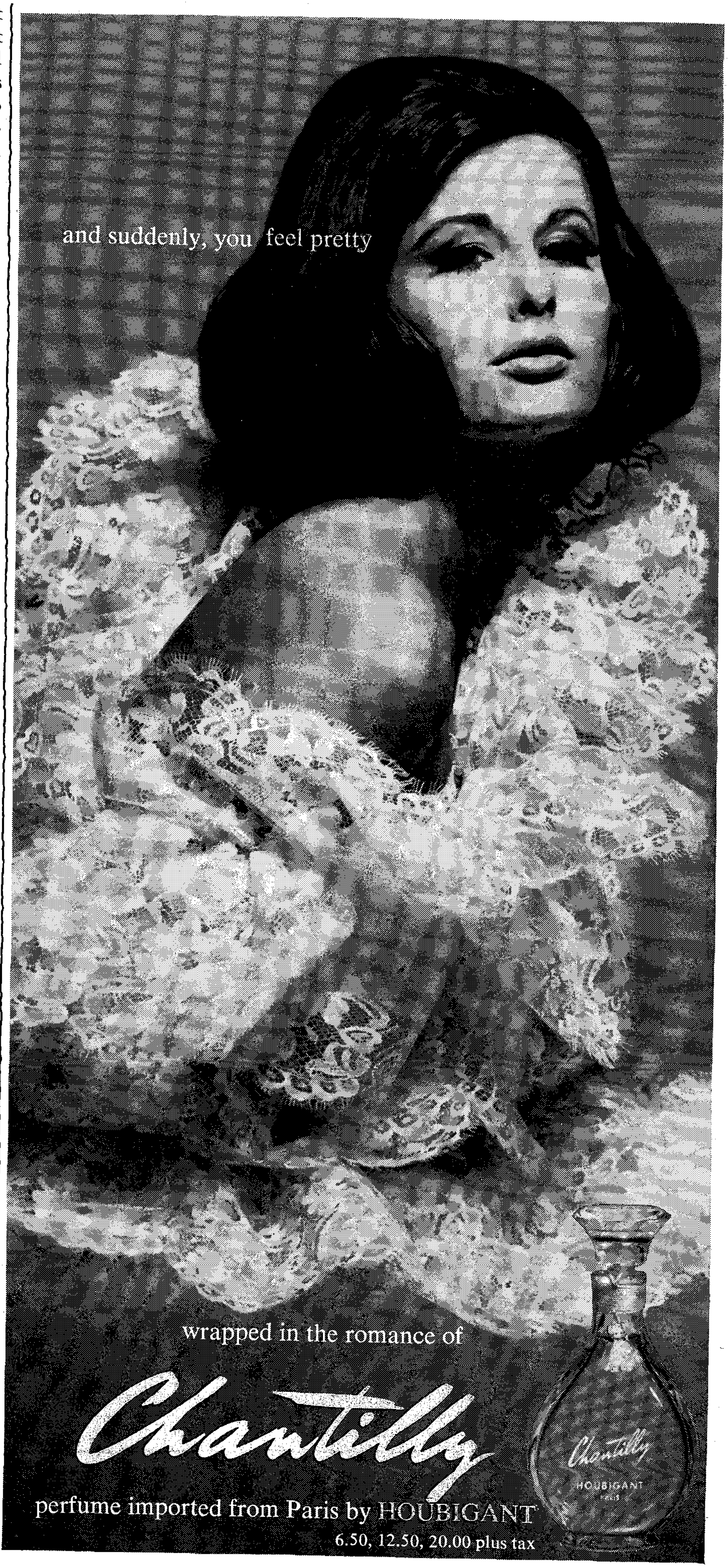
Here in London, he always lunched at the same restaurant—Bertorelli's—at the same table, at the same hour, and almost always alone. Tea we always had together. His routine was by no means the full extent of his conservatism. He would have nothing to do with television. He would never watch it, he refused to have it in his house, and he refused to appear on it. I'm sure twenty-five years ago he was against the motorcar. His personal conservatism perhaps explains his conservative politics. But, you will ask, what about his *imperialism*? Well, I think he was just anti-liberal, you know. He didn't have a high opinion of the achievements of the human race, and he thought the British Empire was humane. Unlike the liberals, he didn't believe in any sort of progress; he didn't think things were getting better and better. It wasn't that he didn't want to reform decrepit institutions—he just hated to see them go. For example, he didn't want the House of Lords abolished, even though he knew it was not what it had been in the past. He felt we ought to leave it to the life force to slowly adapt the institutions to the times. He felt the same way about religion. He never talked about that to anyone—except me, when I got to know him very well. Then he told me that he believed in an interdenominational God. The strange thing was that, conservative or no, next to Freud he was most influenced by Marx."

I stretched a little and stood up, but I could tell by Brooke's tone that I had stood up a little too early; he had more to say. So I sat down again.

"As I look back on Sir Lewis's life," he was saying, "the thing that is perhaps strangest of all is his two-sided output, which almost suggests Siamese twins at work. First, there are these short—embarrassingly short—historical essays; they contain only Sir Lewis's brief conclusions, rather like the answers at the back of the arithmetic book. And you know that these are answers not to small historical sums but to long—very long—ones, sometimes covering a hundred-year stretch of history. Second, there are these other histories, big histories, on which Sir Lewis's reputation rests, and they are so dense and detailed—day-by-day historical sums—that one is hard put to it to find any conclusions. And *these* great books are really memorable for—among other things, of course—not ever having been completed. These unfinished histories put one in mind of Michelangelo's 'imprisoned' statues, in which the thought strains to be free of the stone. Sir Lewis began chiselling at these big books in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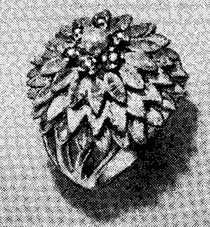
the twenties, by going to America to look at Colonial history, to find out how the empire had broken up. But one American historian, Charles McLean Andrews, sent him back to England, telling him that the best contribution he could make would be to study what happened to the empire from the English side. Here in England, he stumbled on huge archives of two famous eighteenth-century politicians—nine hundred and twenty-eight volumes of Hardwicke papers, and five hundred and twenty-three volumes of Newcastle papers. Romney Sedgwick, who later became his closest friend, had partly looked through the collections, but, being a civil servant, had found no time to do anything with them. For all practical purposes, the volumes remained virginal repositories of research. Sir Lewis started digging through this material in the Manuscript Room of the British Museum, and began writing his masterly 'The Structure of Politics at the Accession of George III.' It was published in 1929. The 'Structure' was mainly an analytical work, and he was going to follow it up with a narrative history of 'England in the Age of the American Revolution,' covering the years from 1760 to 1783, but he published only one volume of the narrative, which was so detailed that it stopped at 1762. Now, if he had completed this project—given a volume to every two years—it would have taken a dozen more volumes, but he never got around to them. In the thirties, when he might have done some more work on the Revolution, he became obsessed with Zionism and gave most of his time to that. After the war, he started to write again, and from the wave of contemporary memoirs and diaries he produced his 'Diplomatic Prelude, 1938-39.' Well, you know how things were right after the war. Even before the study was reviewed, there rushed out from the Foreign Offices and the politicians' pens a flood of more memoirs and more diplomatic notes. Then he started rewriting this book altogether; he never finished it, either. After that, he took up another great work, a biography of one Charles Townshend—you know, the so-called Turnip Townshend, of the eighteenth century—in which, for the first time, he was going to use explicitly his Freudian principles. That, too, was never finished, and his great dream, which took shape about the same time, of writing an individual biography of nineteen hundred and sixty-nine Members of Parliament in the Namier period, and exploring the network of connections



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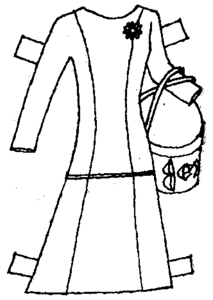

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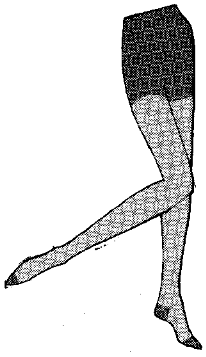

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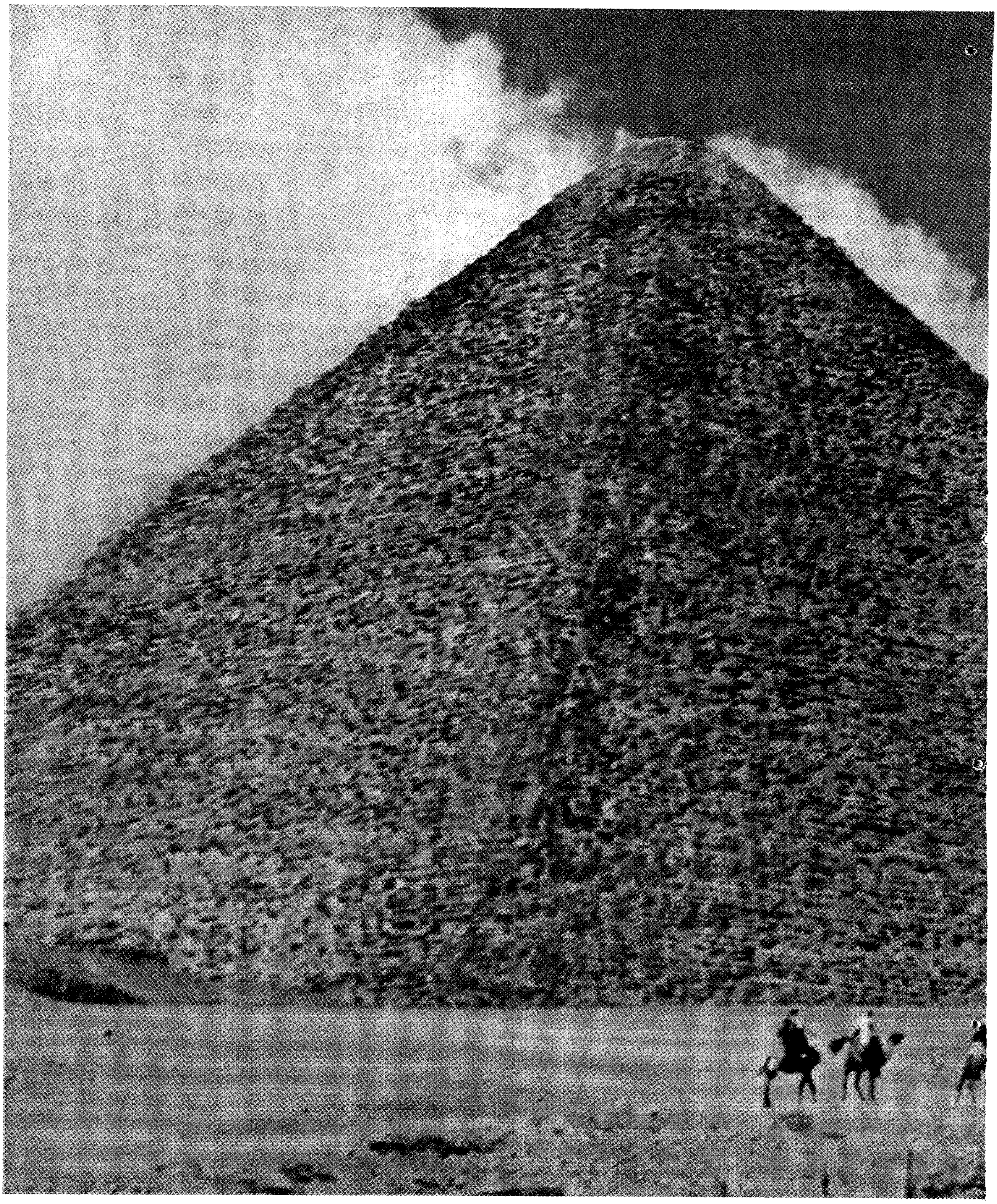

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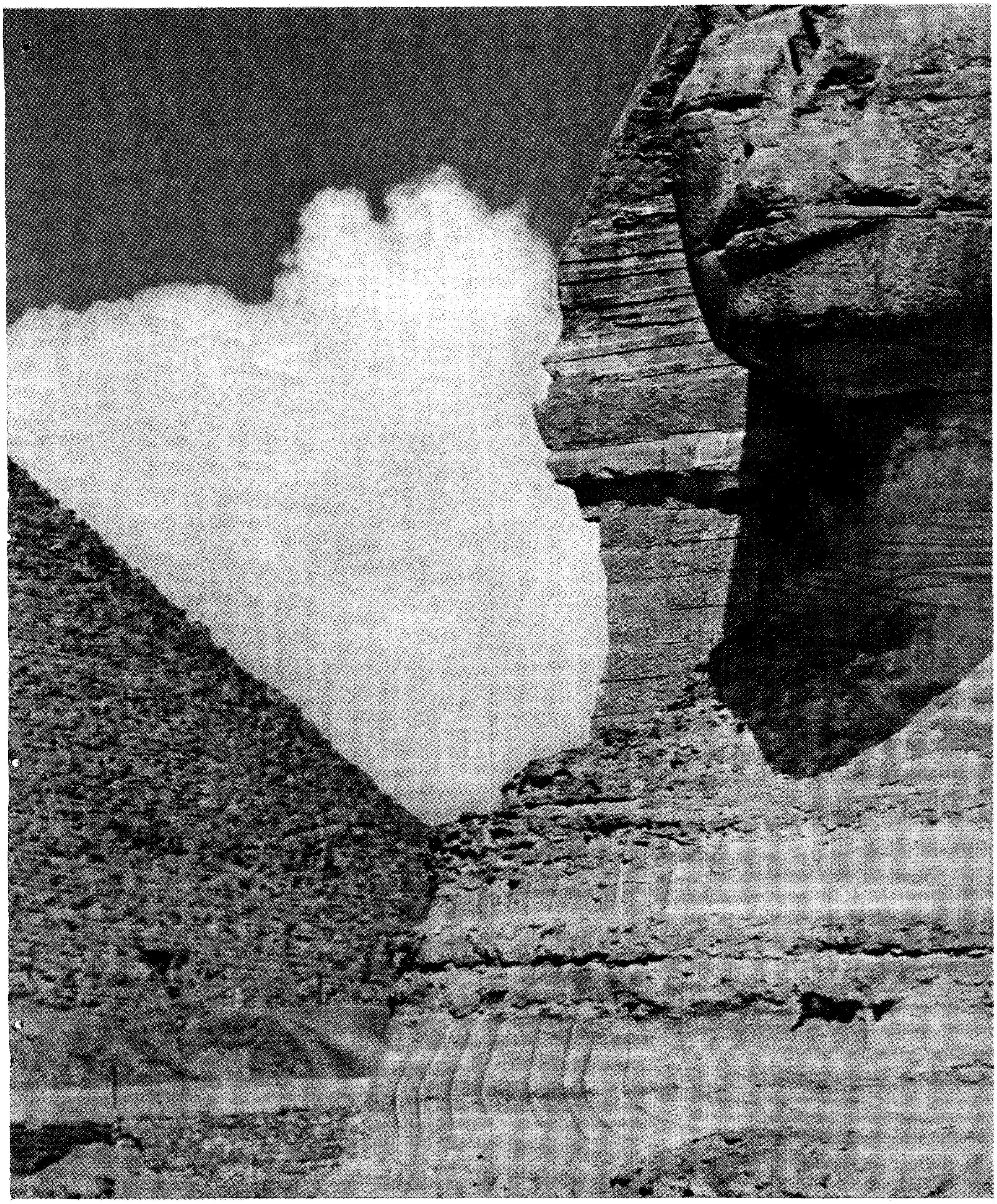

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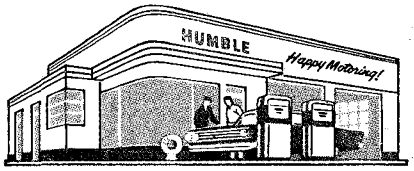
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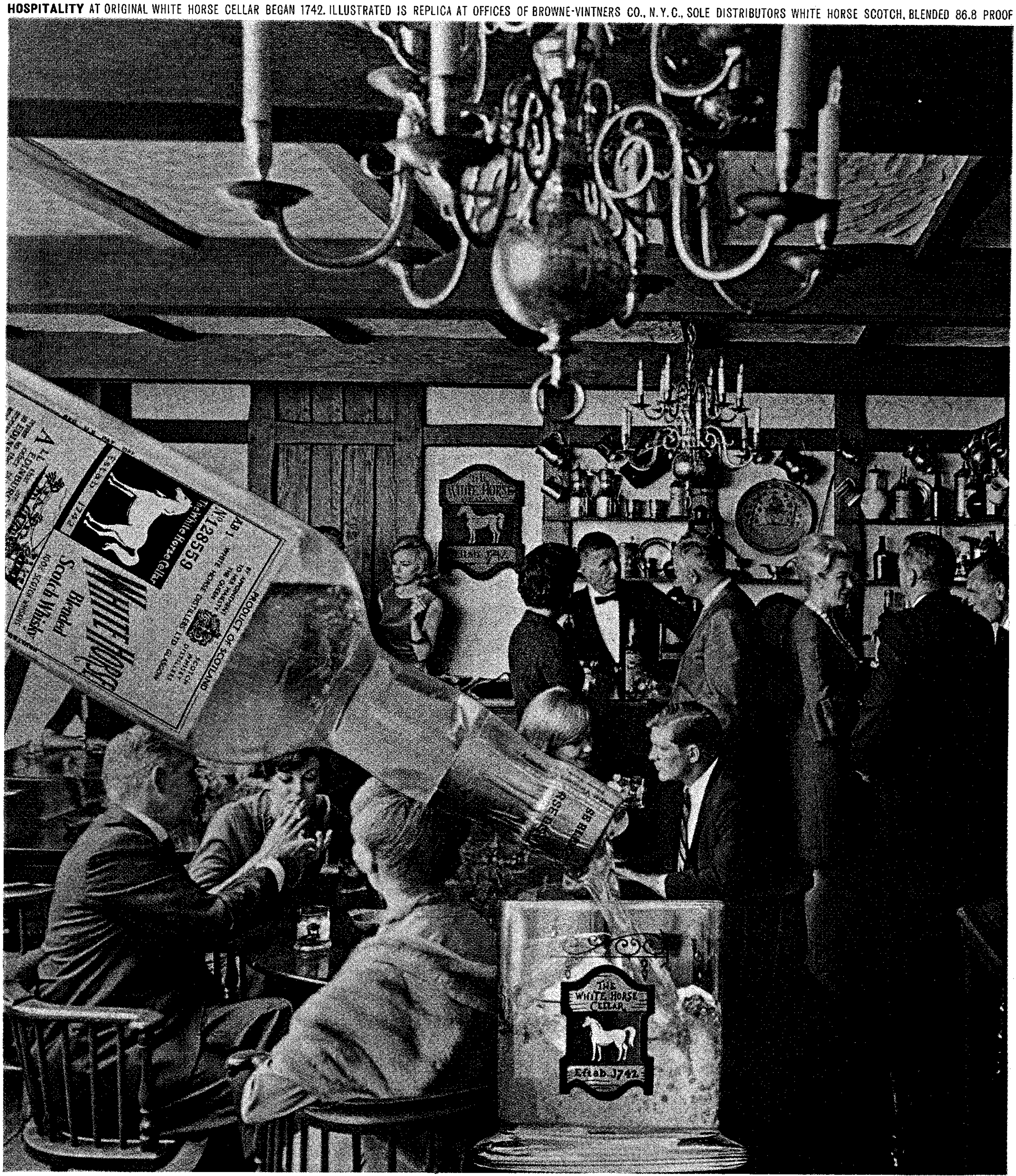
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between them—well, death cut it short." Brooke abruptly stopped.

"Why didn't he finish things?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "it's a mystery."

"Do you have any theories about it?" I said.

"There are many things I can say about it," he continued. "First—a metaphor. Think of a historian as a walker on the road of history. Most historians walk straight along the road; they begin at one end and come out at the other, without looking left or right. Well, Sir Lewis never walked a step without looking in every direction; in fact, he spent all his life in byways. Once, we went to the Taunton Record Office. There were boxes of documents, and we had only a day. We divided the boxes up and started going through the documents. I got through mine three times as fast as Sir Lewis got through his; I would look at a heading and more or less decide from that whether there was anything in it of importance to the history of Parliament—whether it was just a private letter or an official paper—but not so Sir Lewis. He would read about half the document carefully before making up his mind. Perhaps I missed something—I don't think I missed very much—but he missed *nothing*. Many of the details he thus dug up turned out to be irrelevant, but unless he had explored all the byways, he might never have written his *definitive* works, for before he wrote his big books he took into account *every* discoverable fact; no one could ever supersede him by turning up new ones. The other way he insured the production of a definitive work was by sheer craftsmanship. The pains he took and his incredible judgment about words made him the best writer of history since Gibbon and Macaulay. But being a foreigner and also an impeccable stylist slowed him down—it would have slowed down the gods. Also, in his later years his right arm became paralyzed, which meant that in the museums and libraries he couldn't copy down the material he needed. He had to resort to a very cumbersome method of copying down only titles and page numbers, and the texts later had to be transcribed by his secretary. What's more, he could compose only at the typewriter, and since he didn't know the touch system, he would hammer out his first draft with one or two fingers. He used shorthand such as 'P-l-m-n-t' for 'Parliament,' 'k' for 'king,' and 't' for 'the.' The draft had to be recopied by his secretary before he could even revise. And *this* process had

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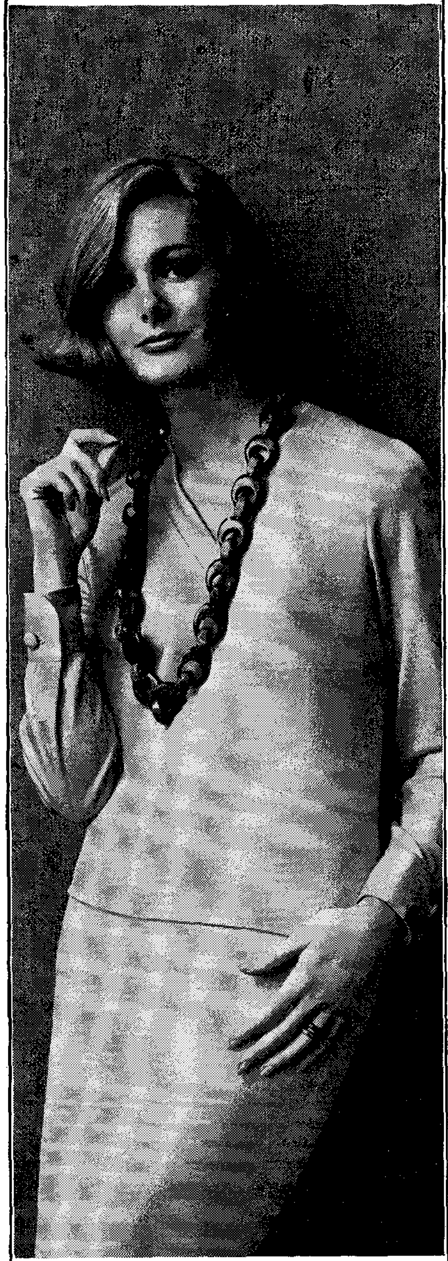
to be repeated about a dozen times, since ten or twelve drafts were not unusual for Sir Lewis. Take the different ways that Sir Lewis, the master, and I, a sort of average historian, had of writing. We both had boxes of index cards and innumerable folders of typed extracts from documents. Suppose Sir Lewis and I were writing on Grenville and Burke, respectively—both big men in our period. I would go carefully through my boxes, sort out the material, make up my mind about what was important, and, once I sat down at the typewriter, type it out very quickly. Sir Lewis, on the other hand, would sit at his typewriter without knowing what he was going to do with the material. He would go back and forth between his boxes and folders and his typewriter. It would be a constant process of writing and rewriting, shaping and reshaping, agony and more agony—and the biography was not more than a seven-thousand-word job. Nobody could be more sensitive than he as a scale on which words could be weighed, but I think that now and again he was pedantic about style. For example, you could never shake him in his belief that the noun ought to come before the pronoun: 'George I, when he was king . . .' Once I pointed out to him a *Times* first leader that read, 'In his speech, Chou En-lai said . . .' to make the point that sometimes in good writing the noun did come after the pronoun. His comment was simply 'The *Times* is deteriorating.' This business about nouns and pronouns also slowed his reading. 'I am a slow reader because—' he would say to me, and then read out some such phrase as 'In his view . . .' 'How do I know,' he would shout, 'who it is that "his" refers to?' I think he really was a slow reader. As if poring over details, writing slowly, and reading slowly were not enough, Sir Lewis went to enormous trouble over evidence; he never took anything for granted. For example, it was accepted by historians that the papers of Lord Bute, a Prime Minister of George III, were burned in a fire on his estate in Luton, Bedfordshire; this belief had been handed down through a long tree of history books. Even a historical commission, which had gone to the horse's mouth, a descendant of Bute's, had got this answer. But Sir Lewis was not put off. He sought out the descendant, and before the chap knew it both he and Sir Lewis were at the family solicitor's office, rummaging through papers. Of course, they found the Bute papers."

Outside, London had become dark; we had been talking for a long while. I stood up. Brooke came downstairs with



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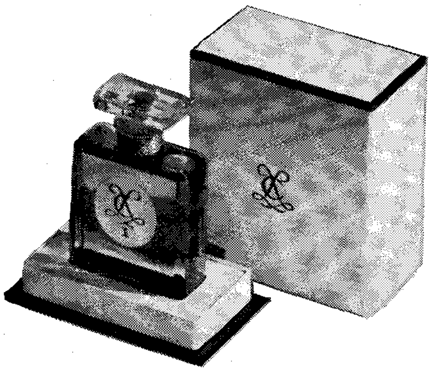

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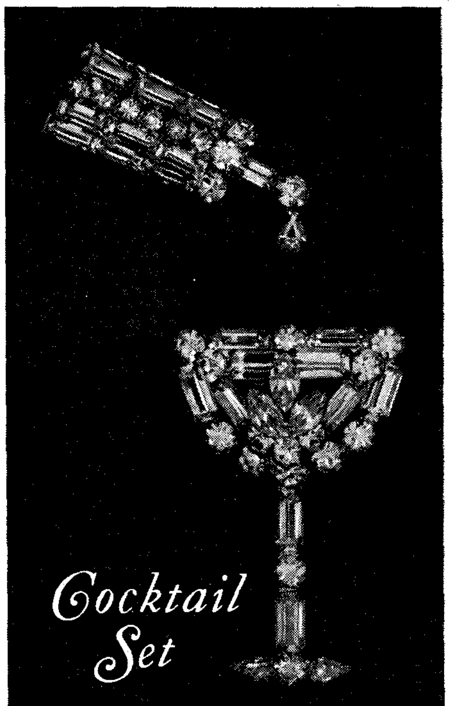

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me. On the way, I asked him to tell me a bit about himself.

"I've just completed and sent to press all the biographies of M.P.s in Sir Lewis's period," he said. "Now I'm writing a general survey of conclusions, which I hope to finish within the next three or four months. I'm a hard worker. Ordinarily, I work from early in the morning until late at night. I start work at seven in the morning, work until breakfast, at eight, and get to the office at a quarter to ten. I have a sandwich lunch brought to me at my desk, go home about five-thirty, and then do two or three hours after dinner. I have a lot of books at home. You see, Sir Lewis left me all his books, and I have taken many of them home, because this office wasn't built for a library and they were afraid the floor would collapse." We were at the door now. "I'm married. I have three children—twin daughters of seven and a son of ten."

I asked Brooke a final question, which I had been turning in my mind, but which I had kept waiting, fearing that it might be indelicate to ask of a hagiographer. By this time, however, I had become convinced that no question could disturb Brooke's picture of Namier. "Did he apply to himself the same method of analysis that he applied to all the nineteen hundred and sixty-nine M.P.s and to Charles Townshend?" I asked.

Brooke took the question as I had expected—calmly. "Yes, he did. In fact, he spent many years in psychoanalysis, but Lady Namier would like to tell you all that herself. She is writing a biography of him, and although ordinarily wives are not the best biographers, she is an exception. She is a most extraordinary woman, and well fitted in every way to be the wife of Sir Lewis."

During my rounds, many historians had mentioned Lady Namier with affection and awe, and had praised her marriage with Namier. "For both, it was a second and a late marriage," one had said. "Both had been rather unhappy until they met each other; bad experiences in Eastern Europe, the

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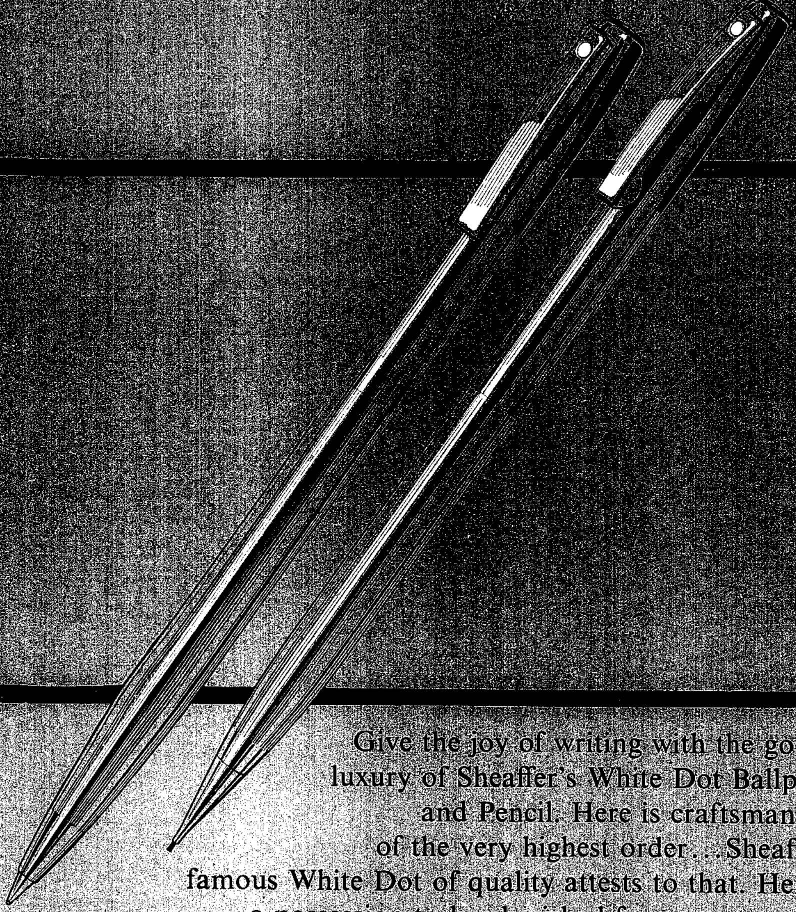

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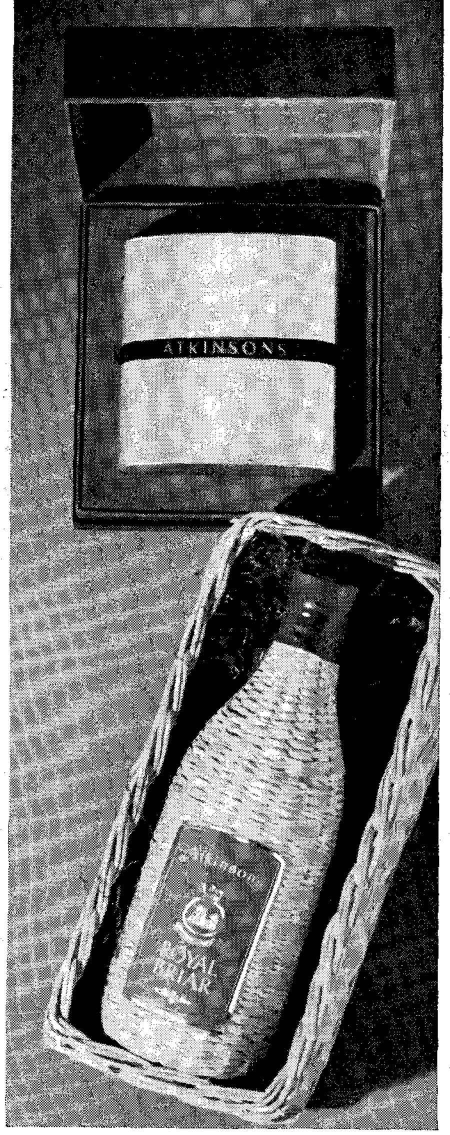

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homeland of both of them, had dogged them much of their lives. But their marriage turned out to be one of the happiest among historians in memory. I have never seen two people have such an impact on each other."

Namier, I discovered, was still listed in the London Directory, and I rang Lady Namier at his number and arranged to call on her. She lived in the Grampians, a block of flats near Shepherd's Bush. I found her in Namier's study, a small room with white walls, blue hangings, a blue carpet, and—most prominent of all the furnishings—a dark-orange chair, which, I learned, had been his favorite chair at home. Lady Namier was a dignified woman, her face etched with deep lines of suffering. She was dressed in mourning, although more than a year had gone by since her husband's death. She showed me a sheltered balcony off the study, explaining that her husband used to spend his Sunday afternoons there when they didn't go out, and saying that she had lived at the Grampians with a woman friend for some years before her marriage to Namier, in 1947. They had often thought of getting a more spacious place, but once he had settled there he didn't want his books and papers moved, so they had stayed on year after year. We returned to the study, and she asked me to take the dark-orange chair.

"Because of my back, I prefer to sit in this," she explained, choosing a straight one. "I picked up my infirmities in Russia—in a concentration camp and in solitary confinement in prison—during the Stalin regime." I knew that she was a Russian by birth, and that her first husband had been Russian. Without any prompting from me, she went on, "At the beginning of the purges, my first husband and I had a rather disturbed career, you understand. For unknown reasons, we were sent into a sort of prison-exile in Central Asia—which meant Samarkand, and later Tashkent. In these camps, hunger was so bad—this was around 1930—that there was cannibalism. When we arrived at the first of these places, there was a loud affair—in the papers and all that sort of thing—that patties with human meat in them were being served. Now, man doesn't eat man unless he must. Later, we were arrested on the charge that my husband was a terrorist and wanted to kill Stalin—whom, by the way, he had never seen—and that I knew all about his plot and the men who were implicated with him. I don't know what happened to him; he disappeared. I was put into solitary confinement

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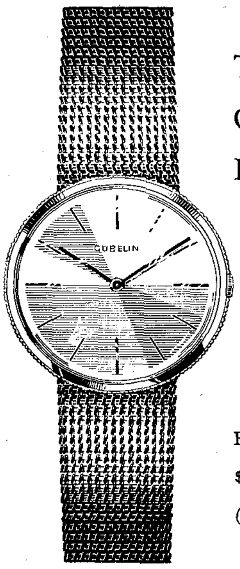

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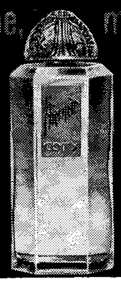

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in Moscow, where I became very ill. There was little to eat and nowhere to walk, my muscles went weak, my back broke, my hands and feet became frostbitten, and recently I've discovered that even the inside of my face was frostbitten, leaving me with a permanent sinus condition. When I was too sick to walk, I was pushed out, to lug myself and my sticks—my few belongings—about. I left Russia." Lady Namier said that under her maiden name, Iulia de Beausobre, she had written a book about her experiences, "The Woman Who Could Not Die." She explained that, perhaps because she was a writer, or perhaps because she had learned something from her solitary confinement, she had only two touchstones for her life—truthfulness and complete candor. "I am writing my biography of Lewis with these touchstones," she said. "I know that he would have liked it so."

Lady Namier's way of talking was overwhelming; she emphasized practically every word, and everything she said, no matter how matter-of-fact, had a deep emotional content. I came to realize that although her enunciation gave the impression of nervousness, she was simply speaking English with the exaggerated clarity of a foreigner. While we talked, we faced a photograph of Namier's head and shoulders. His face was more impressive than attractive; a bony forehead and protruding cheekbones made his face seem narrow and also gave the impression of strength. "This picture was taken in Israel one spring," Lady Namier said. "I am waiting for Lewis's head in wood, which is coming any day. Physiologically, the most interesting thing about him was the back of his head, which was round and protuberant, like a dome. I have already written three chapters of Lewis's biography, but so far I am only up to his early days in Eastern Europe. He was born just outside Warsaw—in a country house—and he later lived in many parts of Poland, including the Russian and Austrian sections. While growing up, he acquired, as a matter of course, besides his own Polish language, German and Ukrainian, and, from his Polish governess, English. But Polish was always the language he spoke most beautifully, and because it was so different from English, he never succeeded in speaking English well. His written English, however, which he was always scrubbing and polishing, was another matter. After all, the century of his interest was a century of great English prose."

Lady Namier went into the kitchen and brought out a tray full of bananas,

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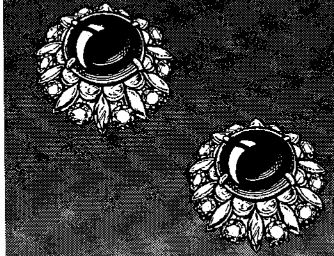

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A majority of our most destructive insects are aliens. From the first, foreign pests have hitch-hiked rides on passenger and cargo ships to find a haven in the new land. And they thrived, because there were no native predators to hold them in check.

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Later, imports brought crop and plant pests. The year 1869 introduced the gypsy moth, a constant threat to our forests. 1892 introduced the boll weevil, destroyer of over 10 billion dollars worth of cotton. 1909 brought the elm bark beetle, spreader of Dutch elm disease now rapidly eliminating the beautiful American elm. In 1916, Japan gave Washington, D. C. its famous cherry trees – and with them the Oriental fruit moth to threaten the peach industry. These are only a few of scores of imported insects which plague us, cause disease, destroy food and fiber.

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An important step in stopping this insect invasion came with the Plant Quarantine Act of 1912, providing for inspection of incoming produce and plant materials. But even with rigid inspection, some slip by. In 1929, for example, the Mediterranean fruit fly appeared in Florida. One of the world's most feared tropical fruit pests, the fruit fly threatened Florida's vast citrus industry. There was no effective chemical control. In a joint federal-state battle involving destruction of hundreds of thousands of boxes of fruit, the pest was finally eliminated at a cost of many millions.

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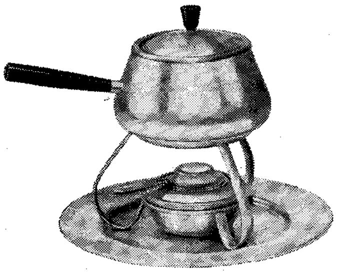

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grapes, apples, and oranges. I took an apple, and she picked up a bunch of grapes. "Because of political troubles," she said, "the Namierowskis left Poland and settled for a time in Lausanne, Switzerland, where Lewis first heard the sociologist Vilfredo Pareto lecture. He followed him to the London School of Economics, where he was introduced one day to A. L. Smith, then Senior Tutor at Balliol, who immediately decided that Lewis belonged to Balliol. So at the age of twenty he found himself at the college." Having eaten two or three grapes, she said, "I live on fruits. Lewis was not a very sentimental man, but he was a deeply grateful one. He used to tell me that he always knew he had a good brain, a good mechanical apparatus, but that he really learned to use it at Balliol, at the feet of A. L. Smith. He said to me that the greatest honor of his life was to be made an honorary Fellow of the college. In 1930 or '31, he was given a chair at Manchester. In 1941 or '42, we met. The reason I am writing a biography of Lewis is that while many people understood him intellectually, no one understood his range of emotions. And his ideas would have been better understood if he had been able to write the fruit of his life's study, that survey of the English Parliament which John Brooke is writing now. But Lewis was a subtle, withdrawn man, and he would laugh even at his summaries of his own theories. Once, he said to Sir Isaiah Berlin—Isaiah was a little hurt; he thought Lewis was being unkind—'You must be a very clever man to understand what you write.' About his interests—during his Galician childhood he had injured his ears while hunting with an old gun, so music meant nothing to him. He was worse than tone-deaf. We did go and look at a lot of pictures, in Florence, in Siena, in Amsterdam, but whenever Lewis looked at pictures, he thought only of his period, and what light, if any, they threw on his history. Perhaps that's why he preferred portraiture to any other form of painting. A lot of people thought him a snob, because he was in the company of lords and ladies, but he cultivated lords and ladies mainly for their muniment rooms, which were repositories of a wealth of historical documents. He had no hobbies; he worked all the time. Naturally, we weren't very social. But the tragedy of his life was that he never slept. Oh, he did have one good night every few months, and then he worked at his best the next day. It was by comparison that the nights he didn't sleep seemed so bad. He had to take pills to go to sleep, other pills to

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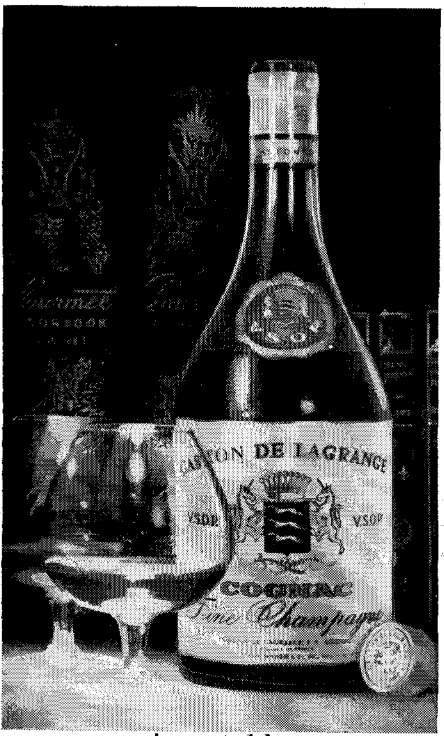

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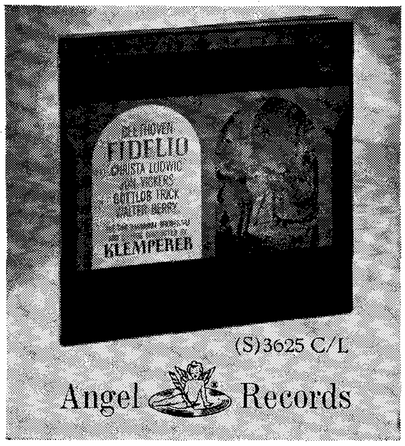

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I broke into the fast flow of her words to ask her the question that had brought me to her: "Did he apply to himself the same method of analysis that he applied to others? How did he go about analyzing, for instance, the source of his Zionism?"

"He did more than analyze himself," she said. "He was always being psychoanalyzed. First in Vienna in 1923 and '24, and then off and on in England for the rest of his life. He had this cramp—paralysis—in his right arm. It wasn't just a writer's cramp, and doctors told him that the cause was not physiological but psychological. That was the beginning of his psychoanalysis. In the twenties, his cramp wasn't so bad, but in the thirties, with the mounting mistreatment of Jews, his arm became almost useless. Indeed, Lewis was so terrified of the idea of a German occupation of England that he had one of his doctor friends give him a bottle of poison, which he always carried in his waistcoat pocket, so he could kill himself in case the Germans came. Not until the war was over could I make him throw the tablets away."

"What did psychoanalysis do for him?" I asked.

"It brought to the surface of his mind many, many things—such as the fact that his Zionism was really a result of the conflict between his Polish mother and his Galician father, and that his wish to unite the land and state of Israel was really an attempt to paper over childhood memories of his bickering parents. And his conservatism—he always insisted he was a radical Tory—he discovered was a result of his loneliness as a child and as a grownup. You see, he never hunted in a pack, he was always an outsider. Because he never learned how to *consort* with people, he

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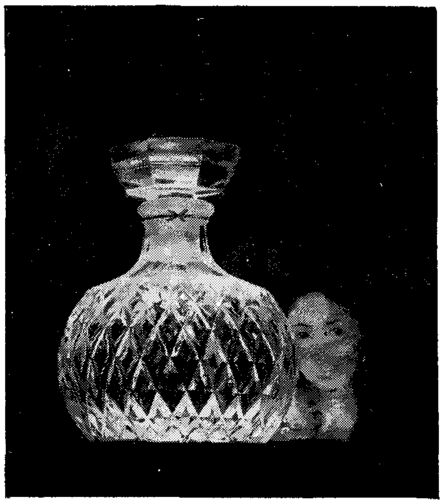

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wanted to find out the principles by which people consort with each other. And this is why he spent most of his life studying the politics of Parliament, and so on—because that was where people best consorted with each other. Not for nothing did he use an epigraph from Aeschylus' 'Prometheus Vinctus' for his 'Structure of Politics.' " Lady Namier went on to recite the lines: " 'I took pains to determine the flight of crook-taloned birds, marking which were of the right by nature, and which of the left, and what were their ways of living, each after his kind, and the enmities and affections that were between them, and how they consorted together.' Again, he found that he was an imperialist because he thought the Romans had discovered the principle and had worked out a very good system of consorting together; they had preserved peace as a result of it. Like the Romans, the English had mastered the principle, and—individually, at least—were kind enough, humane enough, to teach it to their subjects, and Lewis thought that if their institutions were grafted onto other societies the other societies would know how to consort also. He spent his life studying group life—the very thing that he didn't, he couldn't, have. But he by no means accepted Freud and psychoanalysis whole hog. He accepted the diagnostic half of Freud but not the therapeutic; he knew that his cramp was caused by the persecution of the Jews, yet his arm didn't get any better, and he knew why he was a Zionist, yet he remained a Zionist. His view of psychoanalysis, whether it was applied to the past or to him, was that it deepened one's understanding without curing anything. The sex side of Freud didn't engage him very much, either; he was really never interested in the sexual lives of the M.P.s. In that way, he was much more of a later Freudian, for he believed the basic human impulse to be the death wish. The death wish in Lewis himself was very strong, and perhaps that is why he died so blissfully—very blissfully. When I think of Lewis, I'm most thankful that he had so little pain at his death. He was seventy-two when he died. The day of his fatal illness, he rang me up from the office to say not to prepare dinner at home, as usual; he would pick something up en route, so he could get to work that evening with a minimum of interference. At that time, we were preparing a new edition of that first volume of the 'American Revolution.' He came home about six-thirty, and I heard fumbling at the door. I knew immediately that it was Lewis, but I also sensed that there was some-

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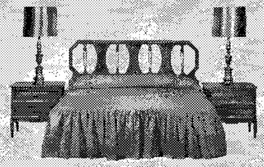

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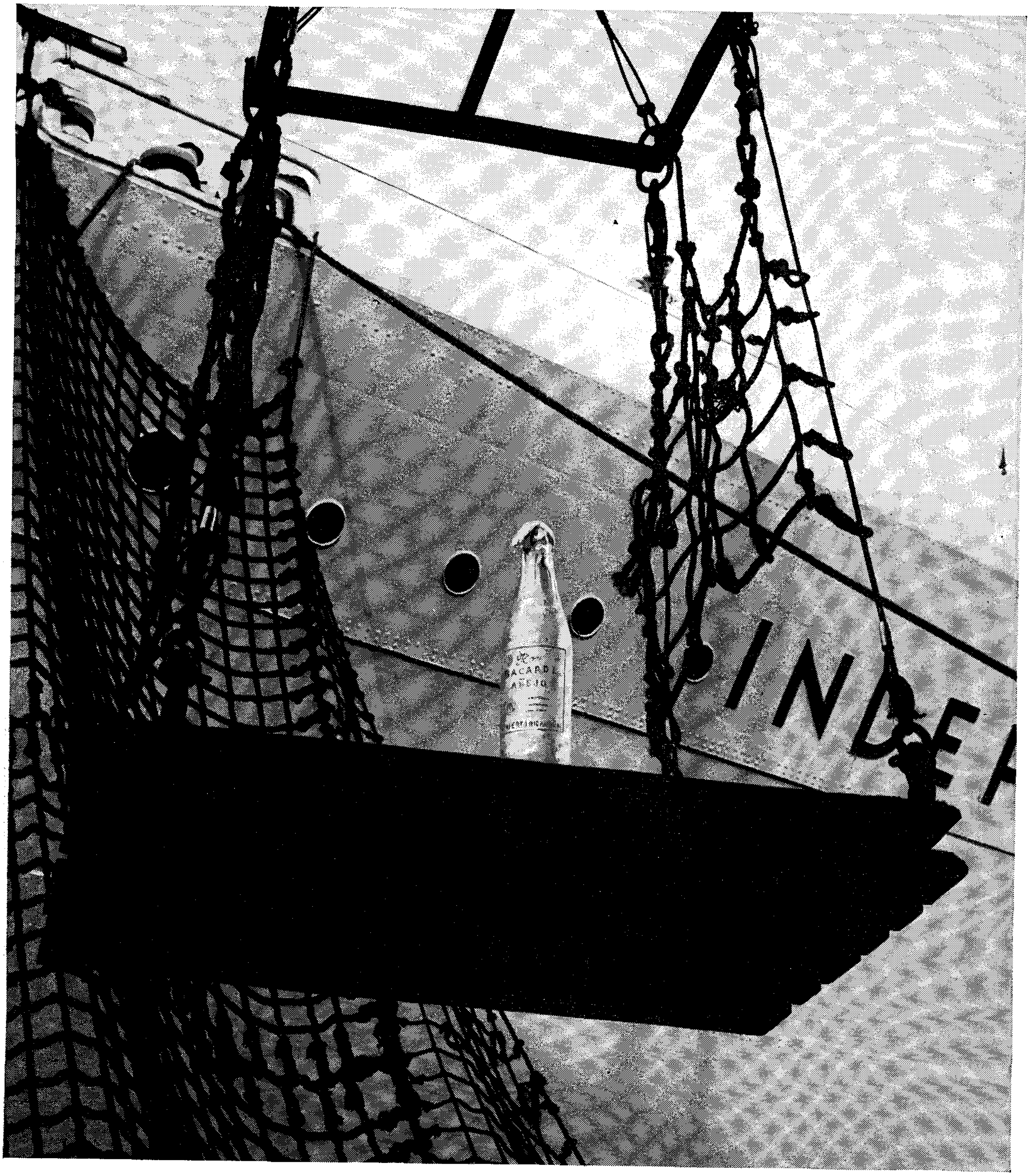

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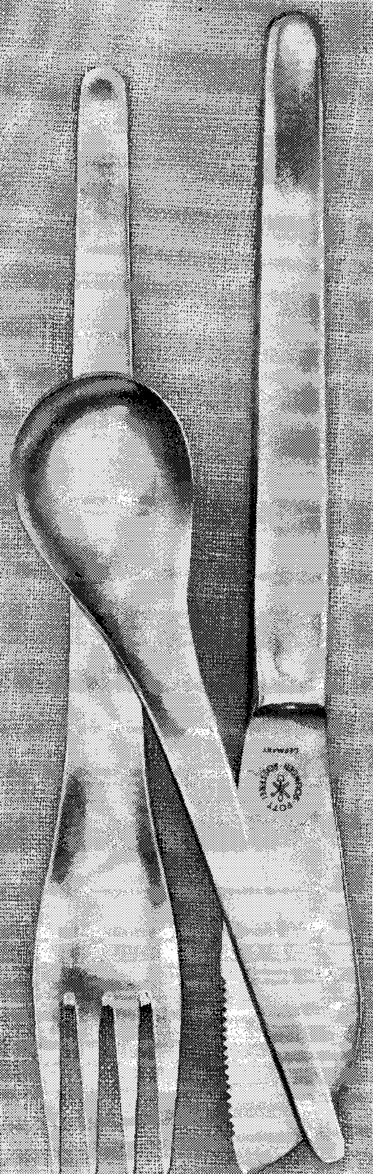

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thing wrong. I went to the door and there he was, white as snow. He said he'd been seized by the most violent pain, but, as usual, he'd come in the Tube—strap-hanging. I got him into bed, and called our doctor. He came, gave him an injection, said it was an inexplicable cramp, and assured me that when the pain wore off Lewis would be able to sleep—which he did. At four o'clock, however, Lewis knocked on the wall. I rushed in. He was in considerable distress. The telephone was at his bedside, and I didn't want to ring the doctor in front of him; I thought it would frighten him. Finally, I decided to do it, but he prevented me. 'The doctor was here late last night,' he said, 'and I don't want him disturbed at this terrible hour.' Then he looked up, radiant, and said, 'What a pity! Yesterday was the first time I saw in my mind's eye the survey of Parliament as a whole.' He died the next morning."

As it happened, Namier's demise did not serve as a deterrent to criticism. Indeed, even in his lifetime many voices had been raised, though always respectfully, against his fragmentary, hairsplitting method, and against his tendency and that of his "disciples" to denigrate, if not to discount, the force of ideas behind men's actions. His critics had argued that while his method was admirably suited to eighteenth-century England, where ideas were at a low temperature, it was ill-suited to, for instance, the Puritan Revolution, whose ideological heat couldn't be explained away in terms of petty self-interest. Herbert Butterfield, Master of Peterhouse, Cambridge, a half-narrative, half-analytic dry-biscuit historian, thought he had succeeded in sifting the wheat from the chaff in Namier's thought. Namierites might—indeed, did—object to Butterfield the thresher, claiming that he had a second role, that of a Christian thinker, which disqualified him as a balanced critic. (What was the sacred stuff of Christianity, its propelling force, they asked. Not mundane facts, not every individual motive, but large ideals—the concepts of God and the hereafter, the institution of the Church, the bond of Communion.) But he was not so easily dismissed. He paid his respects to the artistry, the ceaseless slavery that carried the results of Namier's definitive, if tedious, researches—those sentences that stood like so many gnomic guards around his ambition and his reputation—but still he assailed Namier, at times successfully thumbing his nose at the spit and polish, the swagger, of the bright battle line. Indeed, when Namier

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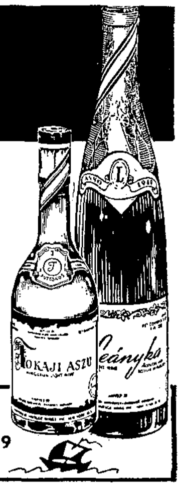

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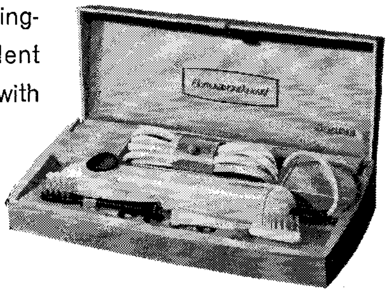

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was living and terrorizing the historical scene from the Delphic pages of the *Times Literary Supplement*, Butterfield had boldly issued a book, "George III and the Historians," in which he attacked Namier and termed his school "the most powerfully organized squadron in our historical world at the present time." With the throne freshly vacated, Butterfield was no less audacious. He appeared on the B.B.C.'s Third Programme and delivered, more in the style of Brutus than in that of Mark Antony, an estimation of Namier and his work, and while Namierites felt certain that he little understood their Caesar, non-Namierites sent up a cheer for the speaker's perceptiveness and clear thinking. Many of those who listened to him found it hard to resist his boyish, intimate voice, which burned with the ardor of a people's preacher. Always giving chapter and verse, now it praised Namier's style ("Sometimes Namier uses a figure of speech so effectively that it acquires a solemn ring, like a sound in an empty cavern. . . . But when he stands farthest of all from the scene, like a pitying God who watches human beings for a moment in love, he reaches the sort of music that we find in the thrilling parts of the Old Testament: 'For in the life of every man comes a night when at the ford of the stream he has to strive "with God and with men;" and if he prevails and receives the blessing of the father-spirit, he is henceforth free and at peace' "); now it praised Namier's insight into people, events, and situations ("The thing that carried him far above all routine historians, and could not be transmitted to anybody else, was a penetrating kind of insight. It appears in swift impressions of people: as when Metternich is described as 'that rococo figure in porcelain, stylish and nimble, and in appearance hollow and brittle.' It shows itself in drastic comments on events: as when he says that 'The eighteenth-century British claim to superiority over the Colonies was largely the result of thinking in terms of personified countries.' We see it in bold pieces of generalization: 'The Anglo-Saxon mind, like the Jewish, is inclined to legalism;' 'The social history of nations is largely moulded by the forms and development of their armed forces' "); now it praised the constructive imagination that lay behind one great work of Namier's, "The Structure of Politics at the Accession of George III" ("Once again, it was the insight that mattered—insight which . . . produced a new landscape for the politics of the year 1760"); and now it praised his uncanny ability as a historian to rise

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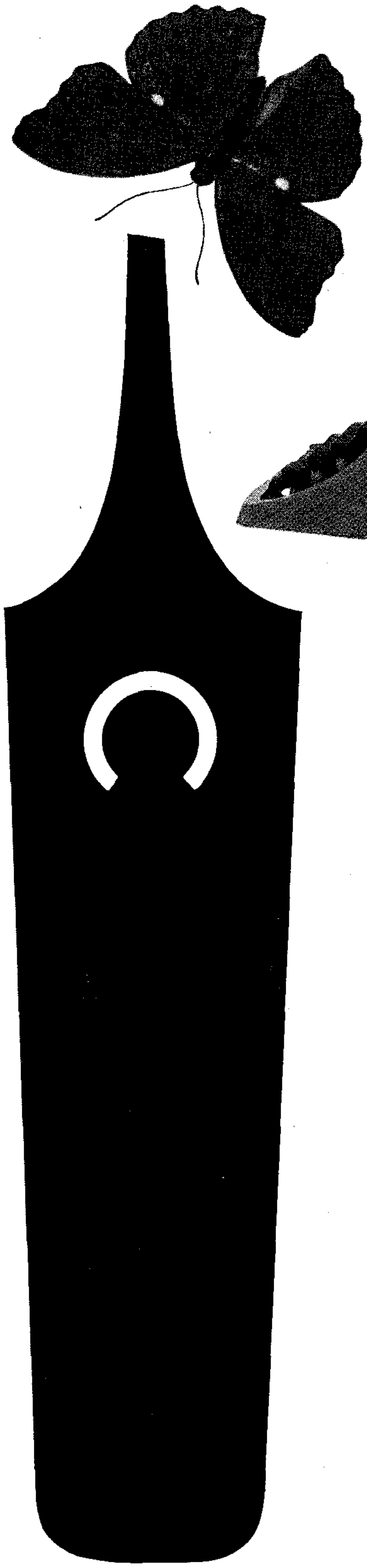

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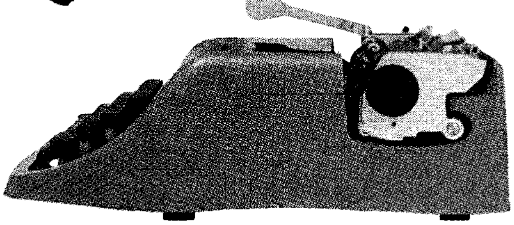

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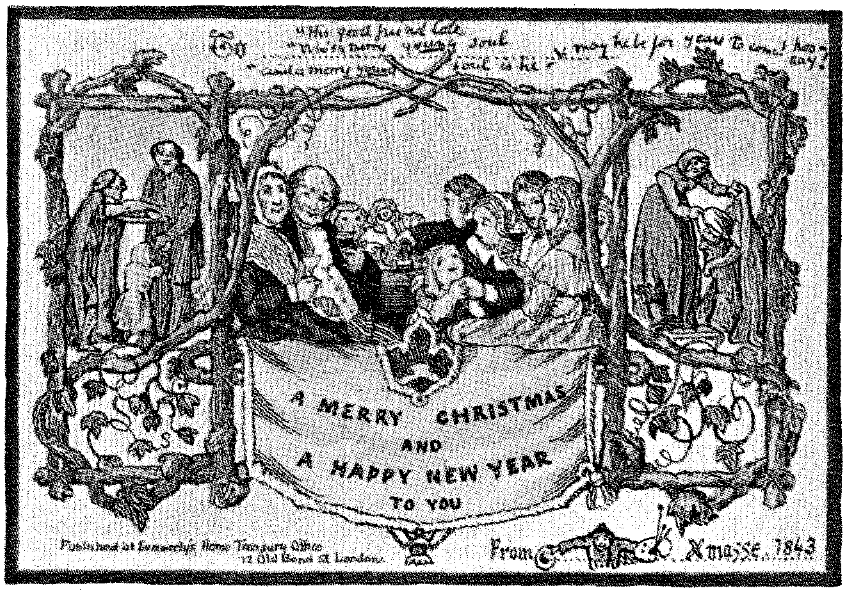
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above the present and reach into the future—the dream of all historians ("Even in the midst of controversy, he could take a distant stand, pausing for a moment, and seeing recent events with the eye of a later historian. He caught a glimpse of what later generations might see, and wrote for a moment once again like a pitying God. There is a moving example of this in an essay entitled 'Memoirs Born of Defeat' . . . in the book 'Europe in Decay': 'There is a great deal to be said in defense of the French statesmen and generals of the inter-war period, but on a plane different from that on which most of them choose to argue the case' "). But then, like spadefuls of earth on the grave, fell the "yet"s. *Yet* the voice, with a thin rumble of thunder, denounced Namier's style ("Some of his large-scale works remind me of broken Gothic—with gargoyles and glimpses of cherubs—the whole involving a mixture of styles which he was too impatient to turn into continuity or assimilate to an architectural design. It seems to me, moreover, that he did not care to give much of himself to the construction of historical narrative"); and *yet* it expressed reservations about the treatment of people, events, and situations ("Namier used a raw method of narration, convenient for technical historians who like to have their materials neat; but I am not sure that even technical historians do not need to be warned about its dangers. What he gives us is chiefly a dense patchwork of quotations from contemporary letters, and so on. But, in the first place, when high spots from such documents are telescoped into a short space, and not accompanied by exposition—not accompanied by a type of narrative that is more than factual—then the craziness of human beings tends to be accentuated by reason of what has been left out. We are liable to lose sight of that nine-tenths of a man which is more normal human nature. I wonder if many people have not come to feel that the world of 1760 was sillier than the world of most other periods—and full of sillier people—because of the danger that lies in this technique so long as the historian is withholding himself from part of his function. . . . To the technical historian I would say that history is not to be produced by drawing direct lines between one document and another, for each must be referred back to a man and a mind from which it came. Particularly in the world of politics it happens to be the case that men say things and write things with what I should call a 'tactical' intent. If you take these as a record of a man's opin-

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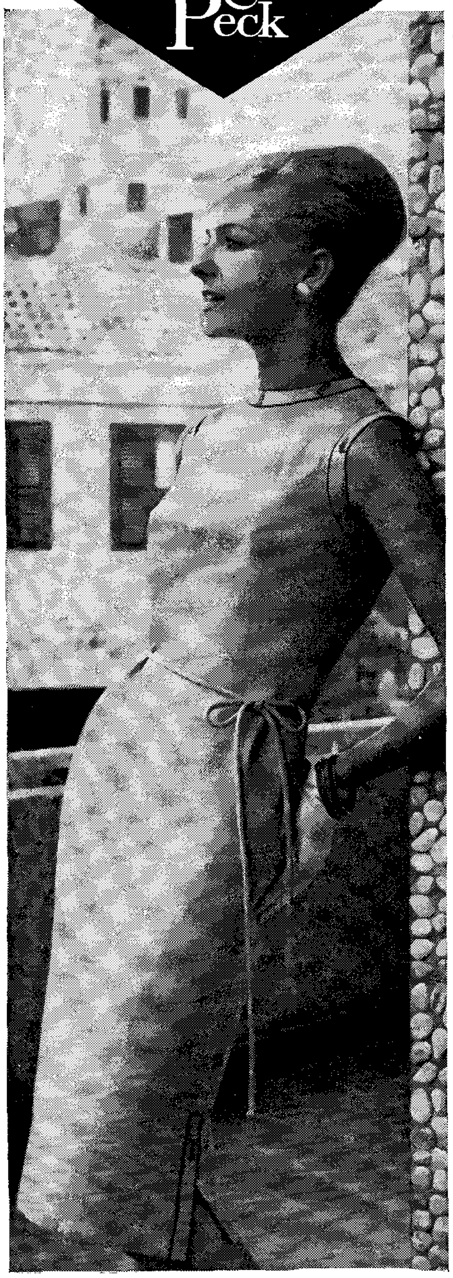

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ions, you are bound to get the contradictions which made Namier feel that here was the craziness of what he called 'historical comedy' "); *yet* it denounced the unconstructive aspects of Namier's work ("I wonder if I am the only person in the country who wishes that, after 1930, he had worked rather on great statesmen not too near the present time, or produced a narrative of higher politics—including governmental policy—in the reign of George III. Indeed, sometimes I wish that all the constituencies and elections and Members of Parliament in George III's reign had been exhaustively treated, so that we could return to political history again—to the study of statesmanship and things that enlarge the mind"); and *yet*, finally, it denounced Namier's historical viewpoint ("He went too far in his brilliant thesis that the actions of men acquire their rationality and purposefulness only in the thinking that is done after the event").

In his funeral oration, Butterfield took away with one hand what he gave with the other, until he left one with the impression that he was indeed an honorable man. Now and again, by legerdemain, he slipped into the text his own views on how the historian should rule his material. Phrases like "technical historian," "higher politics," "the study of statesmanship and things that enlarge the mind" suggested a way of approaching history that was peculiar to Butterfield. And he was not at all reluctant to use the opportunity to make his code of history more explicit. "I doubt," he declaimed, "whether history can be properly written unless one has a sort of sense for the evidence that is not there. . . . Each document requires one to conduct a special transaction with it, and needs to be interpreted in the light of everything else that can be gathered round it. When eighteenth-century fathers write bitterly about the egotism of their sons, we must not imagine that here we have evidence for the selfishness of the younger men. Once everything is put together, we may need actually to invert the construction of the passage in question. It may turn out to be only additional evidence of the father's own egotism." And "Behind the hesitations and contradictions of men there is generally, at some level, a certain stability of mind and purpose. The standing evidence for this element of stable purpose needs to be weighed against the day-by-day evidence which often shows only the cross-purposes and vacillations."

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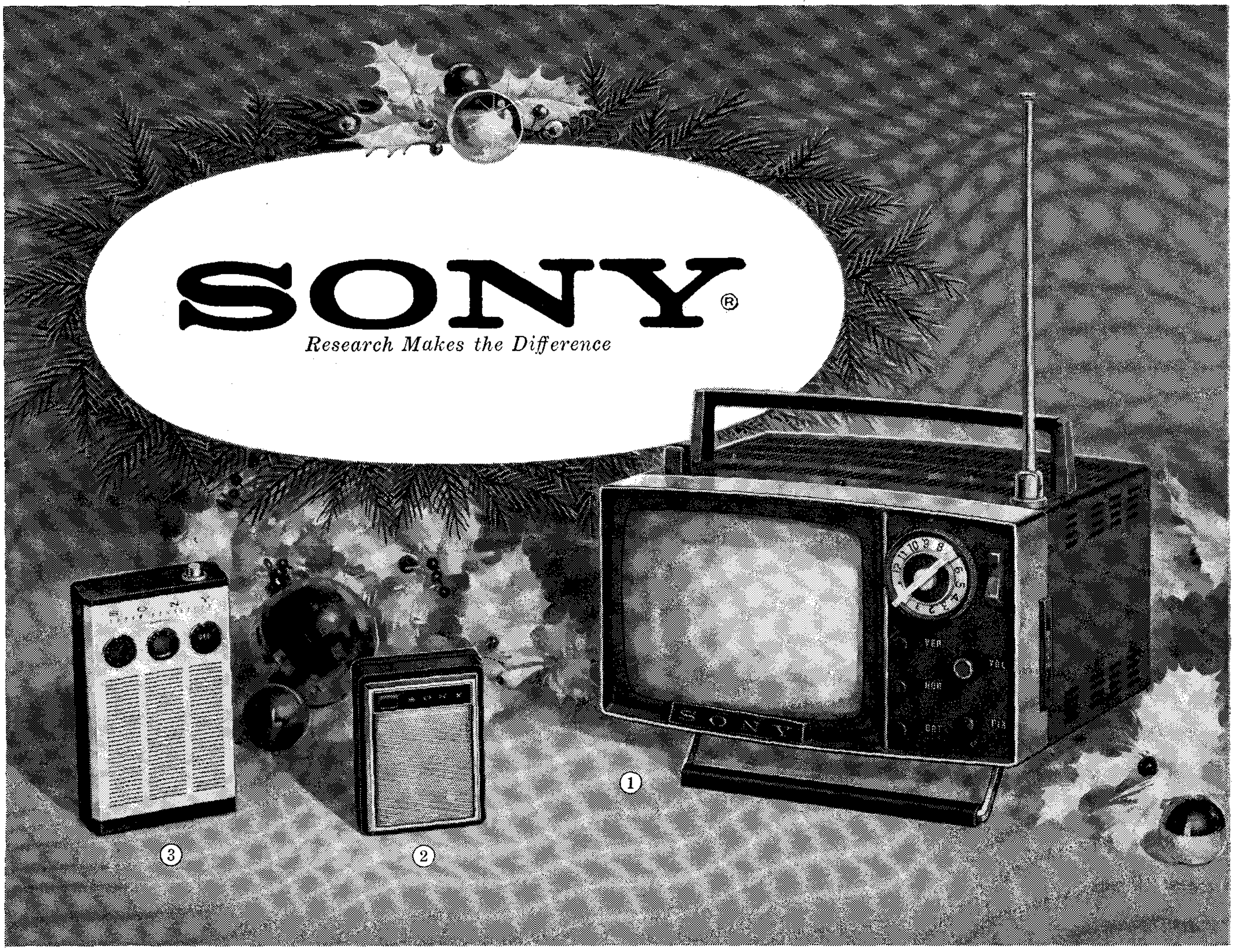

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to look Butterfield up in Cambridge. He invited me to have lunch with him at twelve-thirty on a Saturday. I arrived in Cambridge half an hour early, and spent the free time going through Peterhouse, which is the oldest college at Cambridge, and which in recent years has had connected with it some brilliant historians—the Reverend Dr. David Knowles, Professor Denis Brogan, Professor of Economic History Michael Postan, Denis Mack Smith, and Butterfield himself, author of sixteen books and a professor and former Vice-Chancellor of the university. After a quick tour, I walked across the street to the Master's lodgings, a rather old-looking house, symmetrical in its design. I was let in by a maid, and shown up a carpeted staircase to an oak-panelled study with a fireplace, a large desk, and many books.

Butterfield, who was born with the century, and who has round shoulders, silvery hair, and overpowering charm, shuffled in, wearing horn-rimmed glasses and an informal dull-gray suit. He was gracious and unassuming, and in appearance he suggested a country parson. A Player's cigarette, however, hung from his lower lip, and threatened to fall off at any moment. He certainly didn't look like Brutus, even less like St. John the Baptist, yet as he talked on into the afternoon, his voice once in a while had an uncomfortable ring of crying in the wilderness, and his tone, though never prophetic, was sometimes jarringly out of tune with the temper of the times. I shook the Master's hand and sat down with him on a sofa in front of the fireplace.

First, after a little prompting from me, he talked about Namier: "I don't suppose anyone has written Namier a more rapturous tribute than I have. He was a giant—perhaps the only giant in our time. He was a historian's historian, because his research was all-embracing and flawless, his artistry impeccable. He took a certain view of the eighteenth century, and I agree with him. But as a *teacher*, and a *master* of the college, I have to deplore his method. If we were to teach history by Namier's method, if we were to train students to do research and try to write history as Namier did, then history as a part of education would cease to exist. Already his influence has been pernicious. In some colleges, people have burrowed themselves like moles into smaller and smaller holes—in a little biographical hole here, in a little diplomatic hole there—and their minds have ceased to develop. As far as I am concerned, the point of teaching history to undergraduates is to turn them

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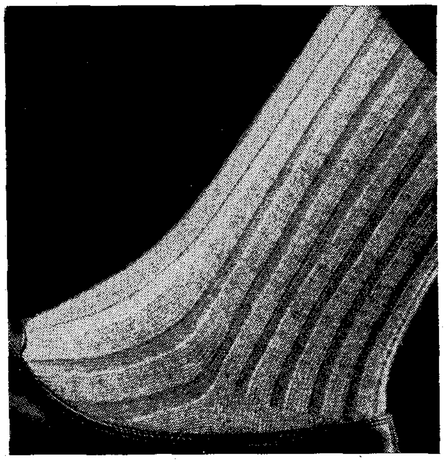

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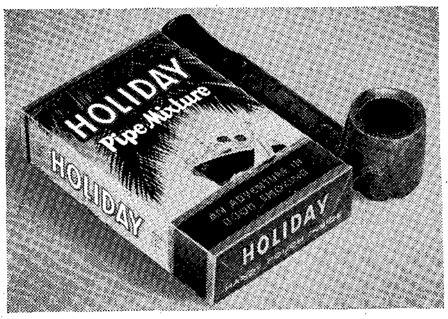

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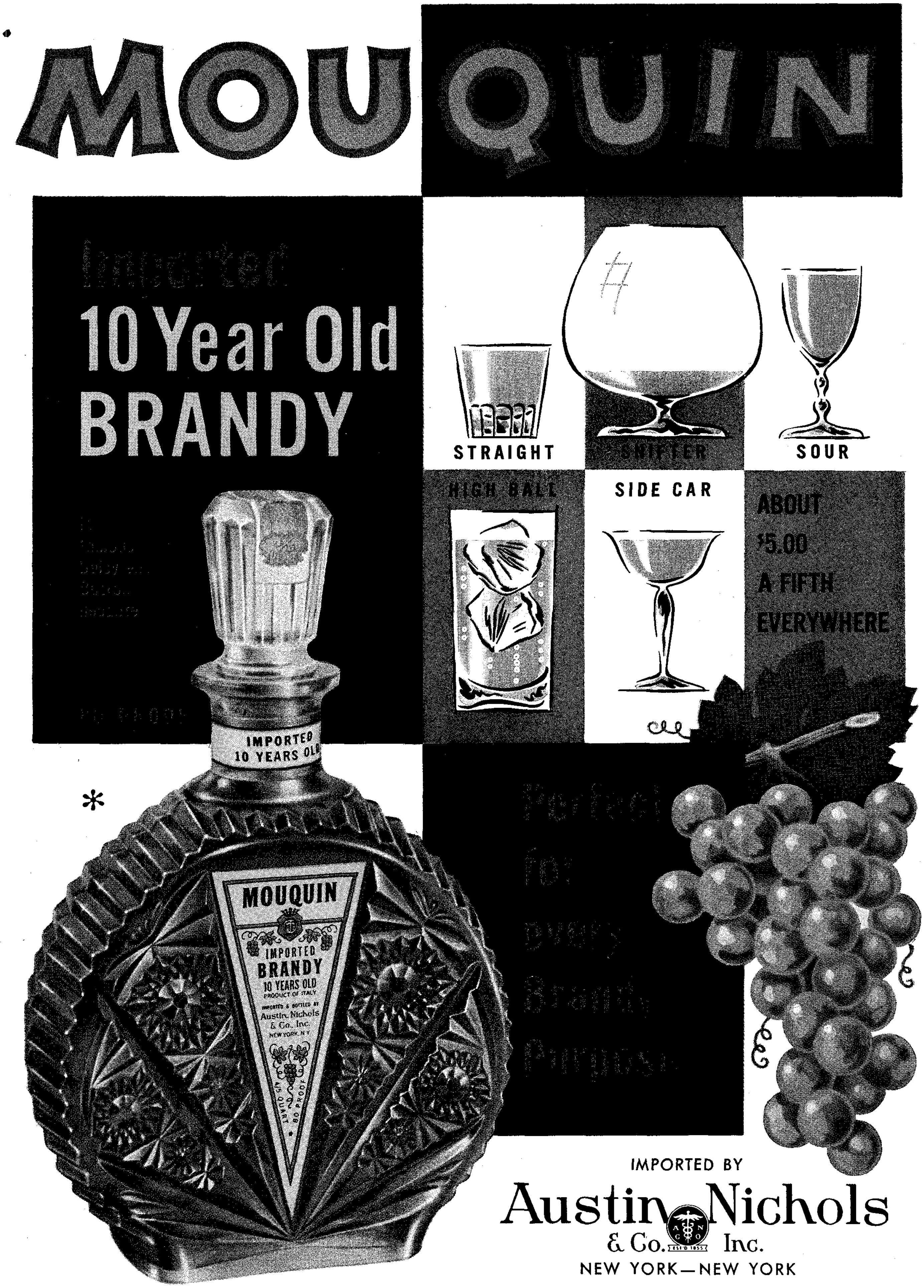

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If unavailable at your regular grocer, send his name and address to; S. A. Schonbrunn & Co., Inc., 6 West Ruby Avenue, Palisades Park, New Jersey into future public servants and statesmen, in which case they had better believe in ideals, and not shrink from having ideas and policies and from carrying their policies through. We mustn't cut the ground from under them by teaching that all ideas are rationalizations. In brief, we must take a *statesmanlike* view of the subject. No doubt Namier would smile at this—I know it sounds priggish—but I happen to think history is a school of wisdom and of statesmanship. If these undergraduates are going to become professional historians, I like *them* best when they feel at ease in many periods of history, when they are in the classical tradition of scholarship, like Sir George—G. N.—Clark, the historian of seventeenth-century Europe. Have you met him?"

I said I had. G. N. Clark was a stalwart of the English scholarly Establishment. He had written an introduction to "The New Cambridge Modern History" and, at a luncheon party, launched the fifteen-volume "Oxford History of England." He had been a professor at both universities. When he was at Cambridge, scholars used to consult "G. N." in the same spirit as the Greeks consulted the oracle. To meet "G. N.," who turned out to be a very cautious, canny Yorkshire gentleman of seventy-two, I had gone all the way to King's Sutton, a typical English village lying near the pastoral Cotswold Hills north of Oxford, where at present he is living and writing a history of medicine. Huddling over a primitive gas stove, G. N. had quietly delivered his classical notions of scholarship. "In my view, history should be written without any thesis to prove. It should be a collective, coöperative effort to search out the evidence and write it up in felicitous language. But nowadays scholars dash off books with incredible mistakes in them, and other scholars wait to catch them out in reviews, when by reading the manuscript in advance of publication they could have corrected them, cleared them up. In times past, when history was not done by everybody but by a small band of devotees, there was no impetus to controversy. But the growth—by leaps and bounds—of the layman's knowledge of history has made of scholars prima donnas; they can't resist playing up to their new-found audience. I myself learned that controversy did not lead anywhere quite early on. When I was an undergraduate, we had a very eminent speaker at a college society—I don't want to mention his name and get embroiled in controversy, the very thing I disapprove of. After he had finished speaking, like a typical undergraduate

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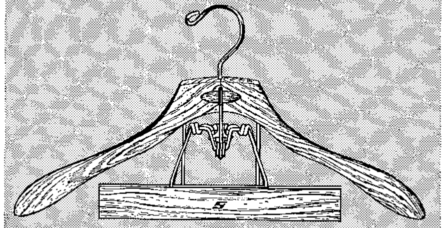

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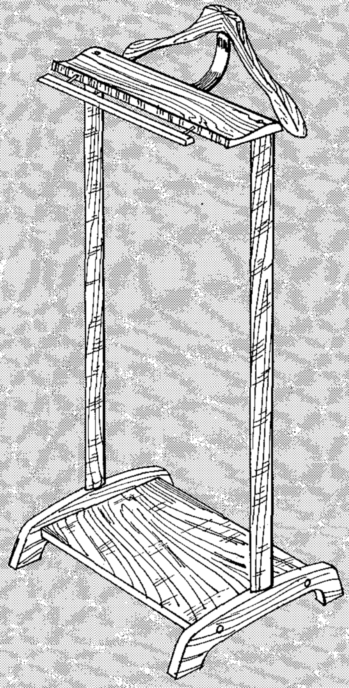

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and scholars today, I stood up and made a pretty little attack on his speech, which I concluded by quoting a line from Gilbert and Sullivan's 'Patience': 'Nonsense, yes, perhaps—but oh, what precious nonsense!' To my great amazement, the eminent speaker dissolved into tears. Since then I have found myself in only two *minor* controversies; one of my opponents, poor chap, died before he had a chance to reply." G. N.'s noncontroversial, "committee" approach to history had a long and august line of descent. In a sense, it was the classical way of doing history. But the rub was that committee history, such as "The New Cambridge Modern History," tended, as some critics had pointed out, to be static and dull (it took on the quality of rows upon rows of evenly clipped hedges in the land of the gentry), because our discovery in this century of the subterranean impulses behind men's thought and action had shattered the simple, the harmonious, the proportioned, the finished—the classic—view of the world which that history mirrored, and had given the interpretive mind an all-important role. Carr, in "What Is History?," had registered this objection—as often, in a rather extreme form—when he wrote, "Indeed, if, standing Sir George Clark on his head, I were to call history 'a hard core of interpretation surrounded by a pulp of disputable facts,' my statement would, no doubt, be one-sided and misleading, but no more so, I venture to think, than the original [Clark's] dictum."

Butterfield continued to talk about Namier and Namierites. Puffing every so often at his Player's, which had a permanent place on his lower lip, he casually criticized a couple of Namierites and just a little less casually saluted Taylor, whom he called "the real successor of Namier." "Namier's titular successor, Brooke, and the Oxford historian Betty Kemp, et cetera, tend to underestimate—although perhaps Namier himself didn't—the part that ideas play in history," Butterfield said. "For example, they say that George III didn't have *any* policies, didn't have *any* ideas. Well, I think even George III had some ideas. But Taylor, Namier's pupil for eight years, is a horse of another color. Do you know, I am one of the few people who even admire his 'Origins of the Second World War'? I have been saying this to all my colleagues. It seems to me that we ought to try to look at technical history as objectively as possible, and I think the contemporary view of history is often the least satisfactory and the most biassed.

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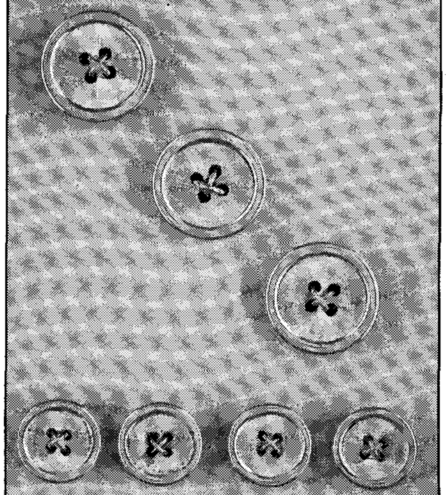

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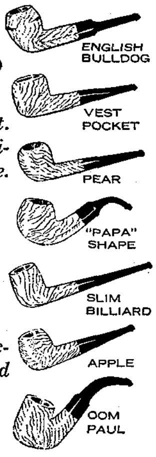

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Sometimes the future puts the past into perspective, adds an element to it unknown to the contemporaries. Take the English Reformation. The people who carried out the Reformation and the contemporaries who wrote about it never realized that the enormous price revolution in the sixteenth century—in many cases, prices quadrupled—had been a factor in the Reformation. It was only later that historians discovered this piece of knowledge. Or simply take the origins of the First World War. The Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Russians who were living during the war all looked at it purely from their own points of view. It was only later that historians came along and started looking at the origins from all sides, and we found out that the war was not started by the Germans or the Austro-Hungarians but by things like imperial naval rivalry and the Balkan issue—things endemic in the European situation. Similarly, until Taylor, people took the contemporary view—indeed, it is the orthodoxy—that the Second World War was caused by Germany and Hitler. And I think Taylor was right, at least in intention, to come along later and ask himself how the origins of the war looked from English, French, Russian, and German documents. What Taylor is saying is *not* that Hitler and Germany didn't start the war; he is saying that they didn't start the war *when* the war was started, that Hitler didn't want the war when in fact it came—and that is quite a different thing from saying Hitler didn't want war at all. The book may be full of flaws, but it's more interesting than has been made out. The fact that Taylor fails to condemn Hitler doesn't worry me; it sounds priggish, but I don't think passing judgment is in the province of a technical historian. I think that's God's job, that's God's history."

And Butterfield went on to define his strange, almost medieval concept of God's history. "In my view, there are two kinds of history: God's history and technical history," he said. "God's history is evaluative; you distribute blame, you judge people, and so on. Technical history is what we all write; you look at the evidence, you draw conclusions. With it you can't really get through to the intimate part of history, to the ninety-nine per cent of history; you can't find out, for example, whether Caesar loved his wife, or whether I am sincere or honest when I say certain things. It sounds priggish, but I think only God can know all that. I am impelled to explain this because these two kinds of history are often confused; St. Augus-

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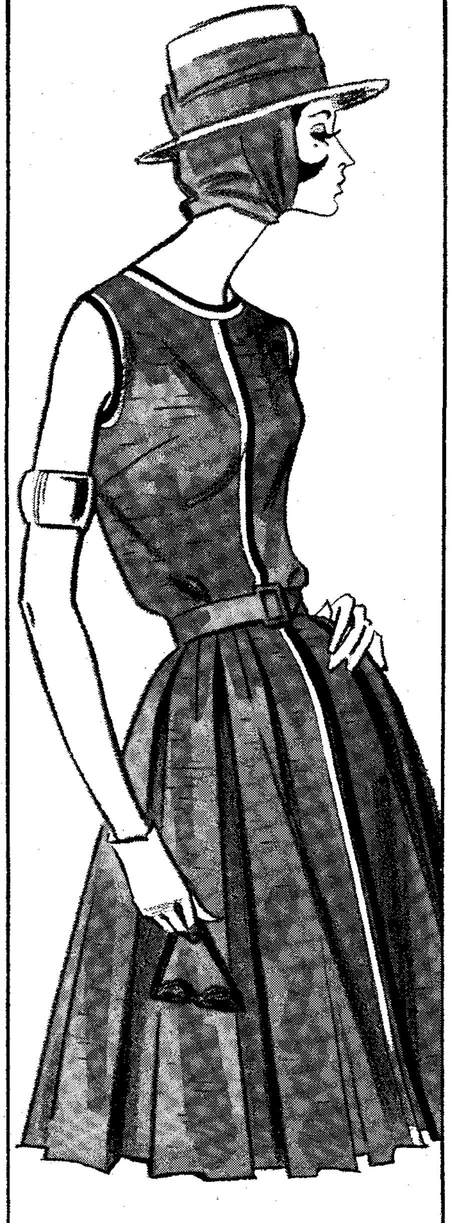
tine's 'City of God' was taken literally in the Middle Ages as technical history, when in fact it was God's history, so this nimble book, in the hands of the zealots, became a literal text."

Butterfield was not the first to divide up the province of history between God and man, one infinite in scope and the other infinitesimal; indeed, the idea of God's history had a long lineage, stretching from the Old Testament, through St. Augustine, to Reinhold Niebuhr and Arnold Toynbee. What was remarkable was that, whatever Butterfield's religious views, they never colored his professional academic history, and, perhaps because he never hitched his lay history to the ecclesiastical wagon, he didn't forfeit his professional colleagues' respect or confidence. But sometime in the middle forties, in the midstream of his historical career (the technical variety), he had felt the need to define and demarcate the two fields, and had done so in his book "Christianity and History." I asked him now why he had suddenly stepped into the murky no man's land of history and religion.

"Sometime during the war, the theologians of Cambridge invited a lay philosopher to lecture on philosophy and Christianity," he replied. "The lectures, coming in the trough of war depression, were such a great success—undergraduates flocked to them—that the theologians decided to follow them up with lectures on history and Christianity. Again they wanted a lay historian, rightly thinking that his pronouncements would carry more weight with the unconverted, but no such historian was forthcoming. I let myself be coaxed into doing it. Since the lectures, I find myself regarded as an authority on the subject, when I am really . . ."

Then Butterfield reluctantly talked a little about his private, religious view of the world. "I am a Nonconformist, a Methodist, but I don't think my belief in Providence, my belief in both original sin and free will—without the one you can't have the other—and the other tenets of my religious faith need come into my writing of technical history. Religion is simply an added dimension, which you may or may not bring in. If I chose to, I could write history with an eye on Providence and on *moral* progress, just as Marx and Carr have written with their eyes on social progress. But, I repeat, I don't think the City of God need come into our story about the Worldly City. Perhaps we can't write about the City of God at all; we don't have any historical evidence for it. I know all this sounds very priggish; it's



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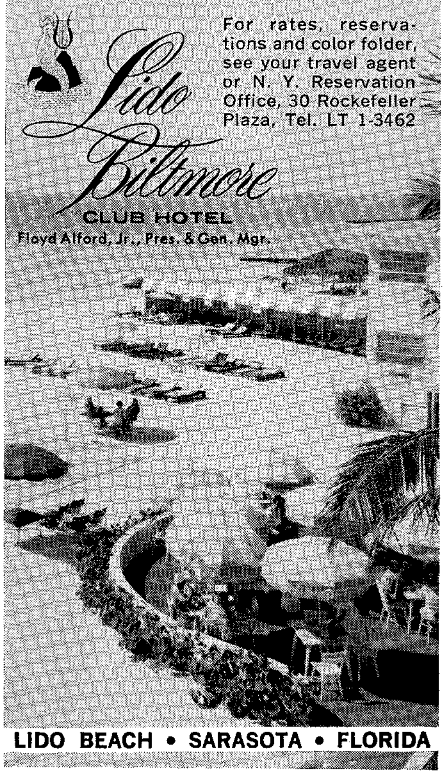

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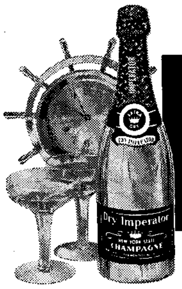

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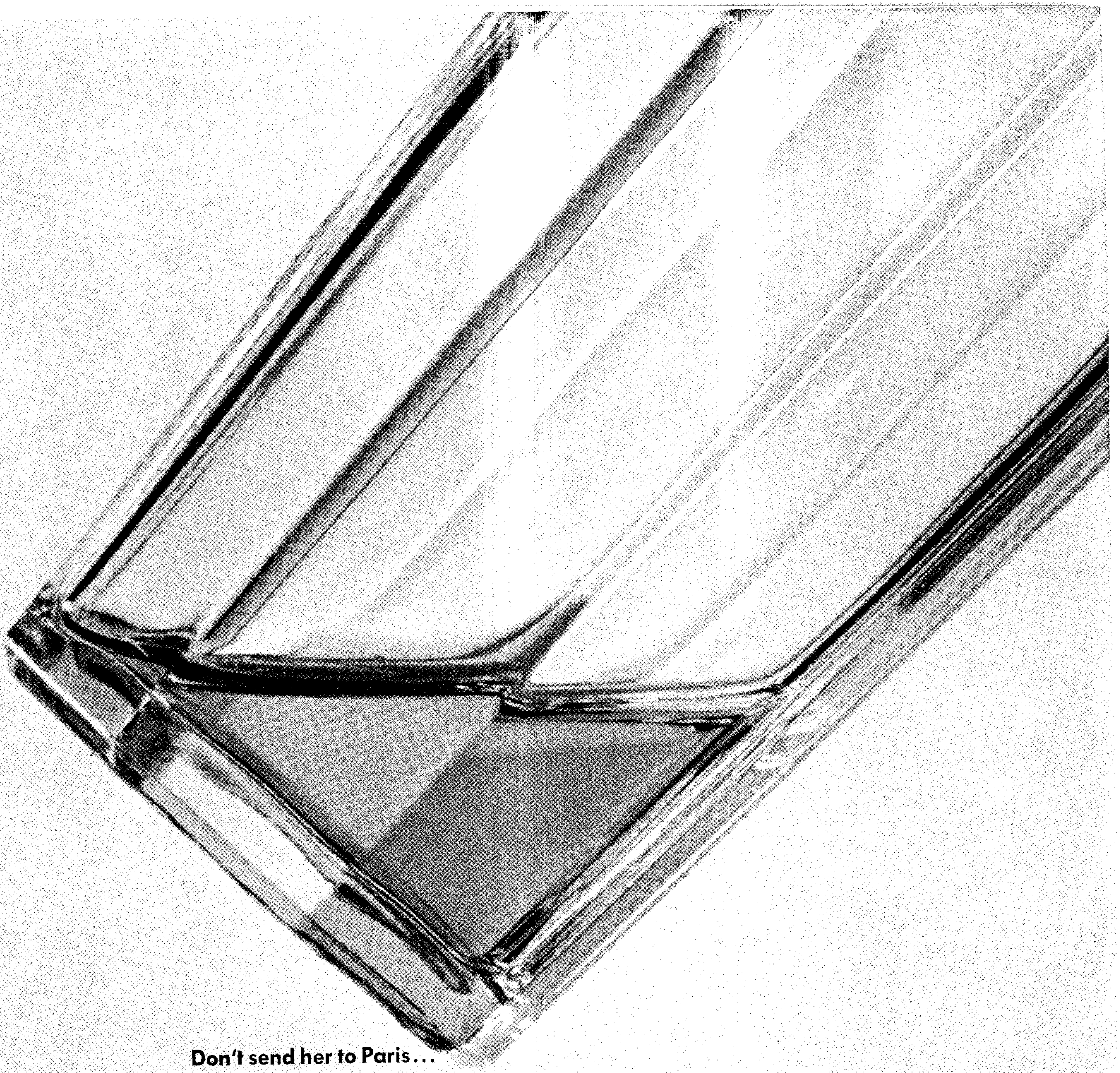

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not fashionable to say this sort of thing nowadays."

A bell, thin and light, like the upper register of a church peal, tinkled somewhere, and Butterfield stood up. "That means lunch is on the table," he said. Walking downstairs, he told me that while he and Carr were on the best of terms—in Oxford historians were foes, I gathered, and in Cambridge they were friends—the two of them had been carrying on a lively correspondence about matters they disagreed on. In the dining room, which was oak-panelled, like the study, Butterfield seated himself at a corner of the big table and talked some more about his disagreements with Carr. "Carr," he said, eating some melon, "is too much interested in society, to the exclusion of individuals. For instance, he says that if you cannot find out whether Richard III killed the princes in the Tower—the evidence is confusing—then you must find out if other kings killed princes in towers at that period. If they did, we can take it for granted that Richard III did the same. So what, I have to ask, if other kings killed princes? Our interest ought to be in Richard III. It's not only that as a Christian my interest is in the individual, but . . ."

The maid, who was as formal as Butterfield was informal, served roast lamb, roast potatoes, and cauliflower, but Butterfield's talk could not be arrested by food. As I soon found out, he had set off on a scholastic argument with Carr, and not even his maid could rein him in. In a moment, he had left the table, rushed upstairs, and returned with Carr's book "What Is History?," which he handled less as if it were a Bible than as if it were a script of heretical writing. "In 1931," he said, leafing through the pages while his roast lamb, roast potatoes, and cauliflower got colder and colder, "I published my third book. In it I took to task a historical orthodoxy—the Whig interpretation of history, which had blighted the true study of English history for more than a hundred years. For the Whig historians—our nineteenth-century fathers—the whole of English history, from the Magna Carta to the constitutional gains of the nineteenth century, was simply one long battle between the forces of light and the forces of darkness, between the forces of liberty and the forces of despotism. Here is Carr's gloss to the book."

Having taken some sips of ginger ale, Butterfield mounted the altar of disputation. " 'In the iconoclastic 1930's . . .' " he began, reading aloud from his text with boyish exuberance, and obviously relishing the contretemps

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of the lunch; his voice resounded with quiet confidence, not the confidence of the righteous but that of the man who has possession of his audience.

"... when the Liberal Party had just been snuffed out as an effective force in British politics [he read on], Professor Butterfield wrote a book called 'The Whig Interpretation of History,' which enjoyed a great and deserved success . . . not least because, though it denounced the Whig interpretation over some 130 pages, it did not ... name a single Whig except Fox, who was no historian, or a single historian save Acton, who was no Whig. ... The reader was left in no doubt that the Whig interpretation was a bad thing, and one of the charges brought against it was that it ..."

As Butterfield came now to his own words in the little book, he quickened the tempo of his reading:

"'... studies the past with reference to the present' [the constitutional battle of the nineteenth century]. On this point, Professor Butterfield was categorical and severe. 'The study of the past with one eye, so to speak, upon the present, is the source of all *sins and sophistries in history*. ... It is the essence of what we mean by the word "unhistorical.". . .' "

His voice returned to its normal pace:

"Twelve years elapsed. The fashion for iconoclasm went out. Professor Butterfield's country was engaged in war often said to be fought in defence of the constitutional liberties embodied in the Whig tradition, under a great leader who constantly invoked the past 'with one eye, so to speak, upon the present.' In a small book called 'The Englishman and His History,' published in 1944, Professor Butterfield not only decided that the Whig interpretation of history is the 'English' interpretation, but spoke enthusiastically of 'the Englishman's alliance with his history' and of the 'marriage between the present and the past.' To draw attention to these reversals of outlook is not an unfriendly criticism. It is not my purpose to refute the proto-Butterfield with the deutero-Butterfield, or to confront Professor Butterfield drunk with Professor Butterfield sober. I am fully aware that, if anyone took the trouble to peruse some of the things I wrote before, during, and after the war, he would have no difficulty at all in convicting me of contradictions and inconsistencies at least as glaring as any I have detected in others. Indeed, I am not sure that I should envy any historian who could honestly claim to have lived through the earth-shaking events of the past fifty years without some radical modifications of his outlook. My purpose is merely to show how closely the work of the historian mirrors the society in which he works. It is not merely the events that are in flux. The historian himself is in flux. When you take up a historical work, it is not enough to look for the author's name in the title-page: look also for the date of publication or writing—it is sometimes even more revealing."

"So, Carr's gloss to my text is that he and I and all other historians are prod-

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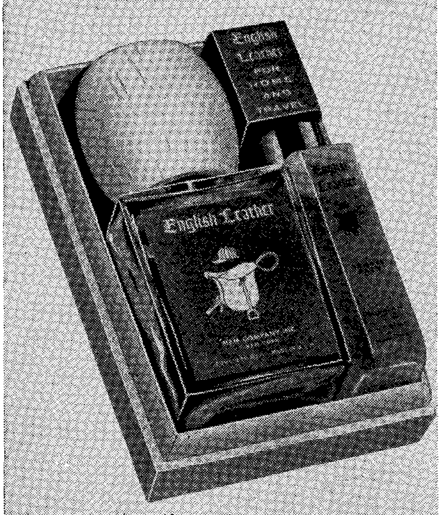

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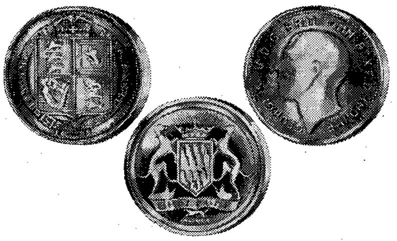

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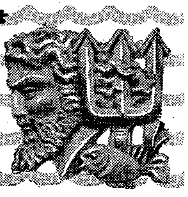

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ucts of our times and our societies," Butterfield said. He dropped the book beside his plate and picked up his knife and fork for the first time. "The *in*teresting thing," he continued, cutting his meat, "is that the passage of 'The Englishman and His History' to which Carr refers, while published in 1944, was written, and delivered in a lecture, in 1938." He paused significantly. "It happens that I am living and can contradict a small part of Carr's sociological history. But what if I weren't? Indeed, even though I am alive, Carr refuses to take me at my word. When I wrote to him that the passage in question was composed in 1938, he immediately wrote back that he would like to look at that lecture. Don't you see, in his letter he handed me an implied threat: that I must have changed—perhaps just by a few words—the book from the lecture. Unfortunately for me, I don't happen to have a copy of the original lecture, so even though I am an alive fact, I am unable to budge Carr." He laughed heartily.

With the sweet, Butterfield lightly remarked that the reason he liked Toynbee was that, unlike most great historians, he was not as a person "a heavy." He said that while he agreed with Toynbee's method—"making generalizations of a higher and higher order, of course empirically, from the known facts"—he felt that Toynbee's generalizations, like Carr's theories, outran the facts.

Upstairs, over coffee, Butterfield talked a little bit about himself. "At school—in the West Riding of Yorkshire—I wanted to do classics," he said. "I don't think one can be a first-rate humanist without classics. But my headmaster wanted me to go into the scientific stream, because we didn't have Greek at the school. One day, he came to me and said, 'Butterfield, let's compromise on history.' I did. I read history there and at Peterhouse and have been working at it here one way or another for the past thirty years. I think I would have been a better historian with classics."

I didn't agree, and argued with him, but, like most English intellectuals, he had been bitten as a child by the classical bug—they separate the universe automatically into classics and science—and most of my points were vigorously, though kindly and charmingly, brushed aside. Afterward, the Master went on to talk a little about his intellectual preoccupations. "I don't believe in committee history, à la Namier—I believe in one-outlook history," he said. "Since 1930, I have been working intermittently on a concise history of modern

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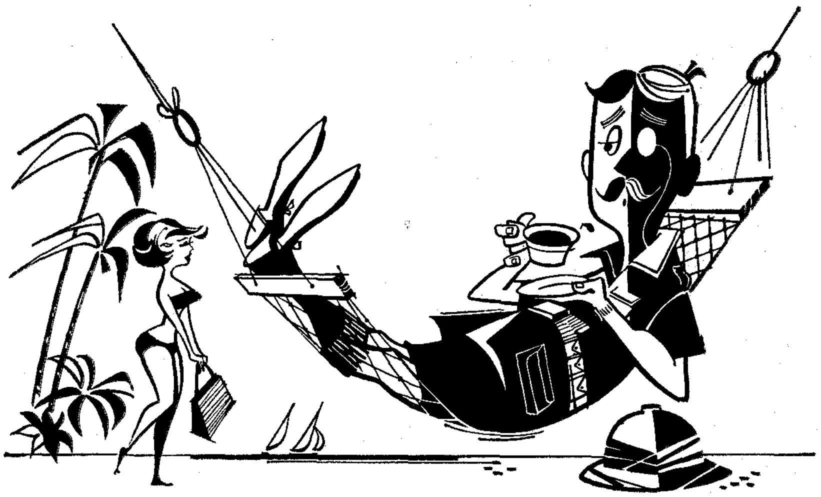

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Europe. I hope my narrative will display some of the analytical gifts of Namier and some of the flow of Miss Wedgwood, but, unlike the Namierites, I don't mind if it is superseded one day by future research; I only hope it won't be superseded before I have finished writing it—like the works of inferior narrative historians. The life of Charles James Fox, the eighteenth-century statesman, is even closer to my heart than the European history. You know how it came about?"

I shook my head.

"Somebody told Trevelyan—he had a lot of the Fox papers in his possession—that my schoolboy ambition had been to write a biography of Fox. Just around that time, I had published my 'Whig Interpretation of History,' and Trevelyan, who was the last of the Whig historians, was rather put out with me. He felt sure that my book was a surreptitious attack on him personally. This was not true. Despite his hurt feelings, in 1930 he sent me the Fox papers, with his blessing. I was overwhelmed. I had actually hoped that Trevelyan himself would write the biography; in any case, I didn't truly feel that I had the mental equipment for Fox. Off and on since 1930, I've been working at the biography, but I have been so intimidated by my task that I have been bringing out monographs and little books on certain aspects of his life (his foreign policy, and the like)—books that, in the true tradition of the Namierites, sometimes covered no more than a year of Fox's activities. Someday, when I have published enough of these piecemeal studies, I shall perhaps be able to realize my schoolboy ambition. What has held me to Fox all these many years is his overpowering charm. The strange thing is that while everybody testifies to his charm, there is no evidence for it in the way he conducted himself. I mean, you look at his portrait and he appears fat and vulgar. You listen to the talk of his contemporaries and you discover he was quite a rogue. The papers of the period are full of his hurting people, his wrong deeds. But within six months all his deeds, all his wickedness were always forgiven. And everybody says that what did it was his charm. I am completely under his spell—the spell of his charm."

IN the train, which, with each jolt and jog, made of Cambridge a smaller patch on the map, I could hear the wits of Cambridge heckling Butterfield: "How can you judge Namier by the Namierites? Shouldn't you judge a school of thought by its

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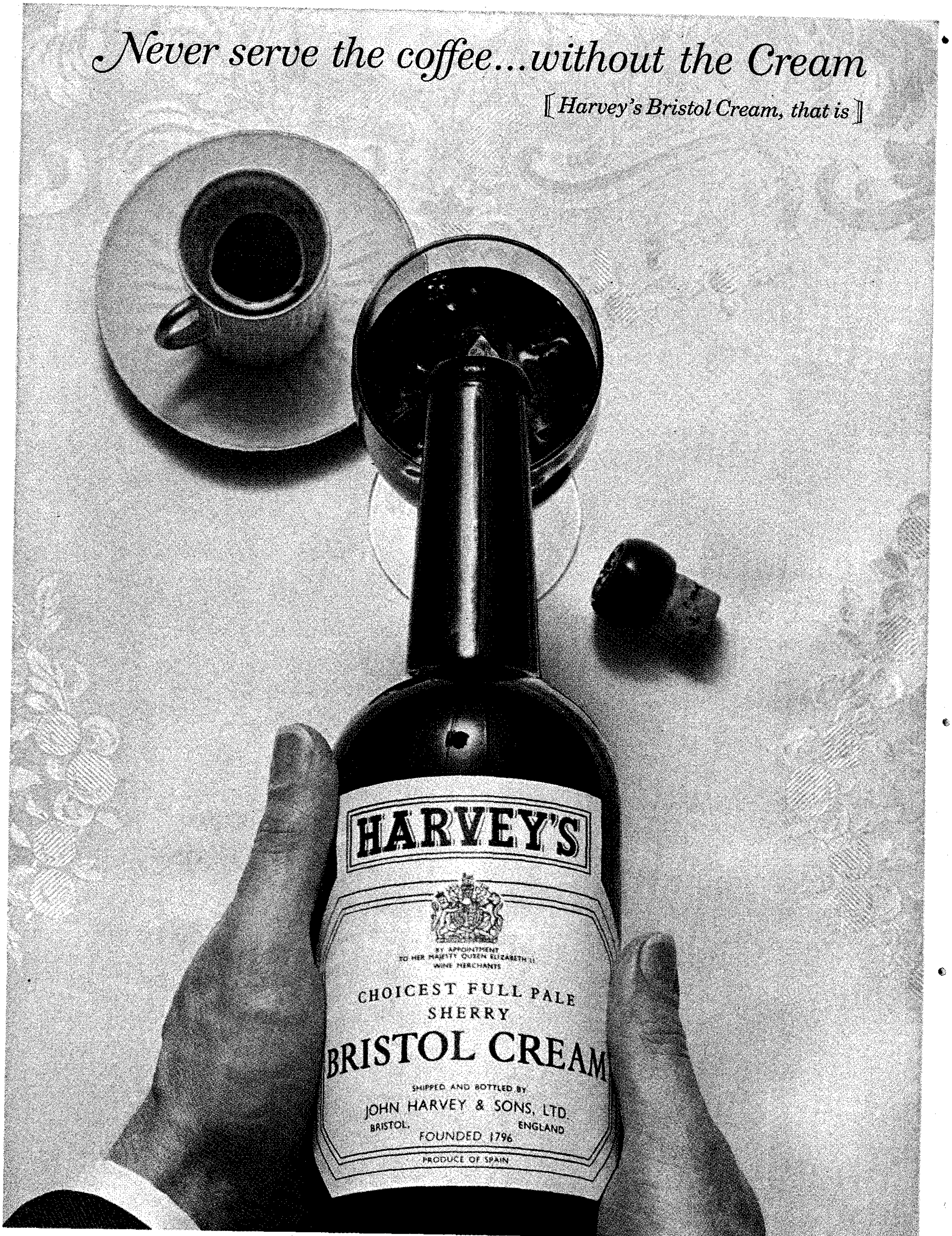
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best representative, Namier, rather than by its worst representatives, moles 'burrowing themselves into smaller and smaller holes'?" And "Isn't the point of education to make us skeptics—skeptics about ourselves and skeptics about others—rather than to beat us into receptacles for remote imaginary ideals and policies?" And "How can you in this day and age believe in the City of God? If God's history shouldn't exist, aren't you and Namier really saying the same thing—that human history in the last analysis is unknowable?" And, and, and . . .

If there were a rock of philosophy still standing, a Butterfield could hide behind it and avoid the tomatoes and onions of controversy. As someone has said, with a sleepy nod to his Greek predecessor, "I have read somewhere—in Dionysius of Halicarnassus, I think—that History is Philosophy teaching by examples." Even if the reverse should be the case—if philosophy should turn out to be incidental to history—still, without philosophy there could be no one acceptable history, no one way of doing it. But today, it seemed, there was no agreement, even on how to crack one of the oldest chestnuts in the philosophical fire, determinism. Were all thieves kleptomaniacs? Were the Genghis Khans and Adolf Hitlers helpless victims of circumstance? Should we therefore substitute the psychiatrist's couch for the hangman's noose?

Unless a philosopher finds for us an acceptable faith or synthesis—as Plato and Aristotle did together for their age, and St. Augustine, Thomas Aquinas, and Immanuel Kant for theirs—we remain becalmed on a painted ocean of controversy, and for better or worse, insofar as the past is a compass to the future, there will never be anyone to whistle thrice for us and say, once and for all, "The game is done! I've won! I've won!" —Ved Mehta

(This is the second part of a two-part article.)

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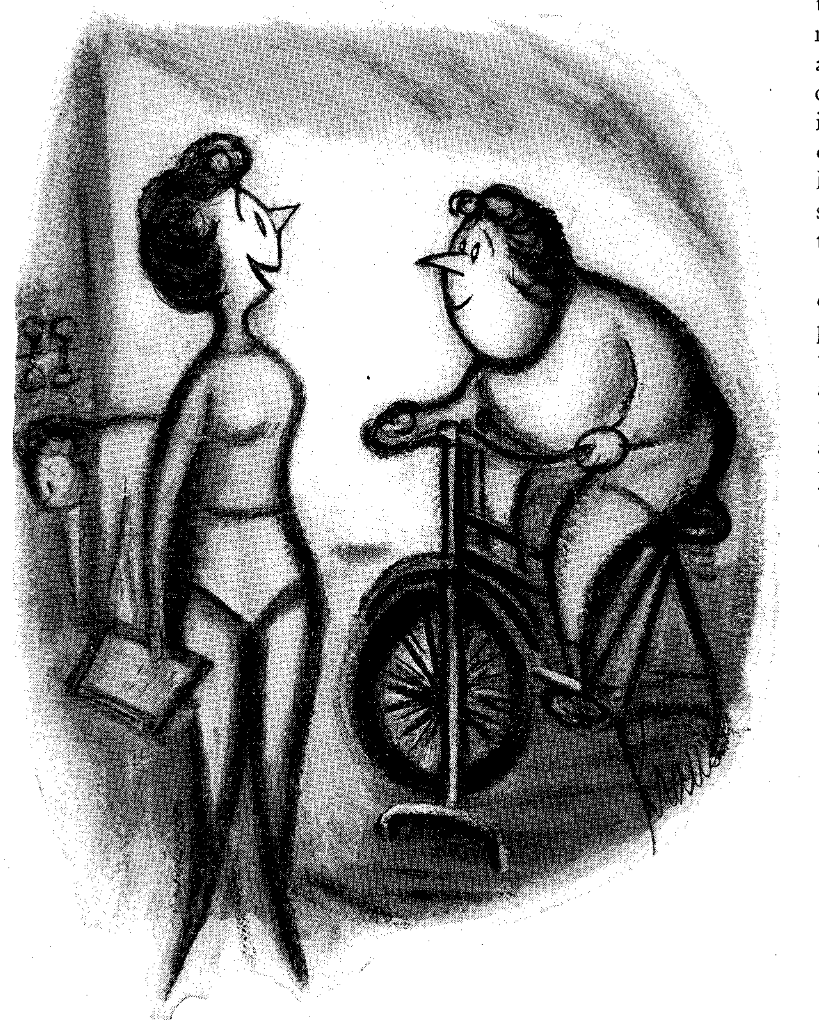
JOHN BROWN, the abolitionist, lies a-moldering in his grave, but every so often one of our playwrights succumbs to the notion that he can be resurrected and put to good dramatic use. The most recent attempt to get a buskin on the old boy was made by Seyril Schochen in "The Moon Besieged," which last week vacated the Lyceum after one performance. Miss Schochen's Brown was, as usual, a great one for shouting about his close connections with the Lord, but instead of developing into the customary prophetic type, he established himself in the course of the evening as a bloodthirsty, double-dealing fanatic, whom only fools and lunatics would conceivably follow. In playing this character, Charles Tyner lost a good deal of dialogue in the tangled wildwood of his crêpe whiskers, and when he knelt to pray, which he did frequently, he tended, as he pointed his face toward Heaven, to resemble a billy goat munching on the leaves of a low-hanging branch. The drama, which was directed by Lloyd Richards, took Brown and assorted other people from his farmhouse in North Elba, New York, to his hideout in Maryland, and thence to Harpers Ferry, where, as you know, he came a cropper. It was part of the plot to have one of Brown's sons take a Quaker as his wife and adopt her peaceful view of things. The son, portrayed by Ted van Griethuysen, and the bride, portrayed by Kathryn Hays, seemed a nice enough team, but the other Browns didn't ingratiate themselves with me.

"The Moon Besieged" included folk singing and dancing, and quite a bit of wrestling, the Brown males being inclined to toss each other around during family arguments. But all the bucolic effects struck me as rather forced, and so did the dialogue, particularly during Mr. Tyner's windier flights. —JOHN MCCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

Next Stop, New Hampshire

"PULLMAN CAR HIAWATHA," a thirty-one-year-old one-act play by Thornton Wilder that is almost a blueprint for "Our Town," is running at the Circle in the Square as a curtain-raiser for a revival of Dylan Thomas's "Under Milk Wood." "Hiawatha" is so full of reminders of "Our Town" that it is nearly impossible to consider it without hindsight. An actor playing the part of the Stage Manager comes out and sets the scene on the empty stage by chalking in squares for the berths and compartments of the sleeping car on its way from New York to Chicago; during the action he orders the players around, bringing them on, shooing them off, and stopping conversations ("That'll be enough of that"); and he fills some of the minor roles himself. A young wife dies aboard the train, and before she is led off by a pair of angels, she stops to say goodbye to the people and things she has loved on earth; the train goes through Grover's Corners (Ohio, this time); and actors come out to give us information about geography and the weather. I've read the play a few times, and have always liked it. Sketchy and awkward it may be, but not wispy, and I'm afraid that José Quintero's production, on his large, unwieldy arena stage, does it a disservice. At least, the production seemed to me diffuse and whimsical and, in one instance, downright careless (the passengers aboard the moving train jiggle in different rhythms), and its tone is alien to Wilder's brisk clarity. The young wife, in her farewell speech, describes herself as homely (American sense), and the play establishes her as homely (British sense) in her choice of objects and people to say goodbye to. Yet Susan Kohner, a pretty girl (and, for all I know, a competent actress), gives the young wife what has become a standard ingénue performance—lyric as hell, with open vowels, and with her straight hair down her back. The passengers are not allotted much in the way of lines—just a few speeches to identify them—and I got little sense of character from most of them. However, Estelle Omens is touching and credible as an insane woman aboard, and Patricia Hamilton is frighteningly credible in the small part of the insane woman's nurse. And Lou Frizzell does catch



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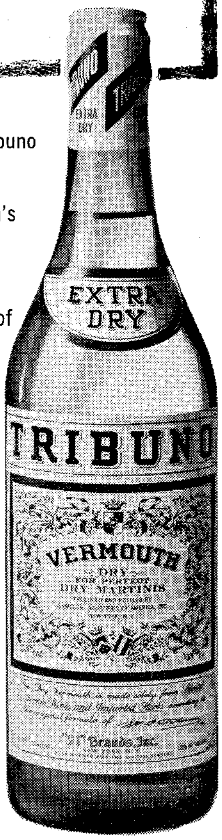

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The Circle's production of "Under Milk Wood," which originally opened in March, 1961, has returned for a limited stay, after a successful tour. I had forgotten how funny it is, and how many witty bull's-eyes Dylan Thomas scored in the midst of all that lush and ribald imagery. There are, you may remember, ten players in the company. Two of them are narrators, and the eight others split up among them the roles of the Welsh townsfolk whose dreams and nightmares, day thoughts and night thoughts, and spicy, poetic, malicious, indigenous conversation are the substance of this restless play. Except for the narrators, who wear black, the men and women of the company are dressed in gray pants or skirts and gray jerseys or sweaters, so that they look like gymnasts, and their movements certainly are calisthenic. Although there is some annoying chanting, the reading, on the whole, is quite good, particularly by Michael Prince, as one of the narrators, and by Joyce Ebert, William Young, Jack Dodson, and Ken Ruta, as God knows how many characters. "Under Milk Wood" was meant to be a radio script. I don't think that much is to be gained by seeing it, but I think that something is.

IF, as has always been rumored, it is the ambition of every actress to play a prostitute, there must have been several delighted girls in "The Night Is Black Bottles," a play about lowlife, which appeared briefly at the Cricket. Lydia Bruce, Ann Whiteside, Kathryn Loder, and Ann Rollins played prostitutes with Southern accents. Charlotte Jones played a madam with a Southern accent and unhealthy tendencies. Among the other characters were a bartender, a politician, a pimp, a singer who accompanied his blues on the drums, and an assortment of customers. The play was a mess structurally, but it was not dull and it didn't seem phony (I am perhaps not a reliable judge of authenticity here), and the performance, under Mark Justin's direction, snapped right along. The setting was New Orleans. I don't want to read or hear one more word about New Orleans.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

TEXAS CITY, TEX. (AP)—Some Texas fleet tanker operators now cut their shoes in half—right across the middle—in a radical new plan they call "jumboizing."—*Jacksonville (Fla.) Florida Times-Union.*

They were always a hot-tempered bunch.

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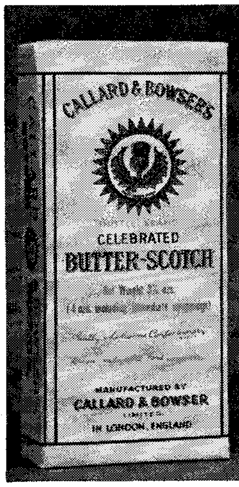

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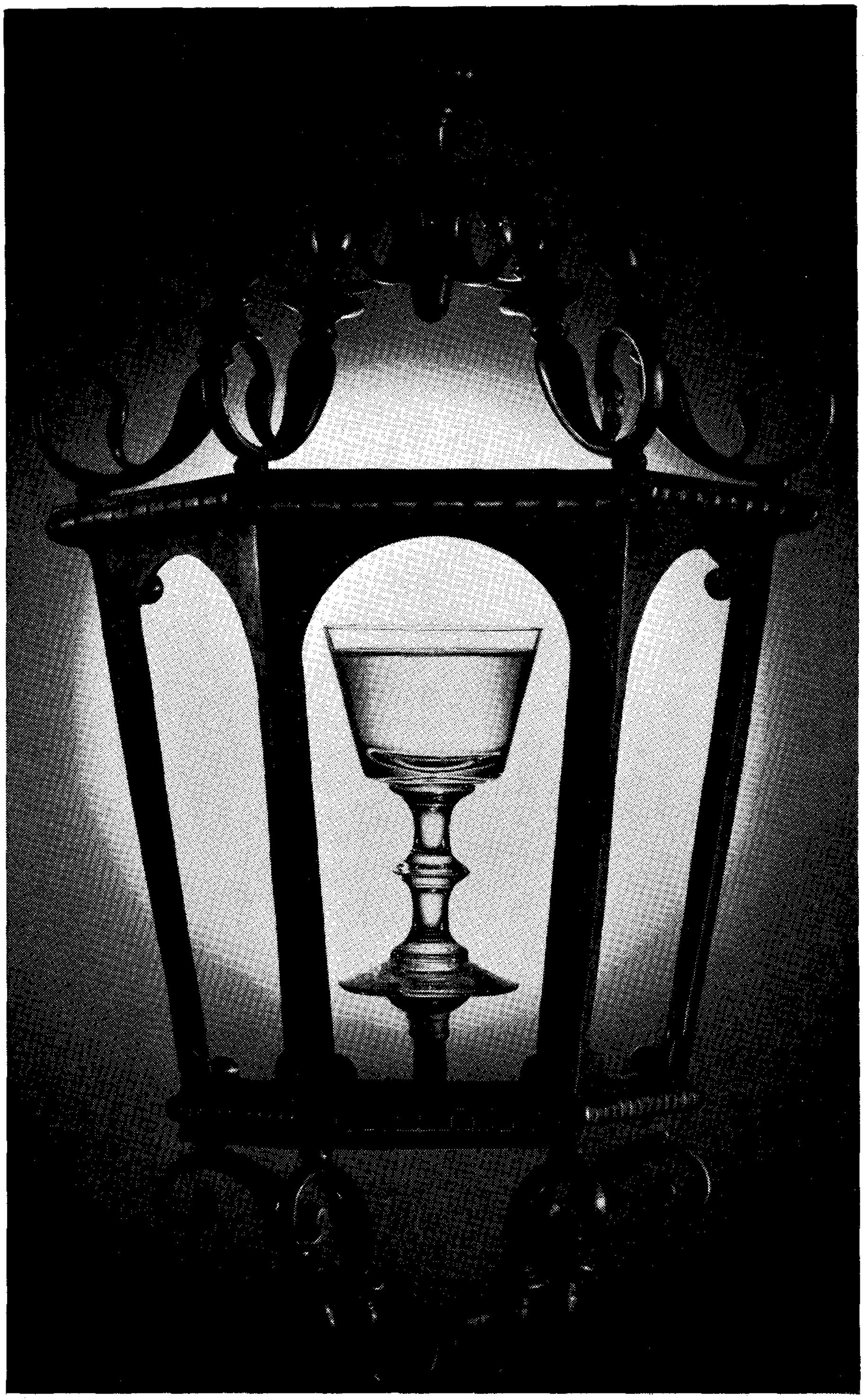
MUSICAL EVENTS

Mahler, Anyone?

AT first glance, the combined names of Gustav Mahler and Sir John Barbirolli on the Philharmonic program at Philharmonic Hall last Thursday night struck me as slightly incongruous. The impression arose from one of those generalizations about national stereotypes that often come to mind and are equally often shown to be silly. Sir John is an Englishman who has inherited an Italian name, and at the back of my mind somewhere was the idea that the pervasive brooding, introspective terror and occasional lump-in-the-throat gaiety of Mahler's music were utterly foreign to both the English and the Italian temperaments—which, if one believes in generalizations of this sort, they are. But when it came to Sir John's reading of Mahler's Ninth Symphony, I could not have been more mistaken. If there was anything especially English or Italian about it, it was its exemplary clarity and its evidence of admirable control of form and detail. The Ninth is one of the less frequently performed of Mahler's symphonies, one of the longest (an hour and twenty minutes), and, I think, one of the greatest. It was the last symphony he completed; he died two years after writing it, and it is often said to contain premonitions of his death. Be that as it may (there is scarcely a work of Mahler's that does not have death waiting around the corner in it somewhere), it is perhaps the most difficult to realize in performance; its first movement, in particular, has a way of seeming discursive and disorganized unless a conductor starts out with an understanding of all the complex tensions that hold it together and then manages to convey to his audience a coherent idea of their relationship. This, Sir John did magnificently. Again the Philharmonic played with the suavity and the studious dedication beyond the call of duty that Sir John seems able to draw from it. (Quite evidently, this tough, sometimes rambunctious, and not always happy orchestra likes him.) The total result was one of the notable events of the current musical season.

Not everybody waited to hear the total result, however. A very few members of the audience straggled out before the beginning of the last movement—a



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MINDING OUR OWN BUSINESS

BACKSTAGE AT BUSINESS WEEK

Big Change

If a company aims to outlive the market on which it is founded, it may have to make some changes. At least, that's the view of J. B. McKitterick, Manager of G. E.'s Market Research Service. In an article in Advertising Age, he said: "The real challenge to marketing people is to firmly get hold of the idea that changing a business—finding it new roles, new customers, new markets—is even more important than operating it efficiently."

Far be it for BUSINESS WEEK to knock efficiency, but we do think the gentleman makes an important point. And at BUSINESS WEEK, we're constantly helping management meet the challenge of change—the challenge of tomorrow's business. Decision-makers throughout business look to BUSINESS WEEK for information they can *use* in their search for greener business pastures. How do we give it to them? First, with comprehensive coverage of news, views and viewpoints from *many* facets of the business world. Second, with "pertinent, practical, problem-solving" advertisements directed exclusively to a management audience. And readers respond—by reading BUSINESS WEEK more *purposefully* than other magazines. We thrive on it. So do our advertisers.

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great adagio, which is the serene culmination of the work and brings a wonderful catharsis of the agitation and agony that have led up to it—and they earned from the Maestro a splendid supercilious stare as they retreated toward the exits. They were, as he knew, missing the finest part of the evening. I do not wish to defend what might be called their cowardice. Still, the fact remains that Mahler's longer symphonies, like those of Bruckner, present a difficult problem in programming. The old days of "Exit in case of Mahler" are certainly over; Mahler has become almost a popular composer. But the complexity of musical thought involved in these longer symphonies does fatigue all but the most indomitable listeners, particularly when the performance has been preceded, as this one was, by a composition that is itself fairly absorbing. The problem, I know, is almost insoluble. It is virtually impossible to place a Mahler or a Bruckner symphony first on the program (when the audience's receptive faculties are at their freshest), because in either case the work is so monumental that anything following it—even a classical masterpiece—becomes an anticlimax. If you place a classical masterpiece first, the audience is worn out by the middle of the Mahler or Bruckner work. The only other alternative is to present an all-Mahler or all-Bruckner concert. Until recently, there was some reason to suppose that in such an event the audience wouldn't show up at all. But I don't believe that this holds true today—at least in New York. Mahler is now rather fashionable, and I suspect that very soon Bruckner will be, too.

As for the work that preceded the Mahler on this occasion, it was Haydn's Second Cello Concerto, the solo part of which was played by Aldo Parisot. Mr. Parisot is not a powerful cellist where tone is concerned, or an overwhelmingly eloquent one in matters of style, accent, and phrasing, but he is a very elegant one, with a remarkably fluent technique, which includes extraordinary precision of intonation in what cellists refer to as "thumb positions," especially in the upper reaches of his instrument's compass. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

It tore through and outside the big powerful Green line, despite the might of McKinnon, for 213 yards on the ground. Cosmo Iacavazzi accounted for 46 in one swoop in bursting through and stampeding like a wild buffalo for a touchdown.

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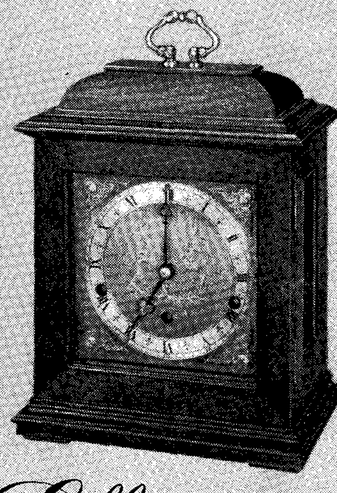

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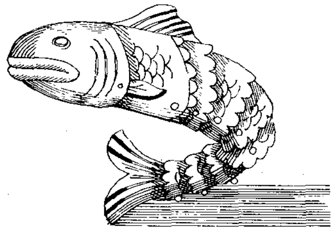

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Elephantiasis

ARTS
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SHOW
CHRISTMAS

IN the calm before the agreeable storm of pictures that will come pelting in upon us next week, I've only "Jumbo" to devote a few words to, most of them unfriendly. A wide-screen, jello-colored version of the extravaganza of circus life that Billy Rose put on at the Hippodrome a very long twenty-seven years ago, "Jumbo" is the Christmas offering at the Music Hall; it must have been given this golden nod not (as cynics would surmise) because Christmas has become so circuslike but because the picture is a doggedly jolly, relentlessly heartwarming treat "for the whole family"—a phrase that, whenever I encounter it, makes me imagine a solid phalanx of Kallikaks, four or five generations strong, crouched numbly enraptured in the dark before "Broken Blossoms" and laughing their silly heads off. "Jumbo" certainly contains goodies for all ages, provided none of the ages is very bright—sentimental glimpses of the never-never land of Willow Falls, Iowa, about 1910, for Grandma to identify with (though Grandma was born in Morristown in 1915), and shots of acrobatic derring-do high under the big top for ten-year-old Junior to emulate (though Junior has never seen a big top except in other movies, and is, in any event, afraid of heights). Sidney Sheldon has based his preposterous screenplay on the preposterous book of the original "Jumbo," written by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, but the author whose spirit hovers over every moment of the movie is James Whitcomb Riley. Even the Rodgers-and-Hart songs seem alarmingly dated, at least in respect to their lyrics—was 1935 *that* long ago?—and, to sharpen still further one's sense that something has gone wrong with the time machine, the young lovers, each presumably on the threshold of a first romance, are played by Doris Day and Stephen Boyd. Fortunately, the other two principals—Jimmy Durante and Martha Raye—share with the beast who gives his name to the picture an air of eerie, ageless indestructibility; they are lovers, too, but we aren't expected to pretend they are young lovers.

Nothing would please me more, in

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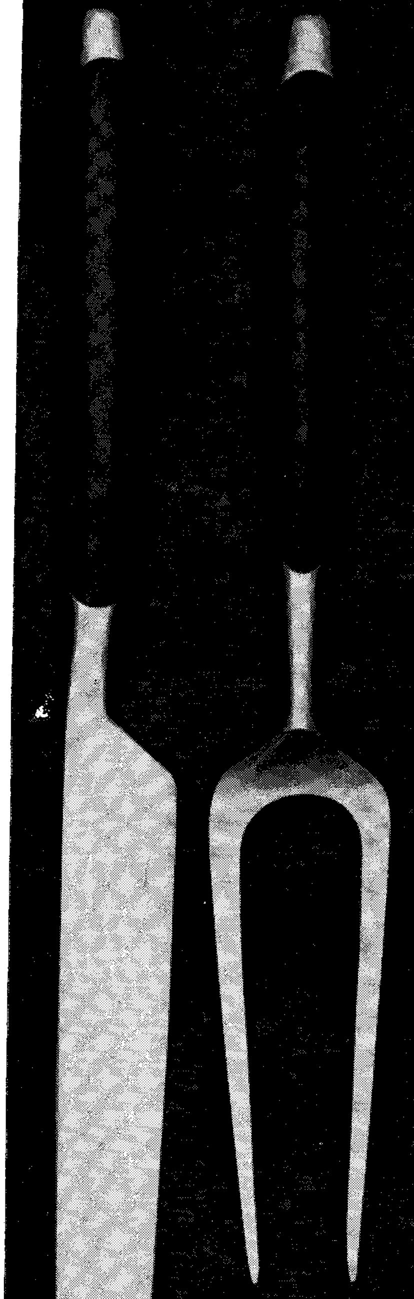

Designed by Don Wallance

this harsh report, than to be able to compliment Jumbo on his performance, but, alas, I must pick on him as well. For one thing, though nearly every other aspect of the picture is marked by elephantiasis, Jumbo himself is, for a Jumbo, downright dwarfish. Moreover, his voice, which he has been encouraged to display in several touching colloquies with Miss Day, strikes me as badly trained. Since doubles have been used in many of the scenes, and since much of the sound is dubbed, I wish a really first-rate elephant's voice had been hired to provide Jumbo with a lower, more dulcet squeak. In a big-budget picture like this, why try to save a few pennies on something as important as an elephant's elocution? —BRENDAN GILL

•

Section 5.21(b)(7) of the Distilled Spirits Labeling and Advertising Regulations under the Federal Alcohol Administration Act defines a product bearing the designation "blended whisky," or the alternative designation "whisky—a blend," as a mixture which contains at least 20 percent by volume of 100 degrees proof straight whisky and, separately or in combination, whisky or neutral spirits, if such mixture at the time of bottling is not less than 80 degrees proof. Heretofore, if all of the component whiskies in any such mixture were distilled in Kentucky, the name "Kentucky" could preface the designation "blended whisky" on the label only if the mixture were also blended in Kentucky. If the identical mixture were blended in another state and the bottler desired to preface the designation in that same manner, he had to employ, instead, the alternate designation "whisky—a blend" to avoid creating any misleading impression in the mind of the consumer that the act of blending occurred in Kentucky.

Since it is the whisky component, and not the location of blending, that contributes the flavor characteristics of the end product, the distinctions in labeling thus practiced have had little or no practical value to the consumer.—*Internal Revenue Bulletin.*

Neither has whiskey, when you come right down to it.

•

THE MYSTERIOUS EAST

[From a column called "What's Going On This Week," in the Japan Times]

NOVEMBER 23

Memorial service for Japanese brushes used for calligraphy will take place at Seikaku-an of Tofukuji Temple, Higashiyama-ku, Kyoto. At 10 a.m. 10 children in white costumes will gather at Okazaki zoo and pray for the dead rabbits and badgers whose hair is used to make "fude" (writing brush). At 1 p.m. there will be a parade of children in costumes through the garden which is full of maple trees. Then in the precincts a large fire will be started into which the worshipers will throw old brushes and pencils. Calligraphers, painters and writers will visit the temple praying for the success of their work.

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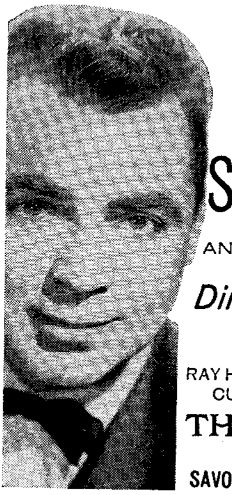

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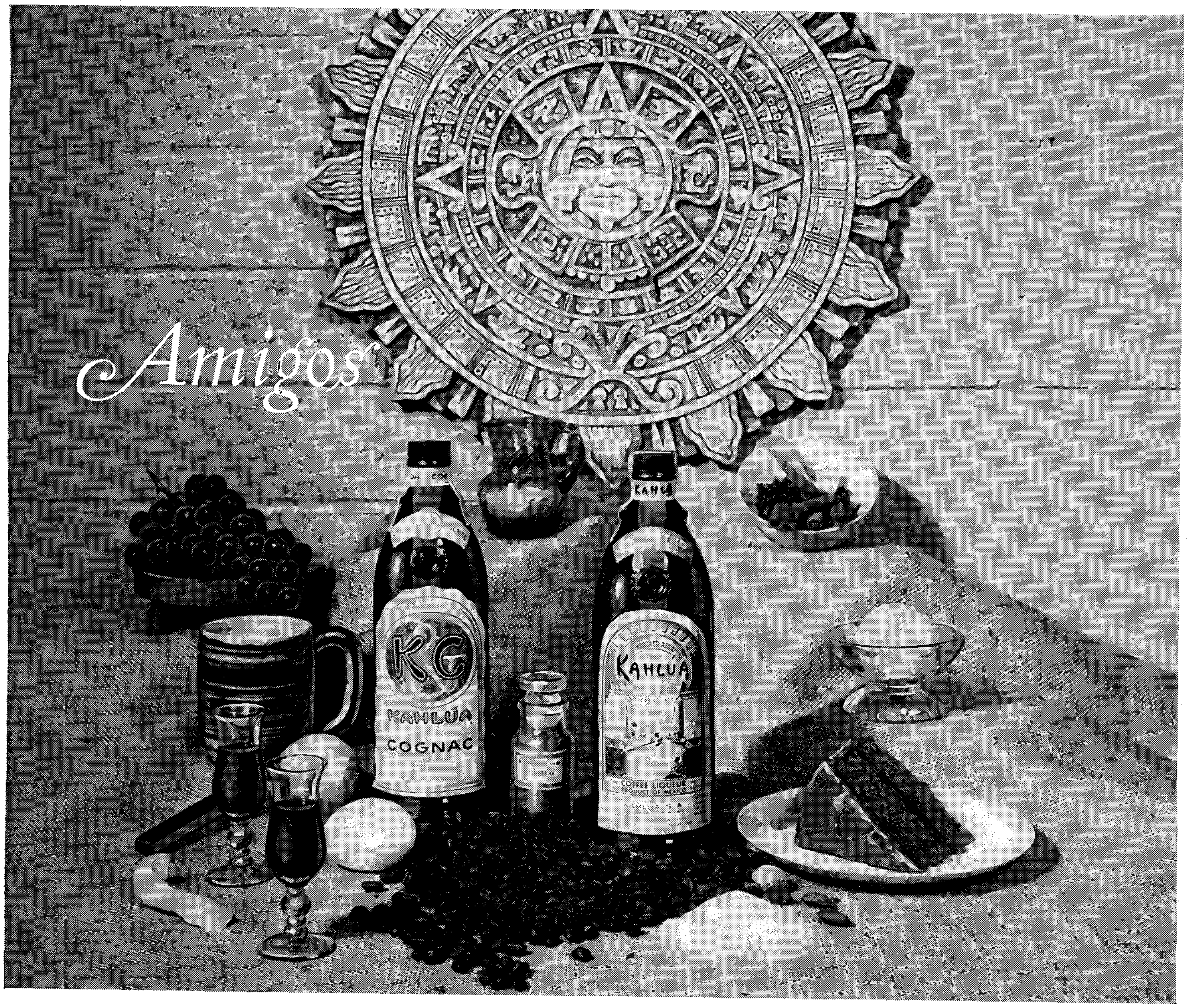

Kahlúa and friends. Kahlúa, the ingratiating coffee liqueur with a long tradition, tastes like rich hearty coffee – in fact, is coffee, made in Old Mexico from a secret recipe centuries old. Remarkably compatible, Kahlúa is esteemed throughout the world as an after-dinner liqueur, as a superb ingredient for mixed drinks and for making food more exciting. Kahlúa's new companion is K & C (Kahlúa, artfully combined in perfect blendship with the finest imported Cognac). And, like Kahlúa, K & C does coffee-flavored favors for drinks and desserts.

Kahlúa's new recipe book features recipes from famous restaurants; details the making of such dessert delights as Crepes Bresilienne, Coupe Kahlúa and Kahlúa Mousse; such cocktail sensations as the Black Russian, Kahlúa Sour and Mexican Grasshopper. And it's yours, as it should be with friends, for the asking.

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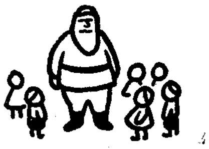
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

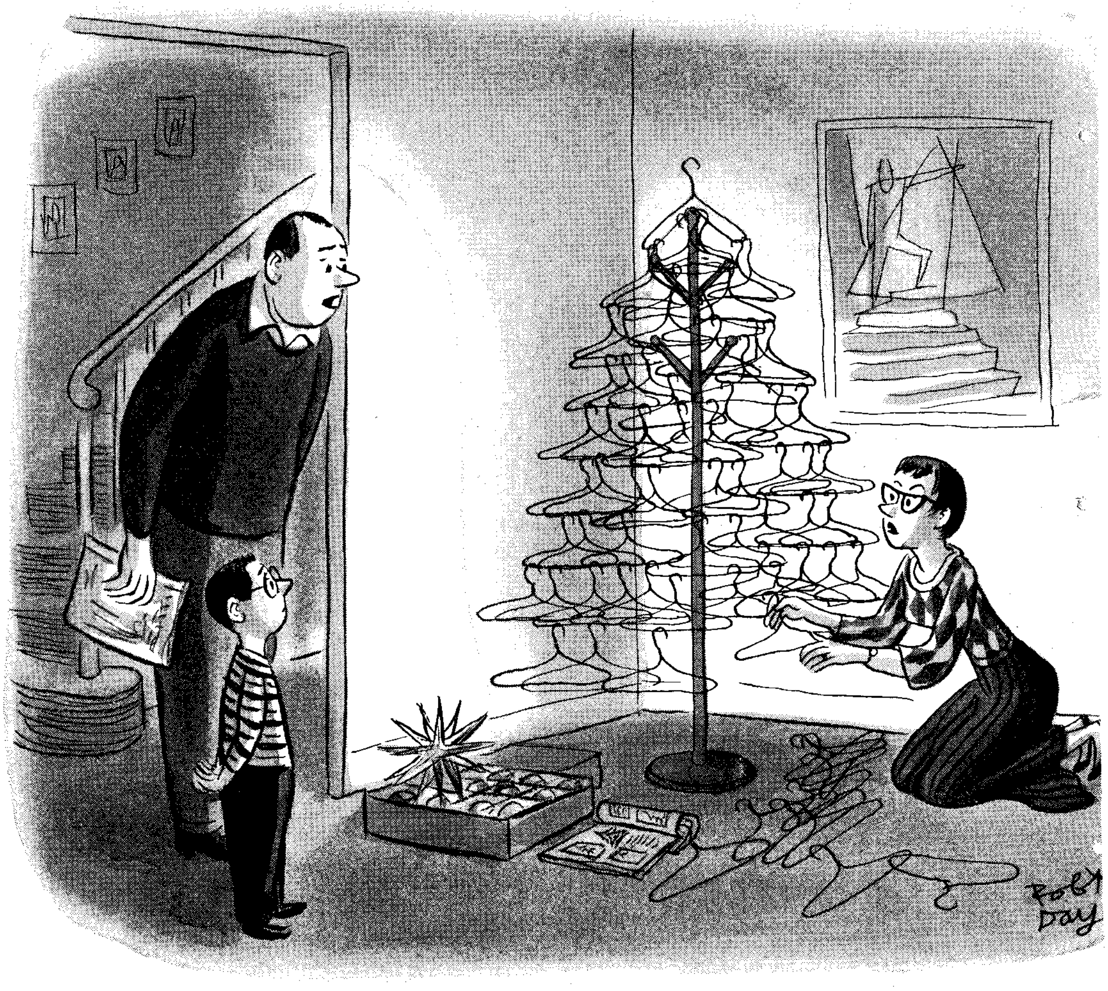
CHRISTMAS! CHRISTMAS! CHRISTMAS!



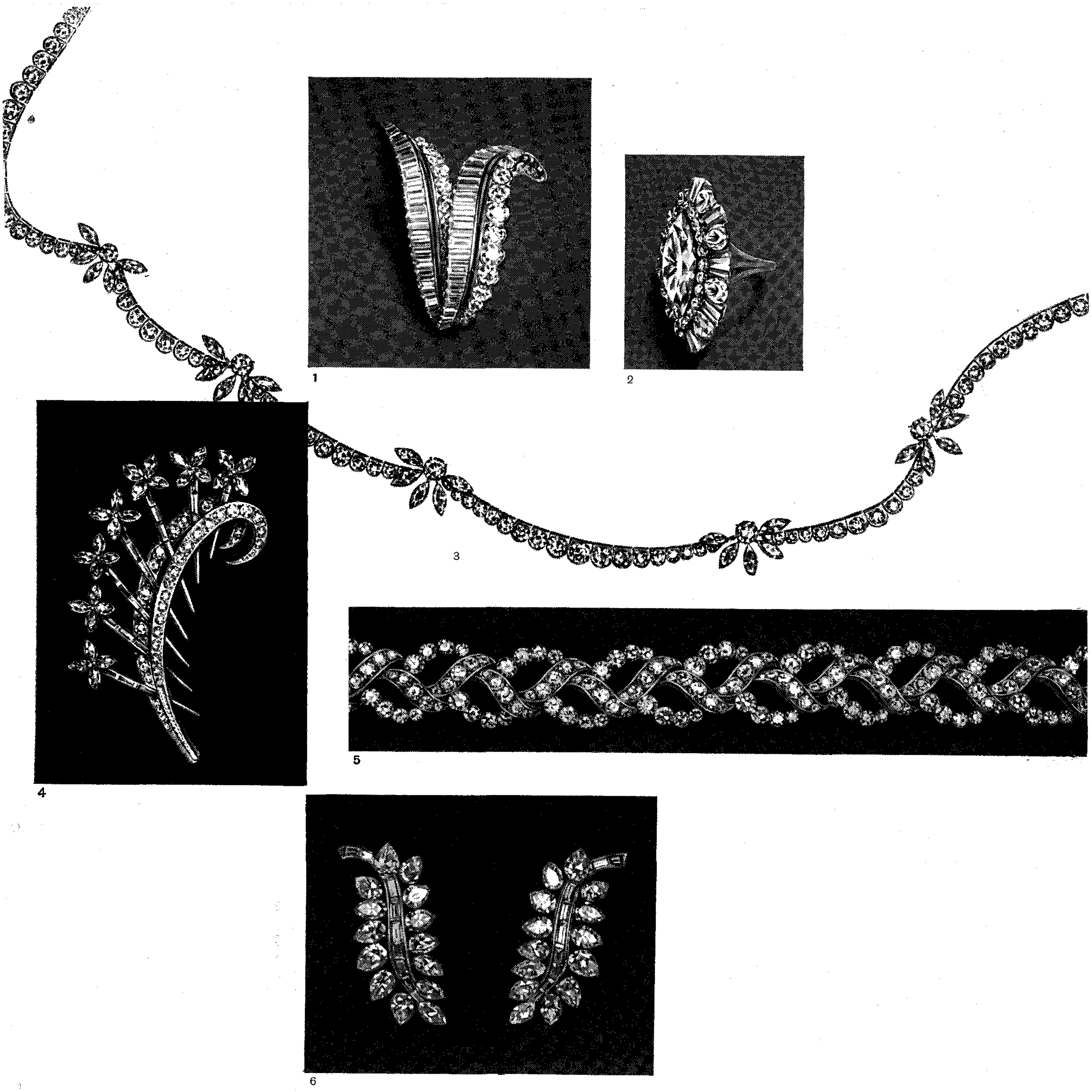
THERE is no doubt about it, one doesn't get the full, heady flavor of Christmas until a festive confusion takes over in the kitchen, but there is also no doubt that enough festive confusion in that department is enough, so, even at the risk of diminishing the heady flavor of Christmas by some infinitesimal degree, we herewith offer assistance to those ladies who, heroically braced though they are, year after year, to get us through the culinary commotion, must surely welcome some assistance in that direction. (Actually, "assistance" is just our modest way of describing what we like to think of as little less than salvation for cooks, hosts, guests, and everybody else concerned with tracking down viands suitable for holiday tables.)

It has always seemed to us unfortunate that roast goose, which, thanks to old English novels, lurks in the back of just about everybody's mind as the ultimate in Christmas cheer, should be such a tarnation nuisance to cook. If you have ever tried roasting a goose, you will know what we mean, what with all that fat that is supposed to be so valuable bubbling all over the place, and nobody being quite sure about cooking time, and the cook, if there is one, not being given to English novel-reading and thus proving unsympathetic to this flight of fancy away from dependable old turkey. Well, difficulties like these are cleared up for you by the "21" Club, 21 West 52nd Street, where you can order, for $20, a perfectly magnificent roast goose, stuffed with a special "21" dressing and glazed (we almost said enamelled) to a deep, rich brown. This lovely bird arrives complete with gravy, and ready, after a short warming-up interlude in your own oven, to be borne triumphantly to the table. Or "21" will provide a baby pheasant in a sauce of sour cream and raisins, or a lobster Newburg, and while neither of these dishes is quite so spectacularly Yuletidish, we are in a position to declare both of them delicious. Nobody but "21," we venture to say, has even *thought* of lobster Newburg since the thirties, so when it appears, in all its dated glory, with large pieces of Maine lobster in their lovely pinkish sauce, it may bring a tear—or half a tear—to the eye of any guest who remembers the bad old days when everybody had such a good time. We hope it may even get served in a dusted-off chafing dish. The chef at "21" warns that, for fear the Newburg sauce might curdle en route, a minimum of sherry has been used, and suggests that this be supplemented in the home. The price of the lobster is $5.50 for a very generous single portion (a container of saffron rice goes along with it), and the delicate little pheasant, served whole in its *Smitaine* sauce, costs $7.50. All dishes must be ordered at least twenty-four hours in advance and should be picked up at the steward's entrance, just east of the main doorway. And right here we should report on a service that ought to make life a lot easier for people with well-meaning friends who like to bestow on them those unmanageable gifts of game—a wild turkey, a brace of wild duck, a couple of pheasants, all in full feather. "21" will undertake to cope with all such mixed blessings—dressing them, and cooking them, and passing them out at the steward's entrance, and thus making it possible for the recipient to look the donor in the face with something like the gratitude that is expected. The charge for this service is from $5 to $7, depending upon the size of the bird.

EVERYBODY in the Deep South knows, of course, that if you don't have Hopping John for New Year's lunch your luck will be simply terrible. The dish has many manifestations, varying with state lines, and sometimes even from county to county, but nobody, unless he is mad enough to risk running



"Dear, Johnny and I have a request we'd like to make of you this year."



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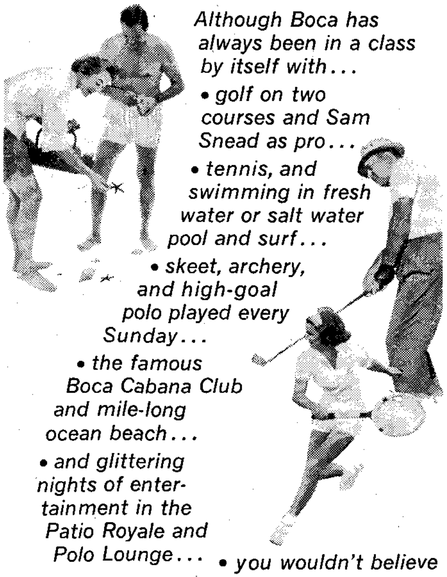

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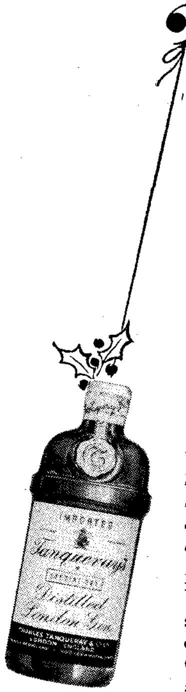
smack in the face of Providence, would dare let New Year's Day pass without some form of this delightful combination (at least to most Southern palates) of black-eyed peas, rice, and tomato salad. (Years ago, though, we did know a very old lady who consistently declined it, on the ground that she had had enough Hopping John during the war—meaning, of course, the Civil War—which will give you an idea of how far removed it is in elegance from "21's" grand Newburg.) However many different ways different localities may combine the dish, the basic ingredients remain the same—black-eyed peas boiled with bacon, a helping of rice, and tomatoes, green peppers, and scallions in a vinaigrette sauce. And wherever it is served, as far as we know, the children of the house are allowed to hop on one foot around the table as the dish is brought in. Sentiment and tradition aside, there is something wonderfully satisfying about the homely dish, coming after all the extravagant eating and drinking of New Year's Eve. Figuring, reasonably enough, that all of us will need every bit of luck we can get to see us through the scary year ahead, Soupçon, 147 East 70th Street, will furnish enough completely authentic Hopping John for four servings (a quart of peas with bacon, a quart of rice, and a pint of tomato salad) for $8.50.

Much more in character with its handsome surroundings, Soupçon also takes orders for a perfectly splendid fruitcake. Over the years, we have strictly avoided any discussion of this—to our notion—greatly overdone confection, feeling that there are a lot too many fruitcakes around at this season and that the ladies (or is it the factories?) turning them out at such a clip could be much better employed. Our bringing up the subject now does not, we hasten to say, mean that we have weakened in our courageous stand against fruitcakes but simply that Soupçon has got hold of a fruitcake worth talking about. It is rich with fruit and nuts held together by the barest minimum of batter and delicately flavored with good French brandy. A loaf weighing around two pounds and packed in a pretty gold box costs $12.50, or, gift-wrapped within an inch of its life, $14.50.

We don't know why we had never until recently investigated the possibility of serving the Golden Horn Restaurant's superb *shish kebab* in the home. But now, having been inspired to do so, we can report from first-hand knowledge that this fine Armenian specialty (it's Russian only when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it's called *shashlik*) lends itself perfectly to transportation from the restaurant's kitchen, at 122 West 49th Street, to anywhere in Manhattan and provides not only an excellent entrée but a very impressive one. It's not that a *shish kebab*, of sorts, is beyond the powers of the home cook but that a really authentic production, involving a lengthy and elaborate marinade, the unhandy manipulation of the long skewers, and all that, is not easy in the home—unless, of course, it happens to be an Armenian home. The formidable eighteen-inch steel spears on which the Golden Horn sends out its specialty hold five large pieces of tender lamb—long marinated in a subtle, herb-flavored sauce—alternating with halved tomatoes and slices of onion and green pepper, and there is also an occasional mushroom cap. The chunks of lamb being of such a generous size, a green salad, we should think, is all that could possibly be needed to make this a robust main course for the heartiest appetite. And if you are bent on serving an authentic Armenian meal, you might pick up one of those uncompromisingly sweet pastries that the Near East sets such store by and that the restaurant specializes in. The *shish kebab* costs $2.75 a portion, plus a dollar deposit on the skewers, and it must be ordered an hour before being called for.

IF one can judge by the showcases of the town's high-class markets, our well-heeled eaters are ready this Christmas to forswear the roasts that have traditionally graced Anglo-Saxon holiday tables, in favor of far more exotic flesh and fowl. Just about all the markets, even those with the slenderest pretensions to elegance, offer, along with their usual display of turkeys and capons, every conceivable cut of venison and almost every conceivable breed of pheasant—some of the latter fresh-killed in feather, others frozen. In addition, excellent little fresh-killed quail can be obtained, for from $3 to $3.50 each, at A. Tingaud & Sons, 1070 Second Avenue (56th); George H. Shaffer, 1097 Madison Avenue (83rd); and the Maryland Market, 412 Amsterdam Avenue (79th). It has remained, though, for the Maryland Market to assemble a really sizable assortment of strange beasts, every one of which, now that we come to think of it, is probably somebody's piously cherished idea of traditional Christmas fare. Among the zoological treats are wild boar, native bear, buffalo, elk, and Norwegian reindeer, and—without trying any of them, we hasten to say—we would gladly swap the works for one of

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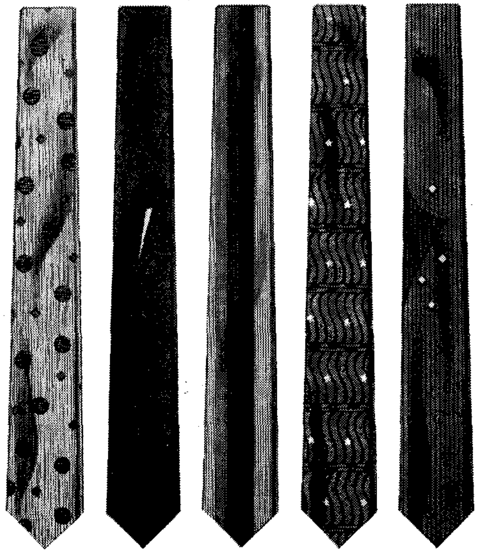
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the Maryland Market's standing rib roasts of beef. Whatever we may think of the epicurean delights of such a collection, the market's list of game birds is something else again, and, having done some judicious sampling among them, we can testify that the ones we have tasted have been most wonderfully good; wild boar and the likes of that may enliven conversation, but for pure enjoyment give us a tender, flavorful little quail to get our teeth into! Among the classic game birds the market offers are such delicacies as baby pheasant, wild turkey, chukar partridge, and grouse. Since we have frequently admitted in the past to black prejudice concerning frozen fowl, we should here confess that the chukar partridge we tried was bought frozen and that, served in a tarragon sauce of cream made rosy with paprika, it was as flavorful and succulent a morsel as we could have wished. A pair of these delicious birds, weighing around a pound each, costs $6.75; the baby pheasant, which also weigh a pound, are $2.75 each; and a wild turkey, weighing from eight to fourteen pounds, is $1.89 a pound.

ASSUMING—recklessly, perhaps—that your fondness for homemade Italian *pasta* is strong enough to take you deep into the Village to 34 Carmine Street (it's just west of where Bleecker Street crosses Sixth Avenue), we can heartily recommend the noodles made there, fresh daily, by Louis De Vincenzi. They are cut to order in three sizes—broad, medium, and fine—and in the hands of anybody with the slightest talent in that direction they can make some very fine dishes. We complacently like to think that we have contrived an improvement on the great Alfredo's much publicized *paste*—Mr. De Vincenzi's medium-cut noodles finished off in a very strong broth that is allowed to reduce before the noodles are tossed through the butter and Parmesan. The De Vincenzi shop also turns out homemade ravioli with a beef-and-spinach filling (we found less spinach than we would have liked in ours), which, though they won't come up to some you ate in Rome, make a mighty nice luncheon dish when they're covered with a rich cream sauce and gratiné with a heavy sprinkling of Parmesan. The noodles cost thirty-five cents a pound and the ravioli eighteen cents a dozen.

THERE having been a serious drought in Europe this past summer, few new cheeses of any distinction have arrived on our shores (for that matter, there have been barely enough of the old-timers to go round), so this

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seems a good occasion—once we have paid our profound respects to a wonderfully good soft cheese called Explorateur (it's something like a greatly enriched Camembert), now being imported, from the Ile-de-France, for the first time by Phil Alpert's Cheese of All Nations, 235 Fulton Street (near Washington Street)—to take stock of the products that have been with us for a while. Since it is unsafe to assume that cheeses don't have their ups and downs, like any other commodity, we have lately engaged in a review tasting of products that we have warmly welcomed to our tables in years past, and we are glad to report that, with a few exceptions, they have stood up admirably. To start with a cheese that has remained every bit as fine as it was when we first lost our head over it, there is the Danish product that was originally imported exclusively by Old Denmark, 135 East 57th Street, and is still sold there, under the label of Castello, by which name it is known and revered in its native land. What seems to us exactly the same cheese, called Crèma Danica, is now available in numerous shops—among them Ellen Grey, 712 Madison Avenue (63rd); the Maryland Gourmet Mart, 414 Amsterdam Avenue (79th); Bloomingdale; Fraser Morris, 872 Madison Avenue (71st); Maison Glass, 52 East 58th Street; and Macy—at ninety-nine cents a six-ounce roll. Under either name, the cheese is deliciously creamy and has a subtly nutty flavor that is irresistible. Quatre Saisons is another distinguished soft cheese that has kept to its high standard right along. Its melting-in-the-mouth interior is a rich cream color, its consistency is like that of well-ripened Brie, and its flavor is deliciously its own; it is sold at the six shops mentioned above for around $1.20 the eight-ounce box. One more soft cheese is the Parfait Triple Crème, and this, perhaps, is the most richly creamy of the lot, since extra cream has been added to the milk from which it is made, bringing the butterfat content up to seventy-five per cent. Its extreme fragility demands the most careful handling, but the cheese consistently arrives in this country in fine shape, and if it has been coarsened in your retailer's case, then you had better change your retailer, not your cheese. It is to be had at Ellen Grey, Fraser Morris, Bloomingdale, the Maryland Gourmet Mart, and Maison Glass, among other dependable shops, for $1.89 an eight-and-a-half-ounce box. Some months ago, we hailed a new Danish cheese, imported by Old Denmark under the name of Hillerød ($1.85 a pound), as the best hard cheese

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we knew; nearly a year later, and with the consumption of a good many pounds of Hilleröd to our credit, we make exactly the same claim for it, although it has a close runner-up in the Farmers' Gouda (a handmade Dutch cheese, not to be confused with the factory-made Gouda widely distributed in this country), which is carried by Bloomingdale, at $1.50 a pound. As of this moment, the delectable semi-soft Kernhem ($1.69 a pound), which delighted connoisseurs when it first arrived from Holland some months ago, is being shipped to Bloomingdale and to Macy with sad irregularity; it is so wonderfully good, though, that discerning cheese lovers would do well to keep a sharp lookout for its unpredictable appearance.

AND right along with these fine cheeses is surely the place to speak of Ringnes beer, which is newly arrived from Norway, and for which we predict quite a future. If a heavy, dark brew is your drink, the Ringnes is not for you, but to anyone whose preference is for a light, Pilsener-type beer, this Norwegian import, with its firm and plentiful froth and its fresh flavor, will afford the keenest sort of enjoyment. Or, anyway, that's what it affords us. It is sold at most of the Gristede and First National stores and at Nicola's Food Market, 271 West 4th Street, for around the same price as most American beers.

THE appearance of a new star in the gastronomic firmament, which we were beginning to fear would be a bit overcast this season, is certainly very welcome Christmas news. Mrs. Juanita Vest, a lady from Saint Landry Parish, in Louisiana, who is a fine hand at pastrymaking and allied accomplishments, has installed herself here with her saucepans and her rolling pin and will take orders for some excellent Louisiana dishes. Since this is the kind of cheerful news that should be broadcast as soon as possible, we have had time to sample only two of the lady's specialties—a most delicious praline pie (beyond the confines of Saint Landry Parish this would be called pecan pie), and a dish euphuistically known as champagne shrimp, which is actually a subtly seasoned combination of shrimp, rich cream, white wine, and herbs. The price of a nine-inch praline pie is $3.50, and the shrimp dish is $7.50 a quart. Orders must be telephoned to Mrs. Vest twelve hours in advance (Templeton 2-7742), and they can be picked up at a nice little gift shop called Nancy's Fancy, at 1075 First Avenue (59th).

UNTIL quite recently, Americans have shown almost no interest in that strictly European specialty, almond paste, the reason, it's easy to guess, being the very poor quality of the confection as it is made in these parts. The almond paste produced in Central and North Europe, though, is a different matter, and in that region it is the bakers of Denmark whose name, like that of Abou ben Adhem in another connection, is generally conceded to lead all the rest. Maintaining their high standard, the Danish pastry cook at Old Denmark turns out various almond-paste specialties that could hardly be improved upon even in Copenhagen. The latest of the shop's successes along this line is a soft-centered little cake called *Kransekage*, which, if it doesn't actually head the procession of Christmas delights (as we are inclined to think it does), is certainly way up near the front. It looks like a small crescent roll that has been straightened out—if you get the idea—and consists entirely of a confection of almonds that have been ground right in the Old Denmark kitchen. Twelve of the *Kransekager*, boxed, sell for $2.95.

FOR the benefit of those few people who may not yet have become acquainted with what we (and, presumably, a good many other New Yorkers) have found to be an unusually fine ice cream, we risk being tagged with the Johnny-come-lately label in reporting on the Häagen-Dazs ices, which, it seems, have been around for nearly a year but which somehow escaped our attention until a couple of weeks ago. The loss is all ours. We have frequently lamented in these columns the lack of a really first-rate ice cream, and though the Häagen-Dazs product won't satisfy the school that nostalgically holds out for the all-cream dessert that, a long time ago, was frozen on every American back porch for Sunday dinner, it will most successfully fill the bill for those who appreciate a more subtly sophisticated confection made with an egg base. The Häagen-Dazs derives from an ancient Danish family recipe and comes in only four flavors—vanilla, coffee, chocolate, and boysenberry (the last is a sherbet)—a fact that in itself offers a certain assurance that the manufacturer's emphasis is on quality, rather than on producing a long list of fancy names. The Häagen-Dazs ices are to be had at, among other places, Fraser Morris; the Maryland Gourmet Mart; Charles & Co., 683 Madison Avenue (62nd); and Nicola's Food Market, at seventy-nine cents a sixteen-ounce carton. And we urge you to do as the directions say, and allow the ice cream to stand at room temperature long enough before serving to give it a slightly soft consistency and so bring out the excellent flavor.

PITY our poor epicures who for the past two years have had to worry along without benefit of foie gras, just because our government suspected (probably with reason) that the geese of Strasbourg weren't taking enough baths! And now rejoice with those same epicures that the ban has been lifted and that the immortal pâté, made from the livers of presumably immaculate geese, will be on hand for Christmas! Ellen Grey is currently receiving weekly shipments flown over by Air France and arriving in splendid condition. The foie gras is sold by the slice (an ounce and a third) at the rate of $24 a pound, and its devotees will surely think it cheap at the price. So perishable is the stuff, however, that no out-of-town orders can be filled.

AFTER reporting on a commodity as high-toned as this, we wouldn't have the face to bring up a homely little item like Tidewater salt herring roe if this, too, had not recently reappeared after being off the market—the absence being due, in this case, to last year's poor catch. Its presence or absence is probably a matter of a good deal of indifference to most New Yorkers, but to those who cherish happy memories of Virginia breakfasts the news that the roe can now be ordered from the dependable old firm of R. L. Christian & Co., 929 West Grace Street, Richmond, will be comforting. The price of a case of twelve eight-ounce cans of the roe, to be beaten up with egg, fried in little brown cakes (so infinitely superior, by Southern standards, to cakes of codfish), and eaten with crisp bacon, is $3.95 a dozen plus shipping, which is ninety-seven cents to the New York area. The same store will also ship the whole salt herring, complete with roe, in tubs containing fifteen of the Tidewater fish, at $3.95 plus shipping ($1.09 to this area), and orders usually reach New York three days after they are received in Richmond.

IT always gives us a certain satisfaction to learn that a good regional product, on which we have once reported with considerable approval, has

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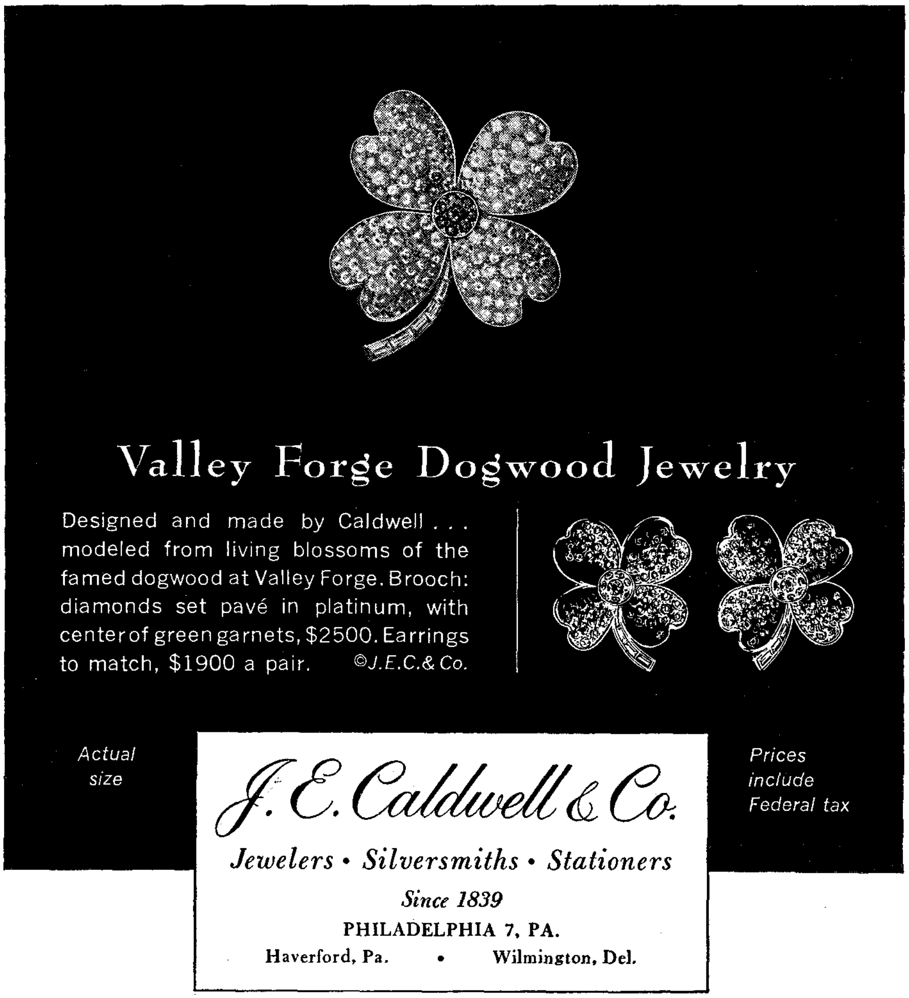

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remained a good regional product over the years, having survived on its own merits, without factory entanglement. We were therefore especially pleased when, on resampling the conserves, relishes, and such from the Arthur Bauer Plantation, at Walterboro, South Carolina, we found that these homely condiments had kept to their original high standard. Of the plantation's numerous assortment, we can particularly recommend a very fine sweet orange marmalade (fine, that is, for those who don't insist on the bitter kind), an artichoke relish, crisp watermelon-rind preserves, and an equally crisp, well-flavored sweet pickle of cucumber slices. The price of three jars of any of these (whether assorted or of one kind) is $2.55, and six jars are $4.85. In either case, the postage is prepaid.

Wrappings and Trimmings

IT'S impossible to grade the pleasures of Christmas, but surely one of the first—it ranks, perhaps, immediately after the delight of opening one's own presents—is that of being a host or hostess. To sit, Father at his place and Mother at hers, with the children ranged along the table's flanks, with other next, and not so next, of kin interspersed, and friends, of course; to anticipate delicious comestibles such as we have just explored; and to feast one's eyes meanwhile on a board decorated to a fare-thee-well—there's pleasure that *is* pleasure! Solid-gold plates and export porcelain will do for most occasions, but the Christmas table demands a décor all its own. A one-horse-open-sleigh centerpiece might start you in the right direction. Max Schling, 765 Fifth Avenue (58th), has a red replica of the vehicle celebrated in "Jingle Bells," sixteen inches long, made of wood, and equipped with stylishly curved runners, and it comes loaded with real holly, pine, fir, and so on ($15) or with real red roses and white chrysanthemums ($25) or, if you can assume that Santa will be very good to you, with yellow orchids ($100). Bouquets à la Carte, 169 East 63rd Street, has a floral masterpiece in the form of a Christmas bird—a life-size papier-mâché cardinal, to be exact—practically smothered in a princely nest of fresh red roses, red sweet peas, red carnations, and green geranium leaves; $17.50. And Pleasance Flowers, 29 East 73rd Street, suggests a moss-colored angel (she's made of real moss, that's why) who stands on a moss-covered base holding a garland of flowers. But that's not all—her fifteen inches from head to toe are garlanded with tiny fake flowers and green

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velvet ribbons; $35. Imitation flowers are more prevalent than real ones at this season, and the fakes get more beautiful every year, which must have something to do with their popularity. Gilbert-Whitbeck, at 1103 Third Avenue (65th), suggests, on the other hand, a quartet of low red clay flowerpots, each one four inches in diameter and all abloom with delicate flowers made of red glass beads handsomely framed by green plastic leaves. The idea is to mass the quartet at the center of the table, but if that wouldn't suit your plans, you could arrange the pots in pairs to flank candlesticks, say. The price is $60 for the four. A lovely basket of that dark-red Bohemian glass which was so highly prized by our grandmothers (and how right they were!) comes piled with a pretty mound of red, green, pink, and yellow raspberries made of genuine glass, at Flowers Unlimited, 1140 Third Avenue (66th). Raspberries and all, it measures five inches in diameter, stands eight inches high, and costs $25.75. Bonwit Teller has a mound-shaped centerpiece, too, ten inches in diameter and rising a foot from its base, of which only four gold-metal feet show. It represents, for the most part, a pile of Black Forest mushrooms, which, if we can believe our eyes, grow Christmas red around this time of year. They also have white polka dots, and are of wood. All this may be mycologically inexact, but from a decorative view it seems just right. Green plastic boxwood and real nut-brown acorns are mixed among the mushrooms, and the whole festive creation is sprinkled with diamond dust. The price is $18.50. Does the real fruit around your house disappear too fast? The Gazebo, at 27 East 67th Street, will fix that, with a seven-inch square wicker basket (it's eight and a half inches high) full of real apricots, prunes, figs, dates, and chestnuts, all of which have been dried and shellacked, for longevity's sake. As garniture, it adds frosted lime-green glass Christmas balls; $35. A green velvet cornucopia at the same store is embroidered with imitation seed pearls and tied with flowered pink ribbon. It holds a magnificent mass of red silk moss roses and white wax tuberoses, and some dried sprigs of babies'-breath; $45. And while we've always thought that the Christmas colors had to be *gules*, *vert*, and a little *or*, the Gazebo boldly offers a brown centerpiece that is so attractive we're happy to stand corrected. It's a bundle of cinnamon sticks (they have a faint cinnamony smell) tied with a *café-au-lait* velvet ribbon sash and standing upright in a beautiful wreath,

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made up of inedible fruits and nuts, and, neatly spaced among them, five votive lights, that lies flat on the table. This costs $55. Soupçon, 147 East 70th Street, has a wonderful seventeen-inch tower that is predominantly edible, being made of marzipan fruits decked out with gold-and-silver lace and green satin ribbon bows, to resemble a tree. It costs $35, and its base is a golden music box that plays "Adeste Fideles." (Surely you weren't expecting Bartók.)

THIS year's Christmas candles are such achievements that we can only ask you to pity the poor chandler, whose greatest successes are doomed to the fire. At America House, 44 West 53rd Street, there's a heroic three-sided column, eighteen and a half inches tall and about six inches across. Two of the sides are of marbled blue-and-white wax, and the third depicts, in white wax on a blue wax background, one or another of the gifts that make the Twelve Days of Christmas so memorable—from the partridge in the pear tree to the twelve lords a-leaping. One day, one candle, and $60 or $70 apiece, depending on the complexity of the design. On the delicate side are a dozen slim little white wax candles banded with green wax holly; $1 at Jon's Scandinavian Shop, 179 West 4th Street. Lord & Taylor puts a small white candle inside a wax cylinder, something like a hurricane lamp, decorated with gold-foil angels, who become pretty silhouettes when the candle is lit; $4. A cheerful candleholder at Georg Jensen is a Christmas ball of self-confident teal blue sitting on a golden petal and set off by a couple of regal gold-paper snowflakes appliquéd to its side; $2.65, with a ten-inch candle included. Bonniers has a hand-carved two-and-a-half-inch red wooden cube that is cut out, like a pumpkin, with a hole all the way through it for a candle and heart-shaped windows on the four other sides. One of these per table at a serve-yourself-and-then-sit-down buffet party would be most effective; $2.75.

THIS year's decorations for the *Tannenbaum* that will dominate your living room until the sixth of January leave us agoggle and agog. It's wish or fantasy, of course, rather than cold reality, that decorates the Christmas tree, and what could be more fanciful than a string of blooming azaleas? A twelve-foot silver-tinsel cord bearing ten pink plastic azalea flowers with lights inside is $5 at Lord & Taylor. Or how about a twelve-foot lightweight string of

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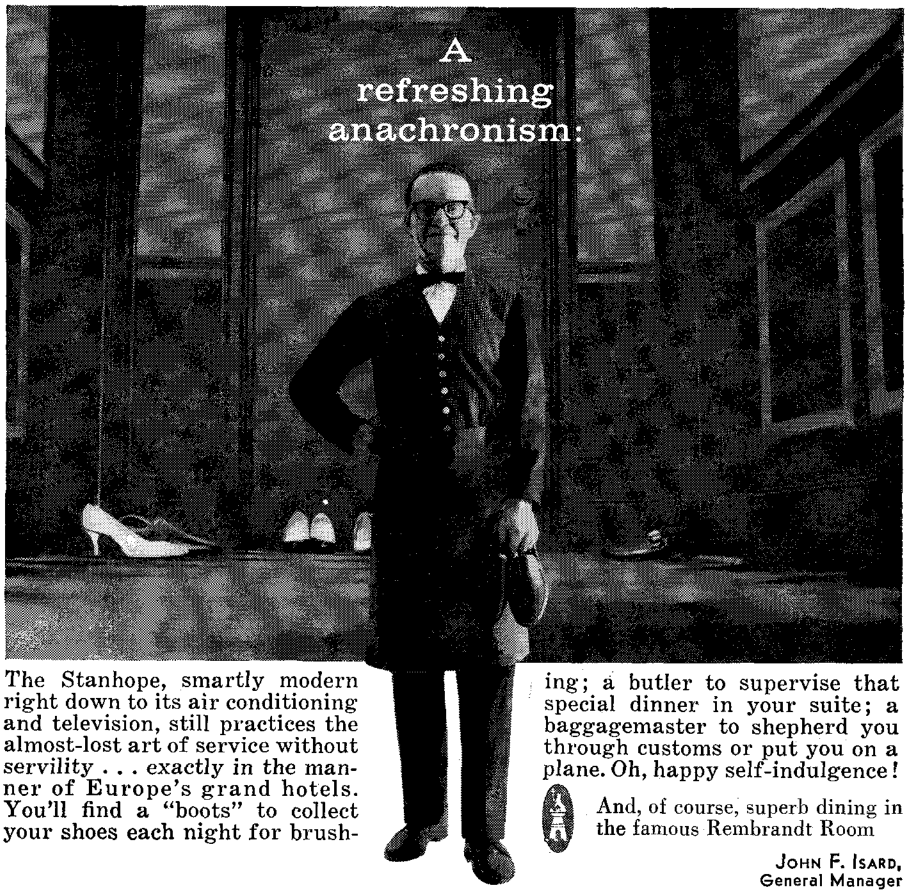
ten plastic butterflies, also at L. & T., for $3.50. They are, variously, purple, yellow, blue, red, and gold. It's too bad pearls don't usually grow on trees, the way money does. Still, anything can happen at Christmas, and we've found an eight-foot strand of pearl beads to drape on the tree; $1.98 at Papier Malcé, 55 Greenwich Avenue (near Seventh Avenue). And what a rainy-day dress-up find for little girls! A few doors down Greenwich Avenue, at No. 51, Hanlan's favors short elastic necklaces to hang on the smaller branches of the tree, each strung with tiny colored discs of candy; ten cents a string. Hanlan's can also supply a bouquet for the tree—a fifteen-inch-long wire-on spray of Christmas-tree balls—for sixty-nine cents. And the Stark Valla Emporium, 109 West 10th Street, has a great big peepshow for the tree—a sixteen-inch snowball made of sugar with a ring of green-sugar ivy and a porthole that looks into (or, in the imagination, out on) a sparkling snow scene; $1.50.

Would you like to wire a bird or so onto your tree? Altman has chickadees whose bodies are plump pine cones sprayed with silver glitter; twenty-nine cents apiece. The Elder Craftsmen, 850 Lexington Avenue (65th), adds paint and sparkle to sweet-gum burs and thus transforms nuisances into pleasures. Metal hanging hooks are provided, and the price is seventy-five cents a half dozen. At Papier Malcé, a clear plastic icicle, six inches long, that could pass for Jack Frost's handiwork costs eighteen cents, and at Americraft, 903 First Avenue (51st), there's a tree for your tree—a three-inch two-dimensional tree of stained, leaded glass. It has a hole at the top to hang it up by, and the price is $3.

A lot of this year's tree ornaments have hidden talents. Some, for instance, are music boxes. Georg Jensen's green metal ball scattered with tiny rhinestones plays "Silent Night" when you pull the string that fastens it to the tree; $9. *Bis?* You'll get "Silent Night" again if you wind the clapper of a gold-metal bell at Bloomingdale; $6.98. If you want "Jingle Bells," you pull the cord dangling from the bottom of a green or gold metal Christmas-tree ball; $9 at



The Stanhope, smartly modern right down to its air conditioning and television, still practices the almost-lost art of service without servility . . . exactly in the manner of Europe's grand hotels. You'll find a "boots" to collect your shoes each night for brushing; a butler to supervise that special dinner in your suite; a baggagemaster to shepherd you through customs or put you on a plane. Oh, happy self-indulgence!

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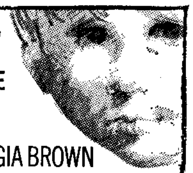
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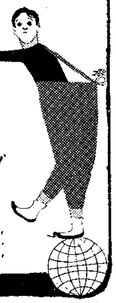
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Bergdorf Goodman. Then, there's a quiet knitted red apple at the Elder Craftsmen, which is big enough to hold a standard-size ball of twine. The stem is a green felt loop for hanging the apple on the tree; later on the twine is dispensed through a hole at the bottom. The price is $1.25, not including twine. The tree-hanging string-holders at La Cuisinière, 903 Madison Avenue (73rd), take the form of a jaunty orange felt owl ($2.75) or a foolish green felt whale ($3). (Need we remind you that all guests need a length or two of string as they leave the party, laden with the gifts you've given them, the gifts they've given each other, a token assortment of Christmas cookies, and the slice of plum pudding—now neatly wrapped—they just couldn't make room for?) And brightly enamelled daisy-petalled cookie cutters, red, blue, or yellow, which can be tied to the tree now and hung just as decoratively in the kitchen later on, cost seventy-nine cents at Michael Malcé, 35 West 8th Street.

TOPPING the tree can pose a problem. A good tree-topper has to be noticeable, which means big and bright, and still it shouldn't be *too* flashy. This year, patience rewarded, we've found just the thing—a gold tinsel star, eight inches across, with a cluster of gilded and bejewelled sweet-gum balls at its center. It's at Georg Jensen and costs $2.50. If you're thinking of a second tree, not so much for putting presents under as for pure decoration, we can direct your footsteps, with considerable assurance, back to Gilbert-Whitbeck, the place where they have those flowerpots. At this shop you'll find a two-foot cedar, freshly cut and as nicely proportioned as a bonsai, in a big white pot. Unlike any cedar you've ever seen before, it is ablaze with roses, carnations, lilies, and morning-glories in full bloom. These beautiful flowers are merely brass; they come off, when the holidays are over, and become permanent additions to your artificial-floral-ornaments collection. The tree, with about fifty brass ornaments, costs $130.

KISSING under the mistletoe may seem tame to a generation raised on Henry Miller and *nouvelle-vague* movies, but it was good enough for the Druids and it's good enough for us. The custom also has the approval of a flying angel we've found—a pale-green papier-mâché lady, ten inches long, whose outstretched arms hold a spray of mistletoe. Her hair is painted gold and

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EUGENE O'NEILL Thea. 230 W. 49 St., N.Y. 19

white, and the ribbon she hangs on is gold mesh; $10.50 at Maxine May, 228 East 51st Street. Of course, you can just tie a bit of mistletoe to the chandelier, or you can buy, at Bouquets à la Carte, a holiday chandelier substitute—a five-foot-high, three-tiered wire basket overflowing with pine branches, holly, clusters of glass Christmas balls, red feather birds, red holly-berry electric lights (plug-in), and, not least, mistletoe. It weighs about twenty pounds, but at this time of year janitors are usually helpful about rigging such things up for you; it costs $225; and the greenery can be genuine or ersatz, as you choose. Lucky tenants or homeowners with great big rooms and very high ceilings are luckier than they know, for they have space enough to hang Stark Valla's whimsical seven-foot multicolored grape cluster of ten huge plastic balloons, each containing a small electric light. (This decoration plugs in on the house current, and has a long extension cord.) We wouldn't blame you if, in all this Barnum & Bailey excitement, you forgot all about mistletoe. It's $25, and Stark Valla's proprietors assure us that the balloons can be inflated with the blowing end of a tank vacuum cleaner. They also assure us that, provided nobody plays darts, the cluster is reusable.

Christmas is such a jamboree of customs from different lands that we sometimes find out about one or another folk's lore a little late. The Swedes, we have just learned, hang Advent Stars—whacking big three-dimensional paper stars—over light bulbs and put them in their windows, starting four Sundays before Christmas. Jon's Scandinavian Shop, which knew this all along, has such stars, and they make fine decorations on light bulbs anywhere in the house. Furthermore—and this may be news to the Swedes—they look great even *without* lights inside them. A star two feet across from point to point, its color shading from orangey red in the center to yellow and then to white at the tips, costs seventy-nine cents.

WHAT to do when incoming Christmas cards overflow the mantelpiece, the end tables, the coffee table, and the piano top? Turn them into a decorative swag, that's what. Brentano's sells an easy kit ($1) for the purpose—six dozen small plastic clothespins, and six lengths of cord, each with stickers at the ends to fasten it to the wall. Or, if you'd rather make one giant swag, Bloomingdale has a shimmering gold cord, more than nine feet long,

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HERMIONE BADDELEY MILDRED DUNNOCK PAUL ROEBLING
IN
THE MILK TRAIN DOESN'T STOP HERE ANYMORE
A NEW PLAY BY TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
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PRICES: Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs.: Orch. $6.90; Mezz. $5.75, 4.80; Balc. $4.05, 3.60, 2.90. Fri. and Sat. Evgs.: Orch. $7.50; Mezz. $6.90, 5.75; Balc. $4.80, 4.05, 3.60. Wed. Mat.: Orch. $4.80; Mezz. $4.30; Balc. $3.60, 2.90, 2.30. Sat. Mat. and Hol. Matinee Fri. Feb. 22: Orch. $5.40; Mezz. $4.80, 4.30; Balc. $3.60, 2.90, 2.30. Enclose stamped self-addressed envelope.
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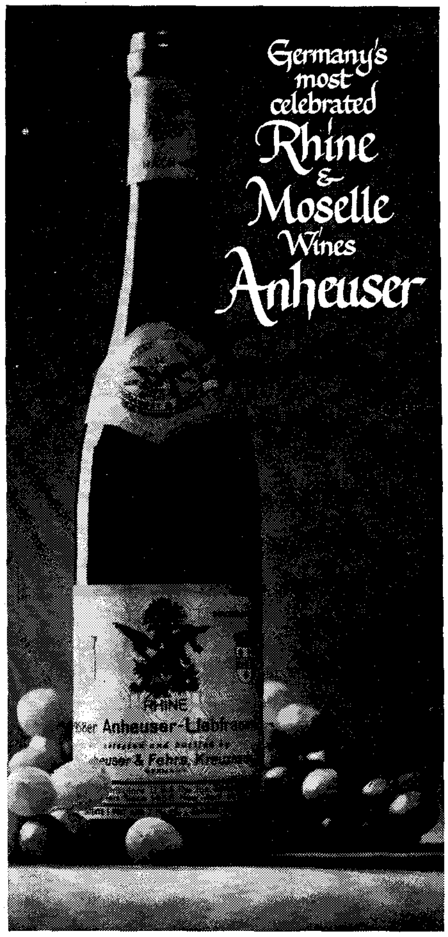
If you're a secret piano player . . . you'll love these earphones

Perhaps you are one of those sensitive souls who feels his affection for the piano is a private affair. Or you may be taking lessons as part of your pre-geriatrics program and are waiting to burst, a full-blown virtuoso, on non-laughing friends.

If you are either, think of a piano you can play with or without earphones, that may be heard only by you—if you wish. Then, sometime soon, browse in the store near you that sells the Electronic Piano by Wurlitzer. Look closely at this electronic marvel—a lightweight console with a piano-like sound all its own. You can even have a hot vibe just by turning on the vibrato! See your Wurlitzer Piano Dealer, or write Wurlitzer, DeKalb, Ill.

WURLITZER electronic PIANO



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with lavish tassels at both ends; $4.98, *and you supply your own clothespins and* stickers. Hanging on the walls at Party Bazaar, 390 Fifth Avenue (36th), are not Christmas-card swags but four-foot gingerbread children, who are not of gingerbread but of wallboard painted brown and frosted with white, pink, and sparkle-colored spackling. They are decked with sprays or artificial holly and cost $8.50 apiece. And Piazza 65, at 133 East 65th Street, has a splendid pair of freestanding angels, made of molded alabaster, which looks very much like carved ivory. One, the soprano, is singing away, while the other, the alto, peers at the score and counts the bars before her entrance; $18.50 the pair, who are just over seven inches tall. The Barn at Ben Robyn, 143 East 62nd Street, has some remarkable Christmas figurines made of heavy, lacquered copper foil, with the features etched in by hand. It's fairly clear that they represent actors in a Sunday-school pageant, rather than the figures in the Nativity itself, for the three kings, as well as two shepherds and two angels, are unmistakably children. Other members of the cast, besides the Christ Child, are two lambs, a donkey, and a camel. They're all beautifully made, the human figures average about four inches high, and the complete set costs $20.

WHAT makes Christmas atmosphere? Frankincense and myrrh. Can you buy them at the supermarket? No, Virginia, but the Junior Museum of the Metropolitan Museum of Art sells these ancient Oriental aromatics. A pinch or two of either one, in its own cellophane bag, accompanied by directions (they're to be warmed, not burned), costs twenty-five cents. . . . If you're giving somebody a bottle of wine, Stuart's Gifts, 1036 Third Avenue (61st), has an eminently suitable wrapper for it—a hexagonal tube made of bright-colored, heavy-duty cardboard and lined with foam rubber, which no shocks, slings, or arrows can damage. It comes in red, green, Shocking pink, mustard, orange, and blue; $1.50. . . . A bottle that isn't going far could travel in a long, shiny, narrow colored-paper bag, and eight such bags cost $1 at Stark Valla. . . . Lord & Taylor has two-faced wrapping paper. Either side can be the outside, and the faces are related—for instance, red foil is backed by red-and-white stripes, and gold foil with gold-and-white stripes. Each sheet is twenty-six by fifty inches, and the price is $1 a sheet. Blue sheets embossed with small religious designs in white (crèches, stars, Wise Men), also at Lord & Taylor,

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We're paging you to join us. From *reveillon* on Christmas Eve to the midnight bells at New Year's you'll delight in many new experiences. Gay Montreal is the "Little Paris of North America" and when you hear "Welcome" or "Bienvenue" it's right from the heart in both languages.

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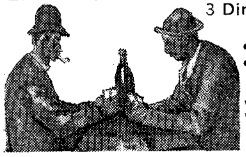
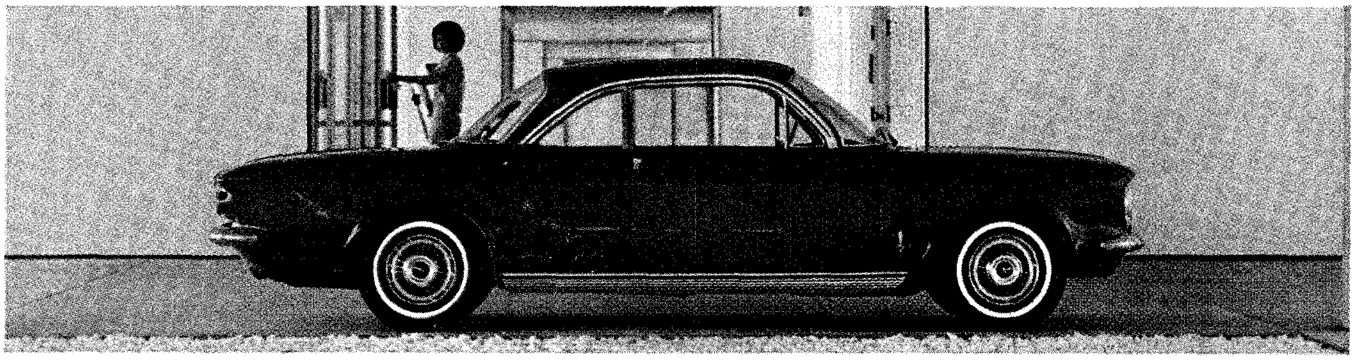


GO '63 CORVAIR MONZA

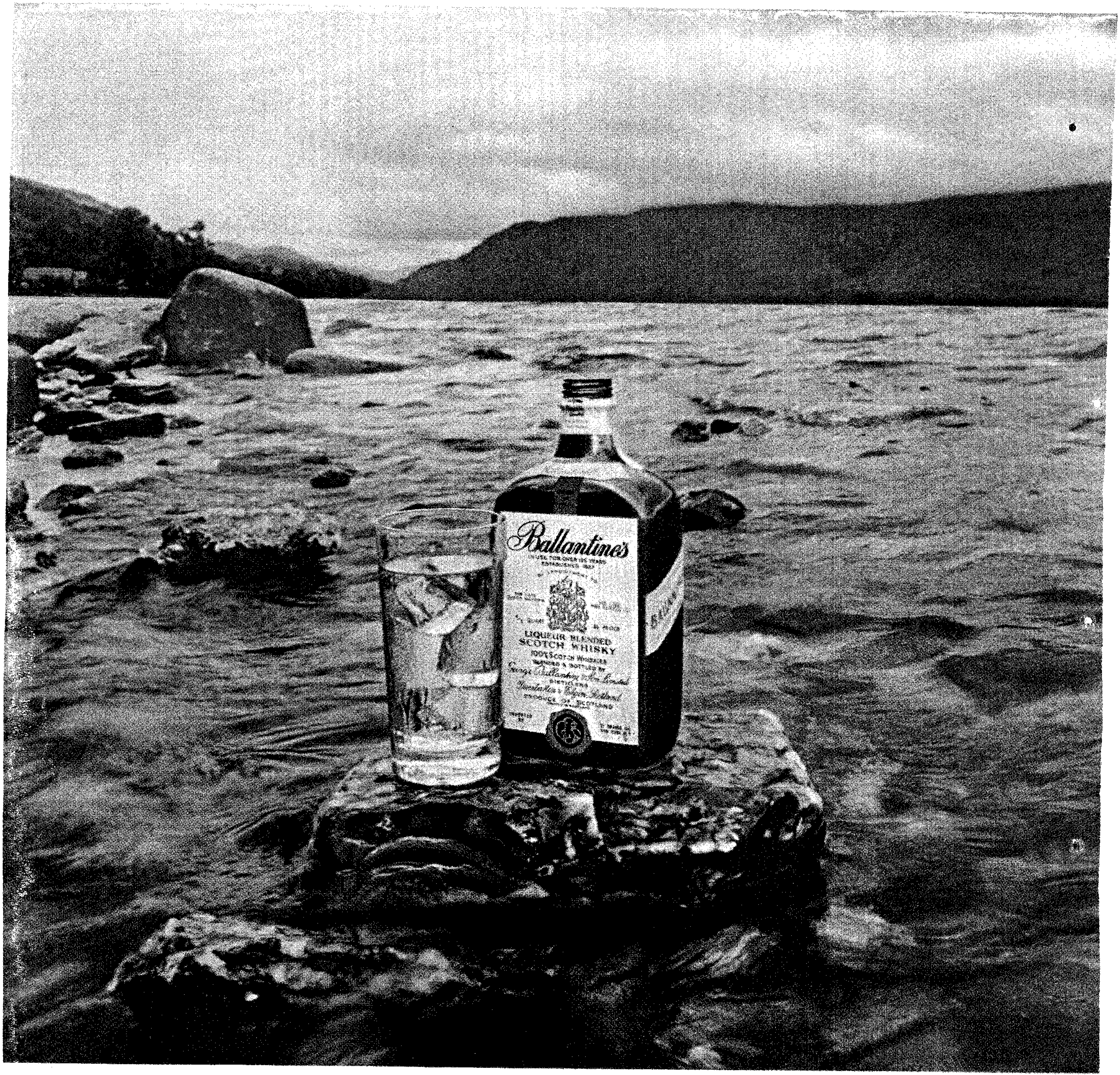
Mated to the road like it's married to it. We did add self-adjusting brakes and a few styling refinements to the '63 Corvair Monza, but essentially the experience of driving one is more emotional than mechanical. Put one through some twisting turns and you'll most likely be convinced of that. Its rear-engine traction is a thing to behold. It hugs the road like it's in love with it, steers precisely, responds swiftly to finger or foot. In fact, there just isn't another production car made in this country to compare with it. One reason is its air-cooled rear engine; it doesn't use water and it never needs antifreeze. Another is its virtually flat floor. Luggage, of course, goes under the front hood. And while the '63 Corvair is very much a family car, it has a rather compulsive desire to run with the sports car set. Why not prove it to yourself? . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

CHEVROLET

Above, '63 Corvair Monza Convertible with optional extra-cost Spyder equipment and knock-off wire wheels; below, '63 Corvair Monza Coupe with sporty bucket seats.



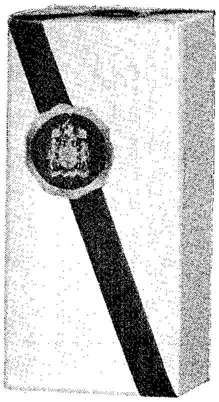
Of course, you don't have to take a '63 Corvair on maneuvers in the country to enjoy it. It's just as much at home in rush-hour traffic, loaded up with school kids or groceries, or easing you gently into parking places you once had to pass up. You'll get a solid kick out of its six-cylinder engine and the admiring glances it gets, too.



Photographed at Loch Lomond, Scotland, by "21" Brands

Give Ballantine's Scotch— the bright, right spirit of Loch Lomond

A particularly tasteful way of expressing your esteem and sincerity at Christmas is by giving Ballantine's Scotch Whisky. For here is a Scotch of unquestionably fine reputation. The only Scotch using the uncommonly soft waters of Loch Lomond in its making process. Just one of the reasons that Ballantine's is always sunny-light of flavor. Never heavy or brash—nor so limply light that it merely teases the taste buds. This year, give Ballantine's Scotch with the assurance that your friends will agree: *The more you know about Scotch the more you like Ballantine's.*



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cost fifty cents for two twenty-by-thirty-inch sheets. Twenty-foot spools of self-adhesive rayon ribbon, three-quarters of an inch wide and striped lengthwise in three colors, or slightly less than half a rainbow, cost a quarter each. . . . Papier Malcé has sheets of a remarkable paper whose coppery surface has been washed with color, waxed, and treated with acid. One of the resulting designs resembles cloth of gold, and another suggests Monet's water-lily paintings. These papers are so attractive that they're almost gifts, rather than gift wrappings, and so they should be, at $2 an eighteen-by-thirty-six-inch sheet. Papier Malcé also sells a twenty-yard roll of narrow felt ribbon for $1.95. It comes in fourteen brilliant colors, and felt looks very up-to-the-minute against shiny wrapping paper.

Do you need a rosette or a pompon to dot the "i" and cross the "t" of the gift wrapping? Given four days' notice, Jasmine, at 1044 Madison Avenue (79th), will make stunning peonies or carnations out of colored tissue paper. A solid-color flower, about four inches across, is twelve cents, and a multicolored flower six inches across is fifty cents. . . . The Little Shop Around the Corner has five-pointed plastic stars, a couple of inches across, covered with impressively shiny plastic and backed with adhesive, at eleven cents each. . . . This season's boon to donors who aren't deft at wrapping is called Snapwrap, and it's as simple as it sounds—a gaily decorated cardboard box that is as easy to manage as a flip-top cigarette box. Snapwraps are available in a lot of shapes and sizes, and also in a lot of colors and decorative patterns. Lord & Taylor and Serendipity 3, 225 East 60th Street, sell an assortment of eight for $3, accompanied by eight matching name tags. . . . A mysterious new goo, called Glamor Glitter, which seems to lie somewhere between kindergarten materials and commercial-art-studio supplies, comes in forty-nine-cent tubes at Lord & Taylor. At a squeeze, a narrow ribbon of glitter comes out—red, green, gold, or silver. What's it for? Why, to add sparkle almost anyplace where sparkle may be needed—on dull ribbons, on candles, on old tree ornaments, on the roof of Santa's workshop. Best of all, you can write with it—something on the order of "Merry Christmas!"

•

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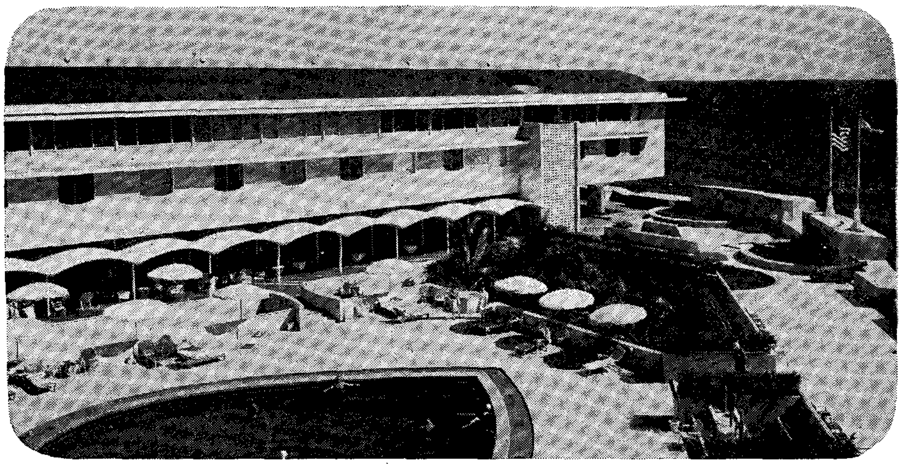

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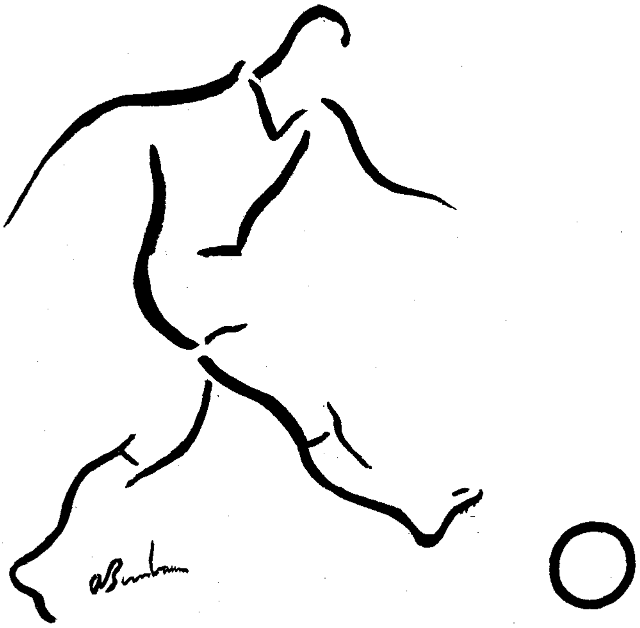
THE SPORTING SCENE

JUST A PERSONAL THING

As I was reading the sports section of the *Times* on Sunday, November 25th, it occurred to me that the previous day might have been the most successful Saturday in college-football history. It had been a day of good weather in most sections of the country; it was part of what is coming to be a four-day national Thanksgiving holiday; it had come in flush times to a sports-bemused nation only recently released from appalling tension; and it was the day on which most teams wound up their schedules against their fondest, bitterest rivals. Many of the accounts of the larger games included the phrase "before a capacity crowd," and I noticed attendance figures of 65,514 at the Minnesota-Wisconsin game, 82,349 at the Michigan-Ohio State game, and 86,740 at the U.C.L.A.-Southern California game. In these three games alone, I figured, 234,603 people had been watching a total of perhaps two hundred and twenty players—or, to put it another way, each large, padded athlete on the field had had 1,066 live, if immobile, watchers in the stands. In addition, an estimated audience of twenty million people saw the Michigan-Ohio State game on television; by including them I got a ratio of ninety-two thousand non-activists for each young man who had enjoyed some exercise and won his letter in these games. This truly staggering imbalance might cause editorialists to think long thoughts about the plight of the Flabby Vicarious American, but for me it simply served to heighten the sense of pleasure I felt over *my* weekend, during which I had witnessed an astonishing and gigantic traditional sporting event that each year involves two ancient collegiate rivals, goes almost unnoticed and unreported by the press, and is notable for the number of athletes, rather than the number of spectators, it attracts. (In fact, no one knows what the attendance is, for admission is free.) This sporting occasion, one of the largest amateur athletic gatherings of the year, doesn't even have a name; it is generally and vaguely referred to as "all those games the Harvard and Yale boys play against each other Thanksgiving weekend." This year, the traditional weekend involved six hundred and six players from the two universities. Sixty-nine of them played in the varsity football game on Saturday (which Harvard won, 14–6), and the remaining five hundred and thirty-seven were distributed among seventeen preliminary events.

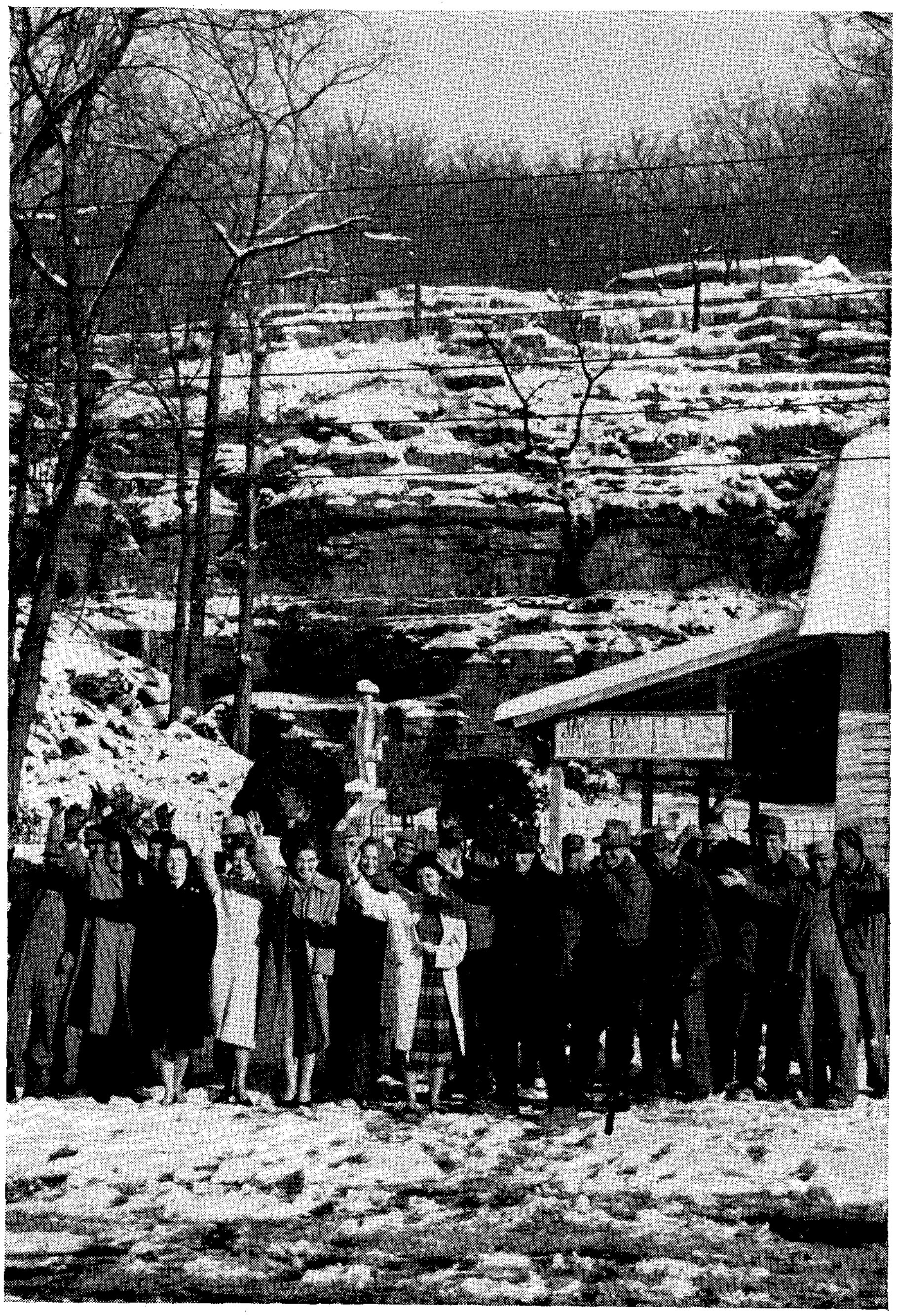


The Harvard-Yale *Novemberfest*, which took place on and around Harvard's Soldiers Field this year, has recently assumed such Olympic proportions that the would-be spectator must plan his afternoon as carefully as a war correspondent on the eve of Waterloo. Earlier in the week, I learned that there would be sixteen games on Friday afternoon—junior-varsity and freshman football games, varsity and freshman soccer games, nine football games between teams representing Harvard houses and Yale colleges (including a championship game between Eliot House and Saybrook College, which had won their respective intramural league titles), a house-college soccer game between the Harvard and Yale intramural winners, a house-college touch-football game between the league winners, and a touch game between the Harvard freshman champions and the Yale college runners-up. Construction work has cut down the number of playing fields on the forty-one acres of Soldiers Field this year, and I was told that two of the games would be played at a nearby field belonging to the Browne and Nichols School. Even so, there was not enough room for all the events; on Saturday morning, therefore, there would be still another house-college soccer game, plus a series of wholly unofficial matches not sponsored by the universities—two Rugby games against Amherst teams, touch games between the Harvard Krokodiloes and the Yale Whiffenpoofs, and between the Harvard *Crimson* and the Yale *Record* (the announced score of this game, by tradition, is always 23–2 in favor of the home team), and even a Harvard-Yale "varsity" tiddlywinks game. None of these last cheerful semi-cultural events, of course, were counted in the official totals of games and athletes.

Hoping to disperse some of the confusion I felt at the prospect of watching so many battalions and regiments in simultaneous combat, I journeyed up to Cambridge on the day before Thanksgiving in order to meet some of the Harvard players and hear some first-hand reports about an athletic program that prides itself on its complexity, rather than on its sheer bulk, and is designed primarily to attract and give pleasure to individuals. In this respect, it is typical of the intramural programs of several Eastern colleges, although it is larger and better endowed. The first athlete I cornered in the dingy little offices of the Harvard Department of Athletics, on Boylston Street, was Robert Burpee, a small, solidly built, crew-cut, extremely shy senior from Reading, Massachusetts, who was to quarterback the Leverett House touch-football team—the new champions of the nine-house intramural league—in its game against Yale's Jonathan Edwards College. I had half expected a touch-football player, even on a championship team, to be fairly casual about his sport (which is associated in my mind with female halfbacks, beer drinking, and long rest periods in which to recover one's wind), but Burpee was intense and unapologetic in talking about the game. "Our touch rules are simple," he said. "Six-man teams, one-handed touch, no blocking, passing allowed anywhere on the field. You have five downs to score, and twenty plays make up a quarter. That's about all. We don't have any numbered plays or anything. There's no pressure on you in this house league. It's all just for fun." He sounded deadly serious as he said this. "I think we cared more about beating Winthrop House for the championship than we care about this Yale game. Our team has no super-athletes on it. What makes it go is the fact that we've all played together for so long and we have—well, finesse. That and speed. We beat a Dunster House team that had the varsity basketball captain and the tennis captain and a hockey All-American on it, but they couldn't beat our experience and our defense."

Burpee was beginning to sound a little like the Notre Dame coach analyzing his squad at a press conference, and I asked him if any of his friends had ever poked fun at his enthusiasm for touch football. "Oh, they used to, a little, but not any more," he said. "Interest in house sports is way, way up right now. Besides, I think people here know by now that it doesn't matter too much what you care about as long as you really *care*." He went on to tell me that he had played in the backfield of his high-school football team, and had been a left fielder on the Harvard freshman and J.V. baseball teams. As he talked, I noticed his hands, which were large for a man of his modest size—the hands of a passer. Just before he left, I asked whether he missed not having played for the varsity football team. He started to shake his head, but then he nodded, and smiled for the first time. "Only a little," he said. "Only on Saturday afternoons in the Stadium."

The next undergraduate I met was Christian L. Ohiri, a varsity soccer player from Nigeria, who is the nearest approach to an undergraduate sports hero that cool Harvard has permitted itself in years. I had been told that he was considered responsible for a startling local increase in enthusiasm for soccer, a sport that usually attracts only slightly more attention in this country than chess tournaments. Two years ago, as a freshman, he had scored thirty-six goals in nine games, and had bowled over several enemy goalkeepers with his rocketing kicks. Last year, he was frequently sidelined with injuries, but he had tied the Ivy League's one-season scoring record of eight goals, even though he had appeared in only three league games. This season, Ohiri apparently experienced some of the penalties and failings inherent in stardom. Faced with new defenses, which stationed two, and even three, men to watch and harry him, and plagued by more injuries, he had scored fewer goals per game. Seeming to sense a personal failure, he neglected his passing and playmaking, and the Harvard team, which had been expected to retain its



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league championship, ran into a slump. Coach Bruce Munro finally kept Ohiri on the bench through most of the Princeton game, and the team seemed to recover its poise while winning, 7–0. Ohiri got the message; the next week, restored to the lineup, he beat Brown with the only goal of the game. Chris Ohiri is a large, impressively muscled, extremely dark young man, with prominent cheekbones and a dazzling smile. His self-possession and his slow, almost liquefied movements and gestures made me feel at once that he was a complete athlete—one of those rare individuals who have arrived at total physical knowledge of themselves. Participation in sports, I was certain, had never been a matter of decision for him; action was central to him—part of his character. Ohiri explained to me carefully that his triumphs at soccer were largely a matter of experience. "Soccer football is the great game in Nigeria," he said, speaking with the glasslike clarity and accented consonants that make the voices of so many Africans so pleasing. "I played right around the year from the time I was five—first on a school team, then on a city team, then on a regional team, and finally on the 1960 Nigerian Olympic team. We beat Ghana at Lagos, but then we were eliminated by Egypt at Cairo. I very much hope to play for my country once again."

Soccer is Ohiri's family game as well as his national game. A younger brother, Innocent, now plays on the Nigerian national team; an older brother, Michael, is on the city team at Enugu; and a teen-age brother, John Bosco, is on his school team in Owerri, the Ohiris' home town. Ohiri, who is a history major and hopes to go into diplomatic service or into international business, told me that he had come to Harvard under the African Scholarship Program of American Universities—a fairly recent multinational plan that pools funds from the United States government, the African-American Institute, the subscribing African countries, and more than two hundred American universities to provide full four-year scholarships. He had been one of twenty-four students selected by examination and interview from among more than two thousand applicants in Nigeria. Returning to soccer, I told Ohiri I had heard that if he scored a goal in the upcoming Yale game, he would break not only his own single-season record but the all-time Harvard individual record, of twenty-nine goals, which had stood since 1931. "That is true," he said. "But what matters is that we win this game. We must

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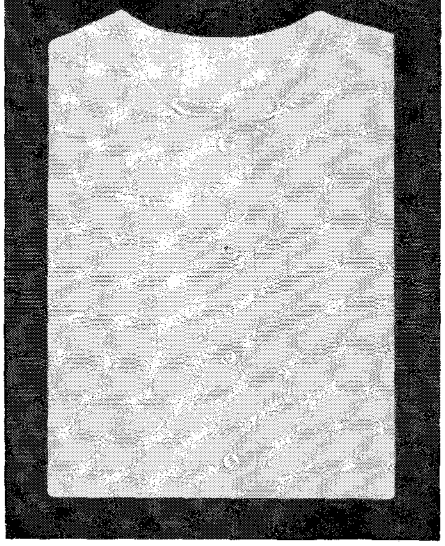

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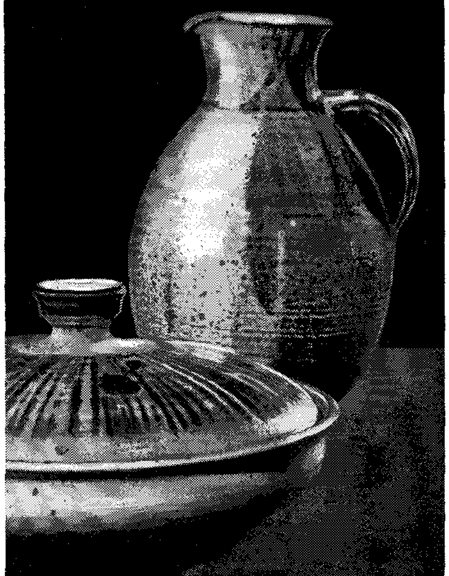

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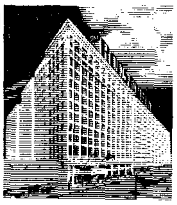

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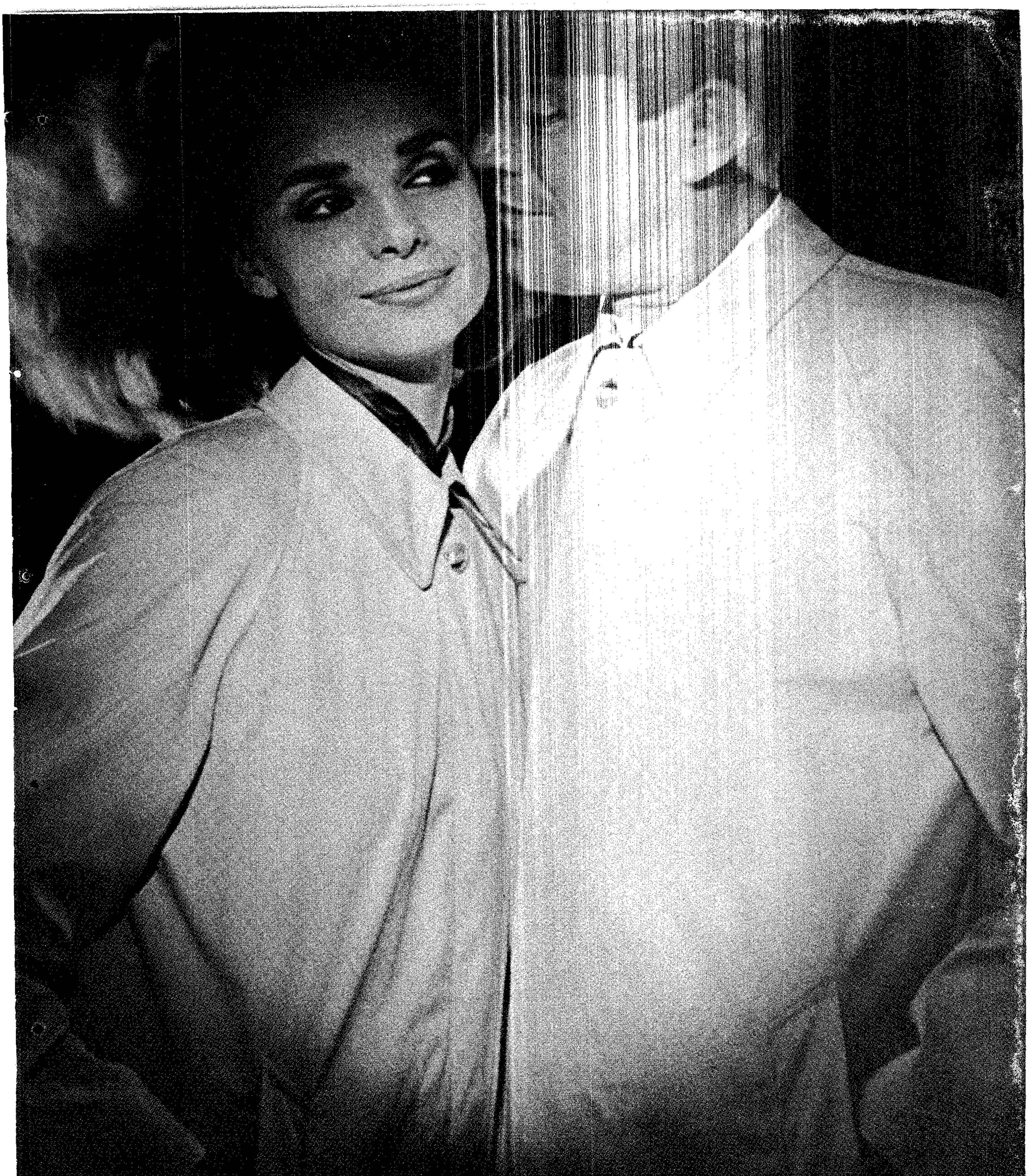

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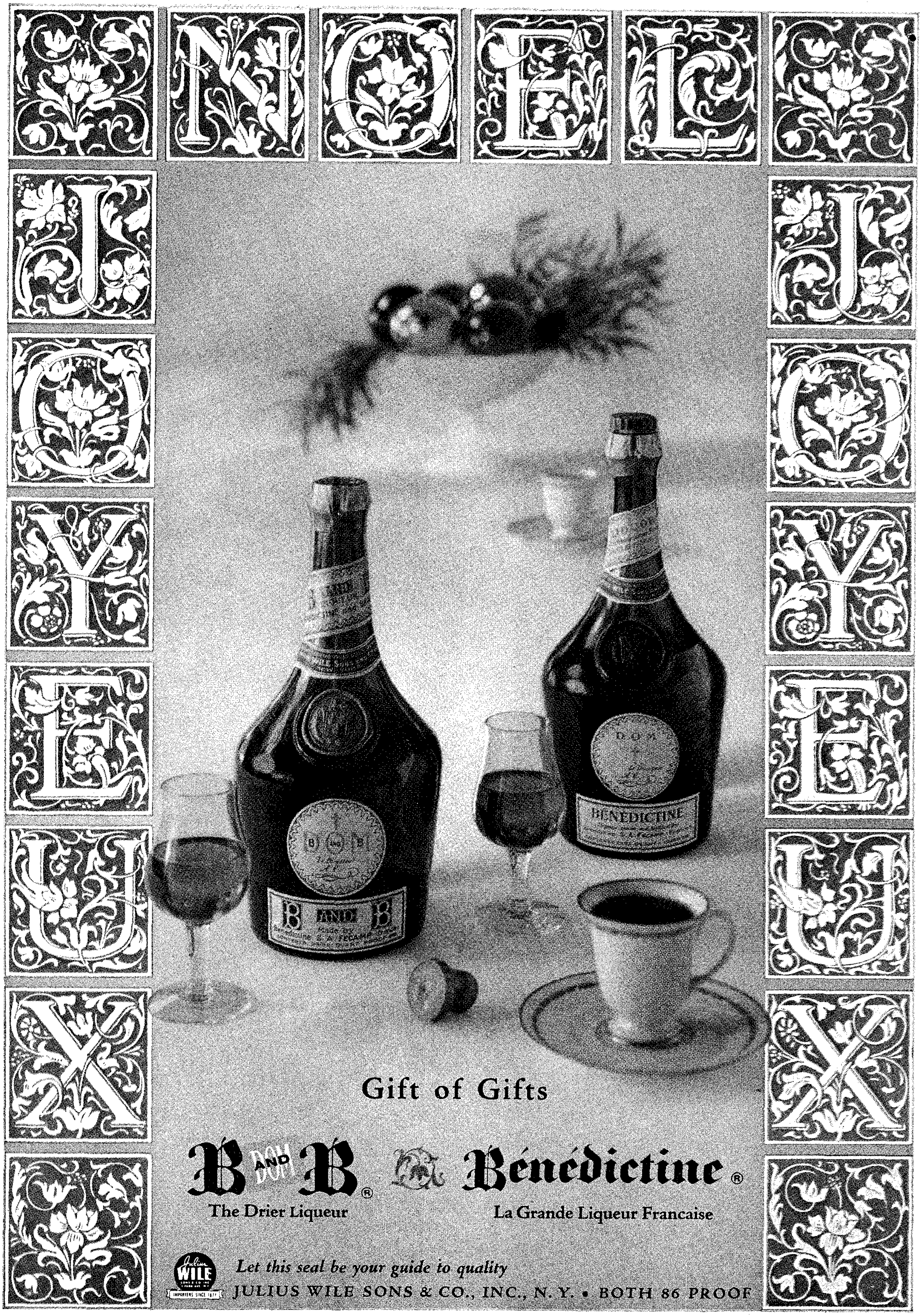
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do that to tie Pennsylvania for the championship, you know. And besides, this is Yale. I haven't been after records—though, of course, it would be nice to break the record." (This sounded almost musical: "It woulld be naice to brehk the rec-cord.") "The enthusiasm on our team for this Yale game is good and strong, the way I like it. You should *like* to play, you know. You should enjoy it, but *also* have the will to win, because you have to determine to play well if you are going to. You must keep your head cool."

I HAD lunch that day in the Eliot House dining room with Alan Friess, a senior who would play end on the Eliot football team against Saybrook College. He is a tall, broad-shouldered, bespectacled young man with a quick smile and an enthusiastic manner of speaking. We were joined by three of Friess's roommates—Robert Friedman, Michael Auer, and Andrew Shea—who are all members of the team. A fourth roommate, James Brignall, who looked almost the size of a jockey in comparison with the others, then brought his tray to our table. "Jim hardly plays *anything*," Friess said. "We just keep him around as a mascot." The football players all smiled at Brignall affectionately. I told Friess I had heard that the Eliot team was considered something of a phenomenon—perhaps the best house team of the past decade. "That's right," Friess said, with evident pride. "I think it's the best team I've ever played on, in any sport. In the last three years, in league games, we've won twenty-two, lost one, and tied one. This year, we outscored the other houses by 154 to 14. Our starting line averages two hundred and seven, which is more than the varsity line."

I asked Friess whether any coaches had put pressure on him or his teammates to come out for the varsity.

"Oh, no," he said. "That just isn't allowed here. You see, the great thing at Harvard is that nobody *has* to play varsity football. In fact, you don't have to play any sport at all, once you're out of freshman year. Bill Risser, one of our linemen, was an all-state high-school player in Texas. He had bids from Rice and a lot of other colleges down South, and I think he came here just to get away from all that. Andy Shea, here, was All-Massachusetts at Lawrence High, and later, at Andover, he played in the same backfield with Higdon, the Yale varsity captain this year. Mike, over there, was a starting tackle on the freshman team, but then he hurt his neck and dropped down and never tried for the

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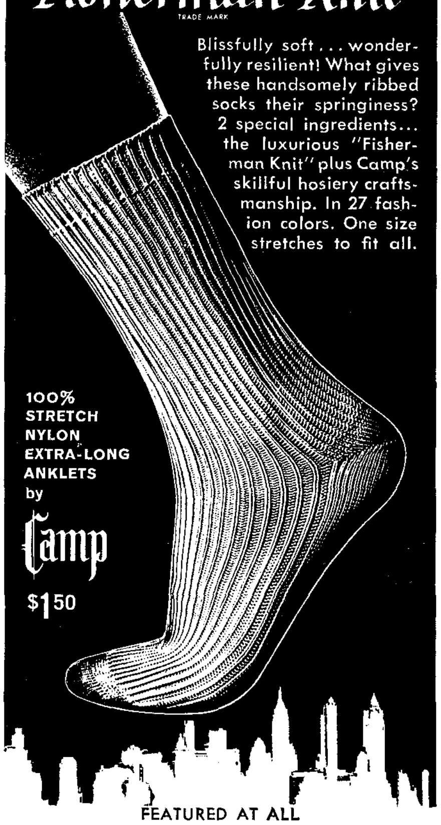

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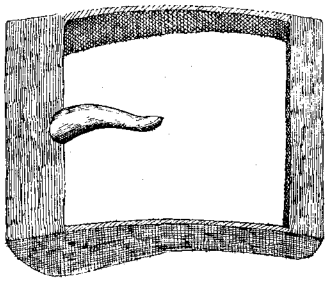

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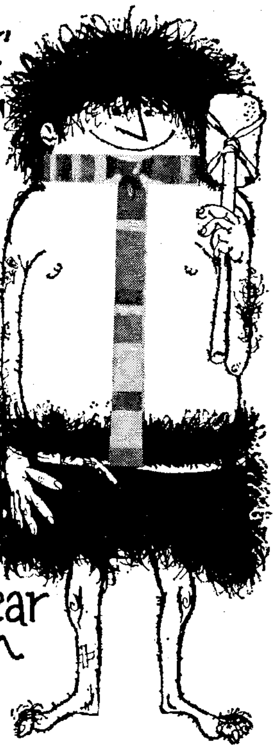
varsity. Ron Bonebrake, who's the other end on our team, was the best end on his freshman squad, but he's a pretty loose, happy-go-lucky sort of guy, and I think he just didn't want to put in all the time it takes to play varsity ball. It's almost the same for me. I'm not saying I could have made the big team, but I won my letter three years running at home, at Lynbrook High, on Long Island. When I came here as a freshman, though, I felt sort of lost, and I decided not to try for the freshman team, so I could start off concentrating on my studies. Since then, I've played nothing but house sports. I just love football—I guess I love *all* sports—and I like to play on a team, but this way I know I won't have to put in six or eight hours a week on practice."

Shea broke in to say that the lack of compulsory participation made the spirit and success of the Eliot team all the more pleasing to him. "I think it's hard for people to understand just how informal all this is," he said. "You know, most of these Harvard-Yale house games are won by the home teams each year, just because a lot of the players on the other team don't want to take the time for the trip. Some of them slide off and go home for Thanksgiving, and some stay in their rooms for the weekend and catch up on their work. Nobody minds—that's the way the system is supposed to work. When you get a good team like ours, more guys come out for the squad. We have twenty-five or twenty-six reliables, which is more than most houses have. We even have enough men to have defensive specialists, like Mike Auer, and we actually get a few men out for some practice sessions between games. About sixteen men on our team are regulars, but every man on the squad has played in every game he's dressed for." He smiled, and added, "That's usually because we're so far ahead."

"This house football is *really* informal sometimes," Friess said. "A few years ago, one of the house teams playing Yale didn't have enough guys turn up at New Haven for the game. They did a little quiet recruiting down there and picked up two Dartmouth Rugby players and the freshman quarterback from Brown. Real ringers."

The roommates explained to me that interest in Harvard house sports is stimulated by the award of the Straus Trophy each year to the house that compiles the largest total of points, which are given both for victories and for the number of participants in each of nineteen sports, including such esoterica as fencing, single sculls, cross-country run-



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ning, and softball. "Kirkland House has the trophy now," Friess said, "but I think we're going to take it away from them this year." They told me that most house teams are coached by graduate students who have won varsity letters in their sport.

"Our coach, Bill Burnham, is a second-year law man who played three years of varsity football at Vanderbilt," Friedman said. "Paul Lynch, who was football captain at Yale, coaches Lowell House. They get paid a little for it, I think, and it gives them a kick."

Friess added that senior tutors in the house are also allowed to play on house teams. "John Finley, who's our housemaster, still plays on the house tennis team. He plays doubles."

At this instant, as if summoned, Master Finley brought his tray to our table and sat down. He is a fifty-eight-year-old classical scholar, with a scholar's manner of seeming to examine each sentence he utters for flaws while it hangs in the air. He is also a passionate, if uncritical, fan of his football team. He announced to me at once that every member of the Eliot House backfield could make the Harvard varsity. The young men at the table laughed tolerantly at this. Finley then pointed to the house football cup on a shelf at one side of the room, and said, "It's good to have it back." He went on to describe, with evident pain, the precise details of a wild reverse-and-long-pass play with which Kirkland House had defeated Eliot the previous year to win the championship. "Seriously, though, we don't care about doing and dying for dear old Eliot," he continued. "The houses are here to keep the *mood* of amateur athletics, among other things. They represent something of the old world of the church steeple and the front porch that means so much to us all. They're a halfway point in the middle of the huge society of Harvard, and they're meant to surround their members with many kinds of smaller, attainable, almost sensately conceived objects and good associations while they try to find themselves in the larger, imaginatively conceived world of the university."

A few minutes later, the group broke up. Friess's roommates announced that they had to prepare their room for the arrival of several of the Saybrook players, who would double up with them and be entertained by them during their stay at Harvard. "We may even have to get them *dates*," Shea said. As Friess walked out with me into the quadrangle in front of Eliot House, he said, "You know, I've just begun to realize that this Friday will probably be the last time I

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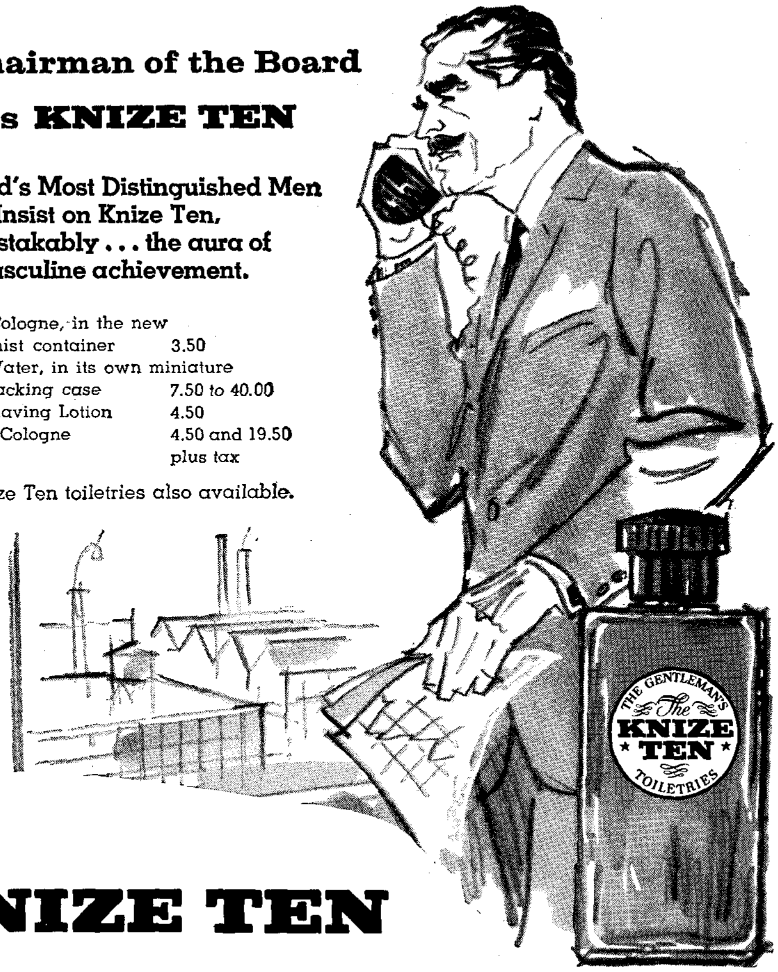

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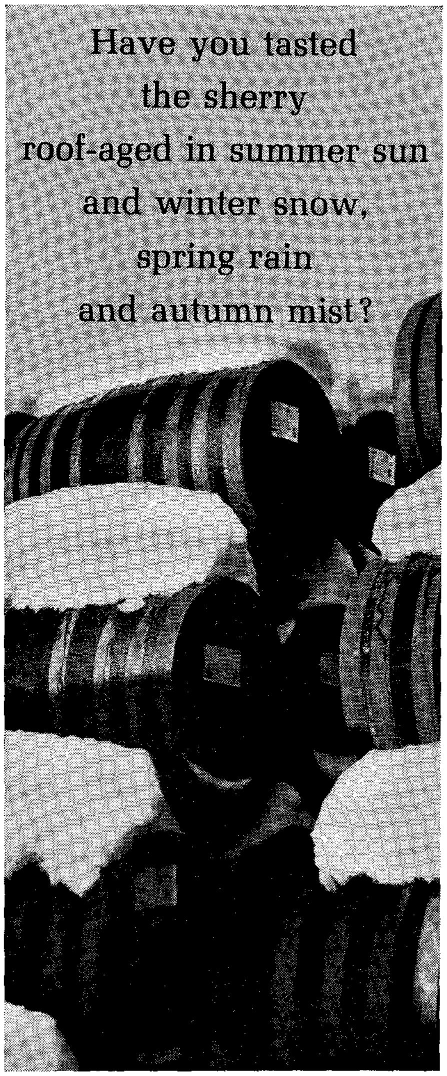
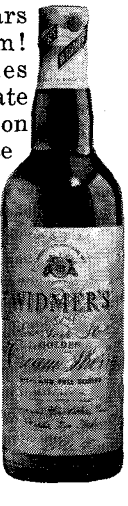

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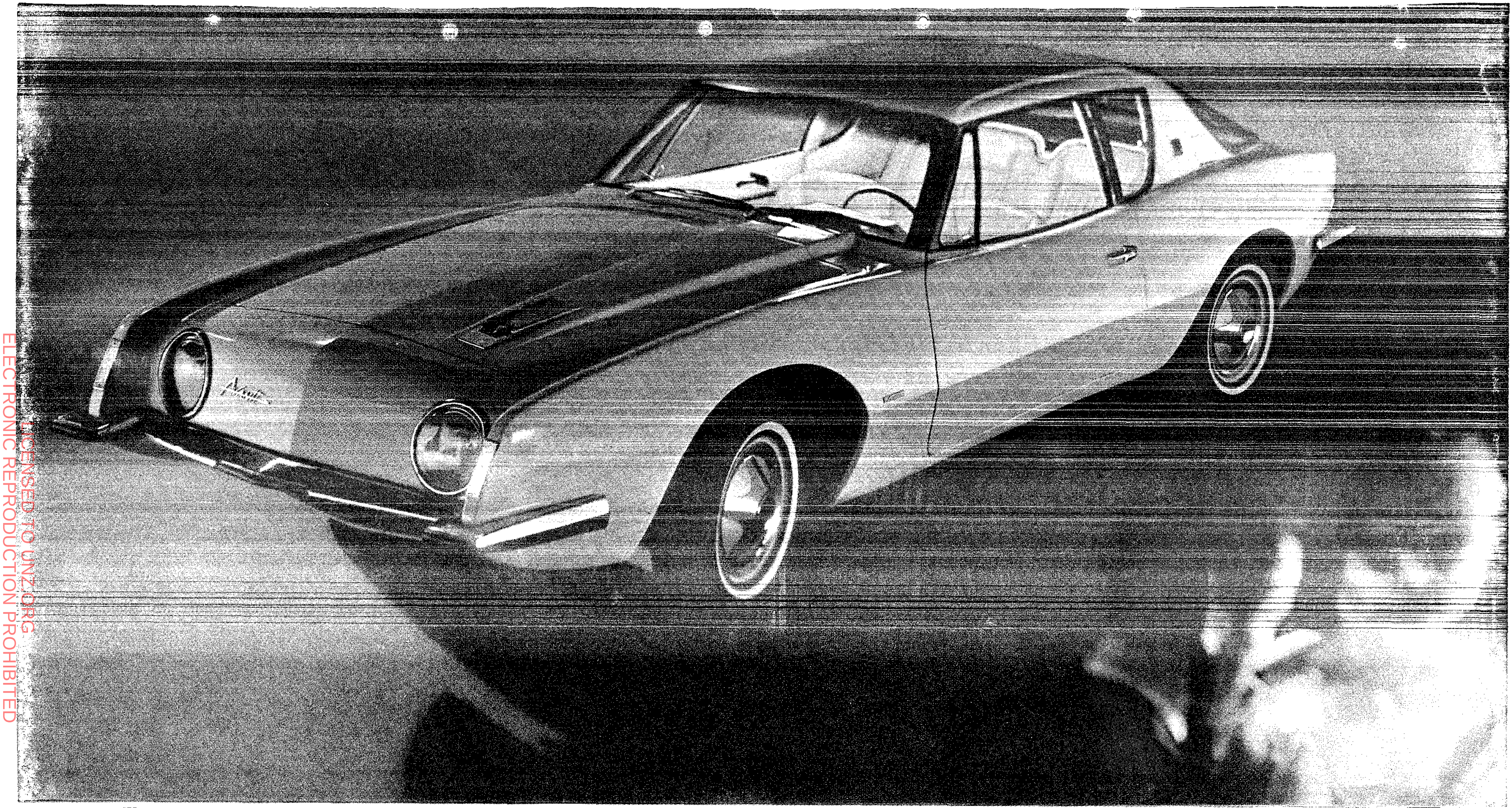
ever put on a football uniform. It's a funny feeling. I guess I feel a sort of nostalgia about it already. It's really the end of something in my life." He stopped and corrected himself—a Harvard habit. "That makes football sound too— too important. I know it's been important to me, but it's been all right. It's just a personal thing."

AT noon on Friday, I could taste a festive, pre-holiday excitement in the streets around Harvard Square. College buildings along the Yard were flying crimson flags that fluttered bravely in the cold, bright air, and the uneven brick sidewalks of Massachusetts Avenue were jammed with cheerful, book-toting Harvard and Radcliffe students in loden coats and striped scarves. Many of them paused outside Leavitt & Pierce, the tobacconists, to study a window display of Harvard-Yale memorabilia—faded photographs of mop-headed ancient heroes in moleskins, swollen old footballs with winning Harvard scores painted on them, and football posters and ticket stubs going back half a century. I drove across the Larz Anderson Bridge, parked my car, and found a seat in the tiny, eight-row wooden stands at one side of the varsity soccer field, across the street from Soldiers Field, from which I had a fine view of the clustered Georgian dormitories of the Harvard Business School and its dismal surrounding swamps, parking lots, and factory chimneys. The soccer teams were warming up, the varsity squads in front of us and the freshmen on a field just beyond, and the players were dribbling and passing dozens of soccer balls and swinging their arms in the chilly wind. The stands around me quickly filled with the hilariously assorted and instantly identifiable spectator types that make up sporting audiences at New England colleges. Half the men, it seemed, were wearing steel-rimmed spectacles; the other half were smoking pipes. There were scholars with beards, old graduates in berets, children in earmuffs, Radcliffe girls with long hair and black wool stockings, and Harvard undergraduates in old school windbreakers with "Exeter" or "Hebron" printed across the back. Three or four dogs galloped about the field, chasing the soccer balls. A former soccer player behind me was explaining the game to his two sons. "Watch how they control the ball," he said. "Watch how accurately they kick it. Both feet are equally important."

The game started with no particular ado, to the accompaniment of small, sporadic cries—"Way to go, Blue!" . . . "Let's *move* it now, Harvard!" Chris Ohiri was playing outside right instead of center, his usual position. His thigh muscles below the crimson shorts looked as heavy as those of a shot-putter. Yale dominated most of the early play, and Ohiri, when the ball was not near him, trotted about with a lazy, loose-handed relaxation that reminded me of Willie Mays sloping in from the outfield at the end of an inning. The Yale team did not appear to have any defense men specially posted to watch him. The wind seemed to bother Harvard's long-kicking game, but after some near disasters in the Harvard goal mouth the tide of play began to swing the other way. Suddenly the Harvard captain, Tony Davies, came out of a tangle with the ball and passed it off to his right, and Ohiri, leaping into high gear for the first time, shouldered past a Yale halfback and boomed the ball into the nets. The first joyful yell of the day startled me by its ferocity and depth, and I realized that the crowd of standing spectators had grown until it entirely filled our sideline and spilled over beyond both goal lines. A girl wearing a green woollen scarf and a nuclear-disarmament button leaped up in front of me, turned to face the stands, and shouted, "He did it! Chris *did* it!" A few minutes later, Yale was whistled for a foul, and Harvard was awarded a direct penalty kick; Ohiri looked the shot over like a surveyor, his hands on his hips, then ran up six steps and kicked the ball in—two inches inside the right-hand goalpost. He had retrieved his season.

Hearing distant, ragged shouts from Soldiers Field, behind me, I hurried across the street and through the main gate, and made my way past the Percy Haughton monument, past Briggs Cage and the empty Stadium, past Dillon Field House and Watson Rink, toward the plains of combat beyond. There were four football games in progress, and I could hear the high, staccato barking of a quarterback's signals. Up ahead of me, I saw a football rise and waver above the thick crowd standing around the freshman field, and then the wind brought me the solid "*Whunk!*" noise of the punt. Off to my left, at one side of the J.V. field, I saw a Yale lineman leaning forward on his team's bench and holding a bloody towel to his face. I edged my way into the massed standees beside the freshman field; this was by far the biggest crowd of the day—perhaps fifteen hundred people—for Harvard's freshmen had come into the



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game undefeated and were fighting for their first all-winning season since 1928. Peering over shoulders and between heads, I could just glimpse the players, astonishingly large at such close range. The Yale quarterback, his white uniform smeared, hunched over behind his center, looked to his left and right, and then called signals, his shoulders jerking as he shouted the numbers. The lines smacked together with a single, thudding impact—a savage sound made up of the clack of shoulder pads and the heavy grunts of blockers—and the quarterback swung to his left behind two defenders, peering downfield through the tangle of white and crimson helmets, and got off a lovely hard left-handed pass, which just skipped off the fingertips of an end. "What's the score?" a man to my right asked (the only scoreboards at Soldiers Field are in the Stadium), and in front of us a man in a battered brown felt hat removed his pipe from his mouth and said "Seven-six, Harvard" over his shoulder. He put the pipe back and then took it out again. "But Yale looks damned good," he added. I felt something pushing at my knees, and I looked down and saw an Old English sheepdog, leashed to a woman, peering through legs at the game.

Yale kept moving the ball, and many of the standees kept moving with it, thickening around the edges of the action like spectators at a street accident. The blocking by both the young teams looked ragged, but the lines were fast, and the mass tackling was ferocious. Near the end of the half, I heard some thin, excited cries from another field, just behind me, and I turned to see a Pierson College back sprinting toward the end zone, with a cluster of Lowell House defenders in hopeless pursuit. There seemed to be no more than fifty spectators at that game, and most of the yells had come from the Pierson players themselves.

The crowd was a little bigger at the Eliot-Saybrook championship game, off behind the baseball field. John Finley, in a dapper tan overcoat, was pacing the sideline like an expectant father, muttering "Let's *go*, El-yot!" He introduced me to Basil D. Henning, the master of Saybrook College, but Henning almost immediately excused himself, saying, "I'm on the wrong side of the field." He hurried across the field between plays and joined the Saybrook substitutes. I counted nine spectators, including three young children, on the Yale side. The Saybrook players, in bilious yellow jerseys, looked outmanned and outweighed by the Eliot giants, but

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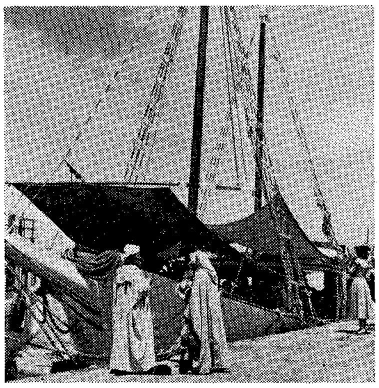
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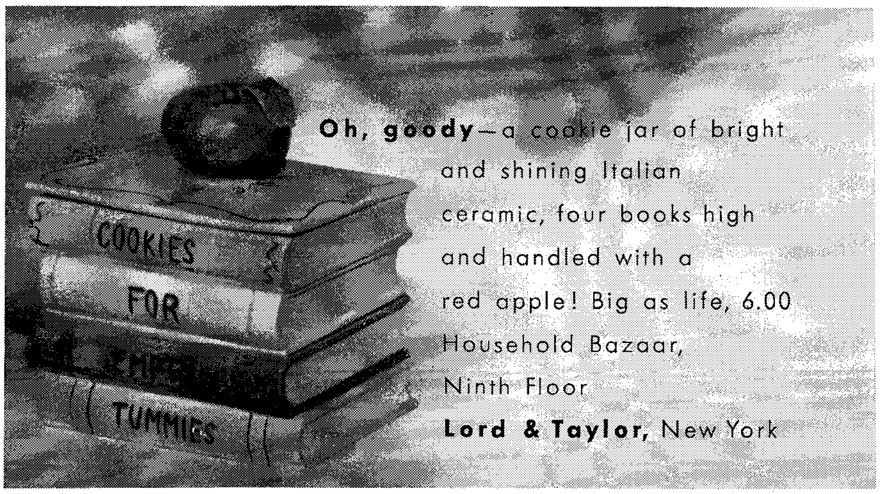

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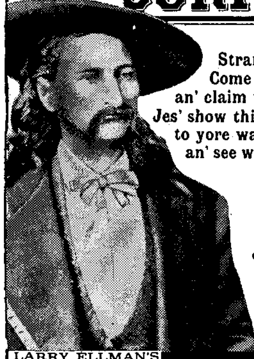

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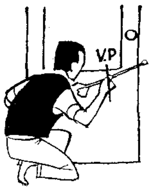

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they were making a fight of it. I spotted Friess among the linemen and Andy Shea in the backfield; when Eliot House took over the ball on downs, Friess shifted from left to right end. In the second period, Eliot House began to move the ball for solid yardage, running mostly off the tackles. I commented to Mr. Finley on the poise and smoothness of the Eliot quarterback—a tall, quick back, who ran with his head tilted up a trifle as he picked his way elegantly between tacklers. "Do you recognize the look of him?" Finley said. "That's Peter Wood, the son of Barry Wood, the old Harvard All-American. He reminds me of his father on the field. He's good, too. I think I'd do the same thing if my father had been Barry Wood—I'd play house football. I think—" He broke off, his hand in the air, and we both watched Andy Shea stream through a cloud of Saybrook defenders all the way to the fifteen-yard line. "*Go*, men!" Finley cried. Two plays later, Shea scored, and a teammate kicked the extra point. It was beginning to look like a Harvard afternoon.

The sun, now watery and thin, was already low in the sky, and I realized that I would have to abandon my plan to drive over to the Browne and Nichols field to see Bob Burpee's touch-football team try its finesse against Yale. Instead, I went back to the soccer field and stood on the top of a low bank behind the stands to watch the end of that game. Harvard was leading, 3–1, and, with their tie for the Ivy League championship in hand, the players were concentrating on defense and control of the ball. Substitutes were pouring into the game, and when Chris Ohiri came out at last, the applause for him was no louder than for any of the other regulars. Smiling cheerfully, he draped a sweatshirt over his shoulders and joined a cluster of his squadmates, who were already slapping each other on the back and exchanging handshakes over their victory. It was suddenly much colder, and the soccer crowd seemed glad of the chance for some exercise when the final gun released them, allowing them to troop off toward the remainder of the football games across the street. A rumor went through the bystanders at the freshman game that Yale was ahead, but an undergraduate near me who was munching a hot dog corrected this. "It's thirteen-twelve for Harvard," he mumbled through his hot dog. "About ten minutes to play. Yale scored on a pass, but we smeared them when they went for a two-pointer." The young players on the field, exhausted by their long dogfight, were

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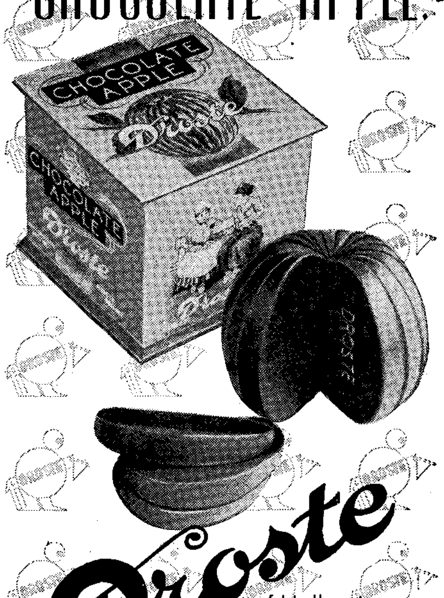

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perceptibly slower now. Their teammates on the sidelines, hooded coats draped over their giant shoulder pads, exhorted them with low, intense cries; their muddy, turned-up-at-the-toes boots, their ragged knee bandages, and their tired, anxious faces made them look like survivors of a punishing infantry battle. I watched Harvard barely hold for downs and take over the ball on its own thirty-yard line, and then, feeling winter beginning to seep up through my damp shoes, I left again for the Eliot-Saybrook game. As I tramped across a corner of the baseball field, I encountered a cluster of Harvard band musicians dressed in a comic motley of old ski sweaters, mufflers, ragged sweat pants, sneakers, battered straw hats, and coonskin caps; they were blowing on their hands and shifting from foot to foot and occasionally tootling on their instruments while a leader shouted instructions about the next afternoon's formations.

Eliot House had pushed its lead up to 13–0. The regulars had been in for most of the game, but even now, in the last period, they seemed as rugged and spirited as when I had left. Saybrook had overshifted its defenses, apparently to contain the threat of long Eliot runs to the outside, and Eliot was ripping off steady, apparently unstoppable eight- and ten-yard gains through the line. It took three and sometimes four tacklers to bring down the big, fast-starting Eliot fullback on his bruising plunges. I commented on him to Master Finley, and Finley, the look of worry gone from his face, said, "Oh, that's our Keith Striggow. A remarkable young man, I think. He comes from some little town in Illinois. I think he was completely lost as a freshman, but he's found himself in every way. Wonderful mind. He's—" He paused, considering his phrase, and then selected it. "He's a cross between Reinhold Niebuhr and an eagle."

Mike Auer, carrying his helmet, came and stood beside me in the small crowd as the strains of "The Gridiron King" march from the band fell through the early dusk. Auer spat out his mouthpiece and grinned at me and said, "It's in the bag now. We had it all our way after the first period." We watched together while the second-string quarterback, Elliott Topkins, evaded a swarm of Saybrook tacklers, leaped into the air, and lofted a soft, perfect pass to a receiver in the end zone for another touchdown. Shea ran for the points that made it 21–0, and a minute later the game was over.

Alan Friess, a smear of dried blood on

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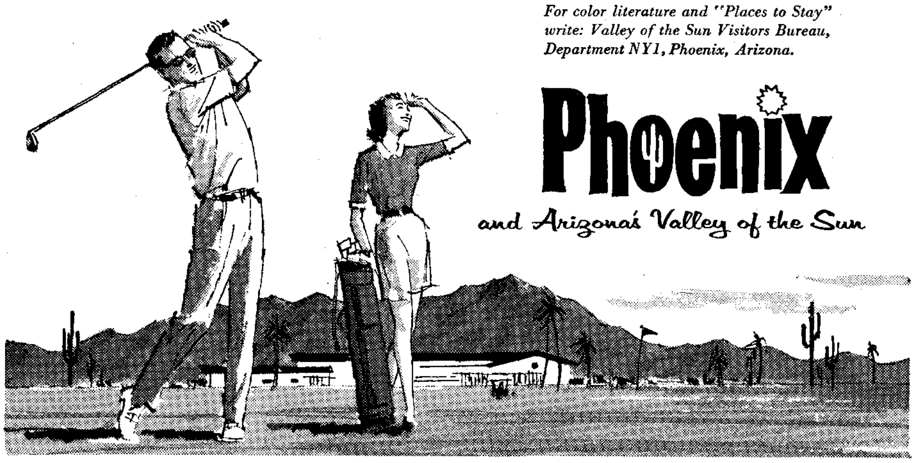

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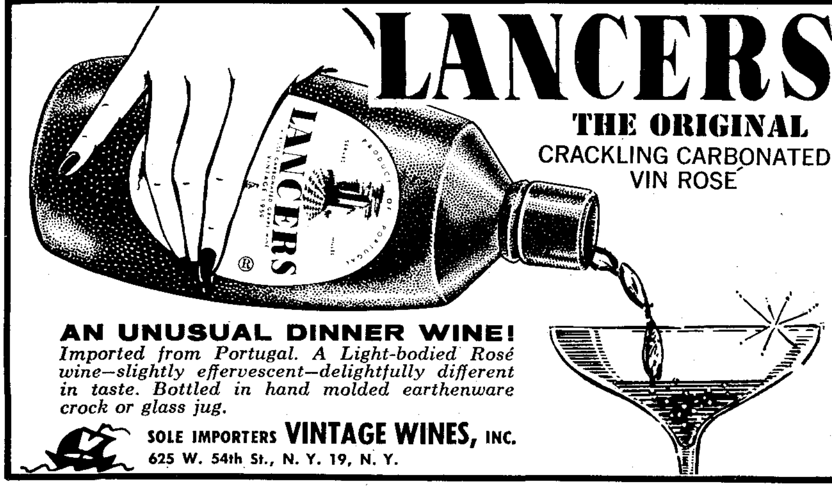

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his cheek, introduced me to his girl, a Cornell senior named Eileen Corwin, and, together with Auer and Shea, we walked slowly toward the field house. Friess was quiet and sad. He lifted his left shoulder once or twice and winced a little. "Well," he said at last, "we did what we set out to do. Now that's over."

I said goodbye to Friess and his friends inside the field house, and then made inquiries about Bob Burpee. Someone said that he had probably gone directly back to his house, so I telephoned him there, and found that he had just arrived. I apologized for having missed his game. "You didn't miss much," he said at once, in a flat, tired voice. "We tied them, 20–20. That field over there was awful muddy. Everybody kept slipping and falling down, so we couldn't do much. They were a tough team, too."

He sounded almost disconsolate, and I tried to cheer him by saying that a tie was perfectly respectable.

"Well, it isn't to me," he said. "I think it's just as bad as losing. I mean, it makes you *feel* just as bad. I think we're all let down—us and the Yale guys, too. I'm going to the big game tomorrow, of course, but I know I won't be able to enjoy it much. I'll be too busy thinking about our game today." He laughed, a little wryly. "I guess that sounds exaggerated," he went on. "All I know is, you care about what *you're* involved in, whatever it is. Now I've got to say goodbye and get ready for this party we're having. We've got about forty people coming any minute."

BACK outdoors, games were breaking up all over the field, and spectators had started to stream away. Players were meeting their dates, and I saw a big Harvard freshman tackle walking with one muddy arm around the shoulders of a pretty girl; her cheeks were bright red with cold, and she was looking up at his face while he told her all about it. Everywhere, there were clusters of parents and friends around the tall central figure of a player. In one of these groups, a small boy was holding a drooping Yale pennant; the fingers of his other hand were tucked over the top of his brother's football pants. Soccer players, football players, and officials in white knickers and striped shirts were converging on the field house, their cleats clacking on the macadam paths. Football managers cautiously steered high-wheeled red equipment carts through the throngs and past big empty tents that would accommodate class picnics and cocktail parties before the varsity game in the Stadium the next after-

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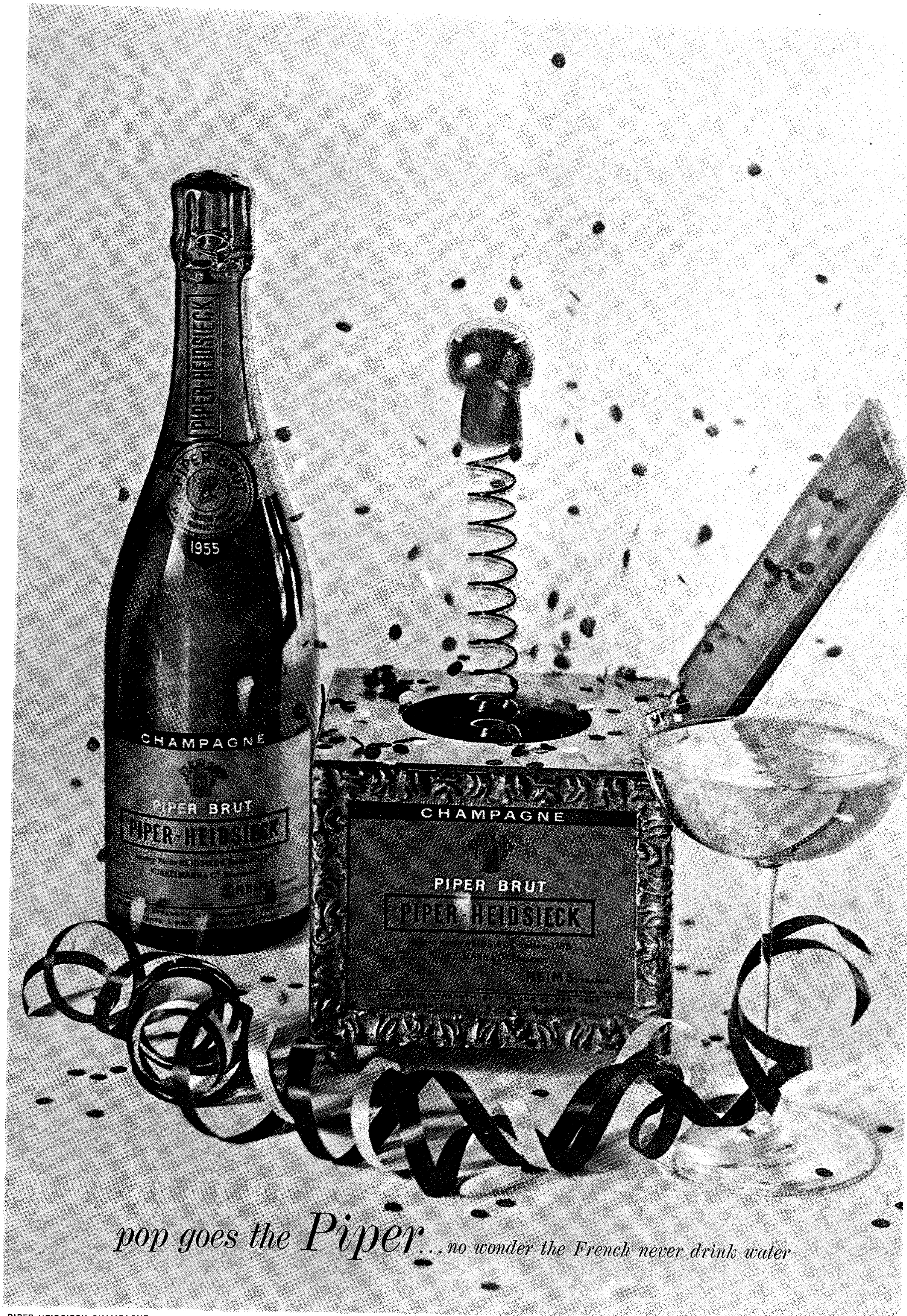
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noon. Old grads—wearing hunting boots and galoshes, carrying canes and shooting sticks, sporting deerstalker hats and tweed caps—stood in grave circles and talked about the day's doings. It had been a Harvard afternoon, all right—the home football teams had won the freshman game, the junior-varsity game, and most of the house games—but I could detect little difference in expression between the Harvard and the Yale players or between their supporters. The complex, fractionary nature of the day, the weariness of the players, the visible presence of so many nearly identical athletes in so many different uniforms made scores and results seem superfluous. It was almost dark now. Car headlights moved smoothly along Storrow Drive, between the playing fields and the Charles River. From the open doors of the Watson Rink came a new sound—the echoey "*Whock!*" of hockey sticks. Practice for a new season was under way. Off beyond the band musicians, who were now slogging through their marching patterns on the J.V. field, I could just make out the small, dark shapes of football players engaged in the last minutes of the last house game, and when the band music stopped for an instant, everyone could hear the shrill, faint "*Hut*-one, *hut*-two, *hut*-three!" of the day's last quarterback. The wind-blown afternoon had poured away with inconceivable speed, and I could not shake the feeling of sadness I had over its ending—a sweet, soft sadness that had to do with the passing of the season, the coming of winter, and the swift death of all afternoons of youth and bright occasion. As I started out of Soldiers Field, shuffling through dry leaves with the quiet, friendly, family crowd, I glanced back at the empty, colonnaded Stadium. It rode the early darkness like a great ship at anchor, silently waiting for the next day's multitudes and din and ancient, ceremonial joys. —ROGER ANGELL

•

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[*Stephen Spender in the Spectator*]

It does seem—and this is certainly a prospect—that if we enter Europe, we shall have to be prepared to explain ourselves to Europeans, and also to listen to their ideas. It will mean attending a good many parties one would rather not be at.

•

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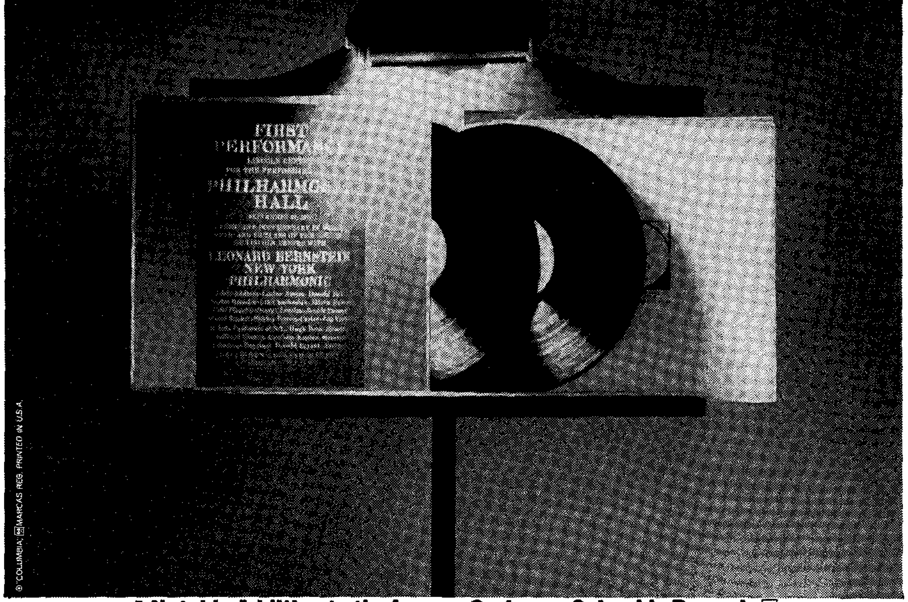

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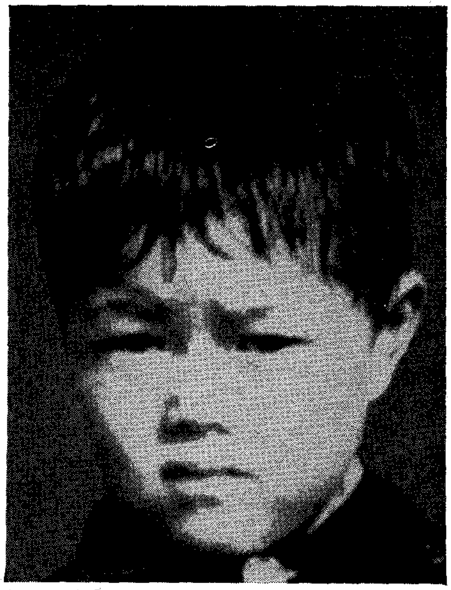

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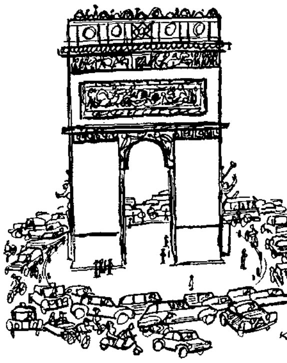
LETTER FROM PARIS

DECEMBER 6

As if in sudden recognition of the fact that there are more women in France than men (they outvoted the men seven to six in the recent parliamentary elections), for the first time in French publishing history three of the main year-end literary prizes, including the Prix Goncourt, have been given to women writers. The most stimulating literary criticism annually connected with the Goncourt Prize rarely concerns the novel that has just won it. The criticism is almost invariably directed against the Prix Goncourt itself as an institution—a vestigial, erratic, and powerful publicity enterprise that, merely by tradition, can once a year turn a book into the national best-seller. As preparation for the recent Goncourt Prize day, a round robin of critics publicly declared that no intellectuals ever read the Goncourt selection anyhow. In the literary, and even in the political, weeklies, critics vented their customary vexation at the Goncourt's basic weakness—the mysterious lack of critical acumen displayed by the Goncourt jurymen, themselves respected writers, playwrights, and academicians. In *Les Nouvelles Littéraires*, France's most notable literary critic, Pierre de Boisdeffre, sarcastically inquired, "When a writer of talent is given the Prix Goncourt, isn't it because of some misunderstanding? Have Gide, Mauriac, Giono, Montherlant, Saint-Exupéry, Sartre, and Camus been the losers in any way in never having been distinguished by this honor? The novels that in September start piling up"—three hundred is the average number submitted by their publishers for the various November prizes—"are not books but lottery tickets," in which luck, not literature, will win.



This new Prix Goncourt novel bears the bitter title "Les Bagages de Sable," or "Luggage Filled with Sand," and was written by a Polish émigré, Mme. Anna Langfus. Under the heading "A Charity Goncourt," one critic exceptionally and cruelly wrote of it and of her, "The story is poor, the writing is poor, and the author is also poor, no doubt." The Goncourt Prize automatically sells around a hundred and fifty thousand copies, bringing in royalties equivalent to about forty thousand dollars—perhaps the only cheerful item that can be associated with this painful and obviously truthful book. It concerns an impoverished Polish refugee in Paris, so scarred and sickened in her memory and body from the brutalities suffered during the war in Poland that even love, when offered to her—only by an elderly lover, it is true—fails to heal her.

The current Prix Renaudot, next of the three prizes unexpectedly given to women, is an extraordinary example of an ultramodernist novel treated in the prevalent French avant-garde movie manner, is excellently written, in oddly classical French prose, and is called "Le Veilleur de Nuit" ("The Night Watchman"). It is the seventh novel by Mme. Simonne Jacquemard, a handsome rural recluse in her thirties, interested in Zen and in possible communication with animals. She claims that foxes have given the best results in the experiments she conducts with her husband, an essay writer, on their Normandy farm, which is a wildlife preserve. In her new book, she mixes the past, the present, and even the future in that ellipsis of time made familiar in "Last Year at Marienbad," and also uses "Marienbad's" willful shifts between the real and the imaginary. Her novel is built around references to metaphysics, cosmology, and the relativity of reality, and is also a murder story. Its provincial hero and murderer is a didactic Nietzschean pickpocket with a passion for geology and excavations, who abducts a local village girl and sequesters her underground in a Gallo-Roman well he has uncovered in his garden. The clarity with which the imaginary portions of this grotesque tale are written—such as the hallucinated, nonexistent trial of the murderer after he is dead, by a nonexistent judge—makes it fascinating reading. Mme. Jacquemard's theme is imaginatively mad, but, combined with the sanity of her expository style, it makes of this horror story a kind of modernist chef-d'œuvre.

The last of the three prize-winners, and already a best-seller here before the author, Mme. Colette Audry, received the Prix Médicis, is titled "Derrière la Baignoire," or "Behind the Bathtub." It is the story, from life, of her love for a dog. Behind the bathtub, where the dog customarily retires in shame when punished, is also where this loved one chooses to die. As author of this recital, which is a sort of exasperated *cri de cœur*, no one could seem less likely than Mme. Audry, a *lycée* professor, fighting feminist, divorcée, unsentimental intellectual, mother of an almost grown son, and active, militant Socialist, lately a defeated Paris candidate for the extreme left-wing dissident Socialist group, the P.S.U., in the recent elections. The dog, Douchka, is a German-shepherd bitch, who enjoys eating sliced oranges, barks in frenzied disapproval from the back seat of the little Renault if her mistress drives at less than ninety kilometres an hour, is turbulent through all the six years of her existence, and dies of typhus after having changed the existence of Mme. Audry. Douchka ruined Mme. Audry's vacations, devastated her work at home, "forced on me thousands of errands and activities, prevented me from doing what I wished to do, burdened me with worries, and crushed me, since I let myself be crushed. I loved her. I gave her what I had always refused to mankind—my physical liberty and my freedom of decision." With Douchka, Mme. Audry developed what she had always most despised in women—happy passivity. As an intellectual, she also attempted (perhaps like an explorer intimately involved with a hairy member of some strange tribe) to comprehend the mentality of the animal, as if logic and deductive human experience could make the creature's mutism intelligible—an added patient folly on her part. It was the death of the dog *that taught her the meaning of death itself*. Too late, Mme. Audry recalled Stendhal's tragic line "I have bought myself two dogs, to have something to love."

Henrik Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler," practically unknown here, was last played as a full-dress Paris performance nineteen years ago, during the war, and so was seen by few. It has just been revived on the same stage—that of the Théâtre Montparnasse—for Ingrid Bergman. She is the *only international* star who can play at ease internationally, in French, English, Italian, German, and Swedish. Undeflected by this cosmopolitanism, the native Scandinavian essence of Bergman's interpretation, done here in French, gives to Ibsen's evasive, destructive, and frigid Nordic woman the melting weight of tragedy, at last. Hedda was the first modern married female egotist, as flighty and undomestic as a sea gull, and the erratic prototype of too many twentieth-cen-

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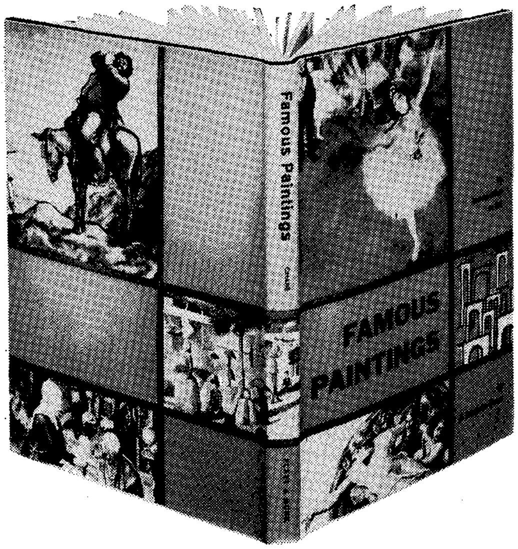

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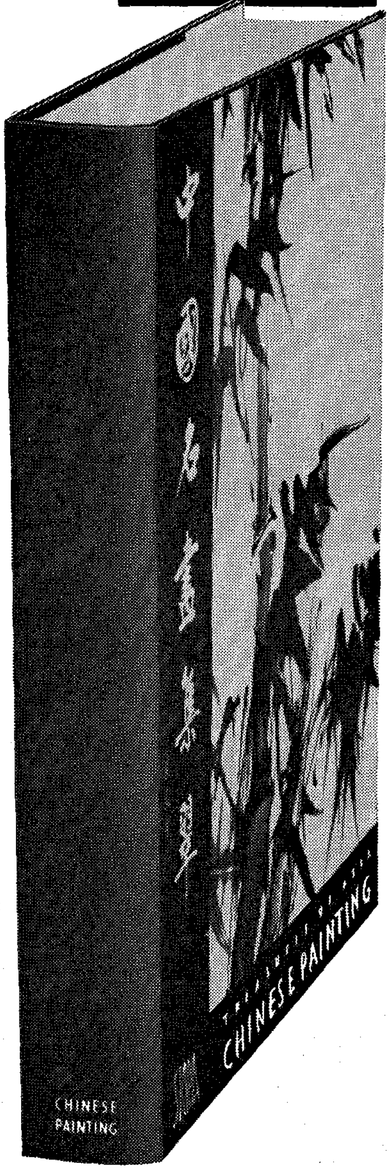

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tury Western women to come. With cold invention, Ibsen brought her to life too soon—in 1890—so for two decades or more, while human nature caught up with her, she seemed a matronly freak, and for years was played as such, even by the best actresses, to whom her frantic hyperesthesia must have seemed a special intellectual puzzle. Bergman plays her as if Hedda were completely visible as a character only in her worst moments—as if the Northern Lights of the play's climate suddenly fell full upon her in focussed illumination only during her cruel minutes, such as when she makes fun of Aunt Julia's new bonnet, when she lies so easily to her loving, stupid husband, when she threatens to set fire to Mme. Elvsted's pale hair, when she murderously thrusts Eilert Lovborg's great manuscript into the stove. The rest of the time, unlighted by anything stronger than the parlor lamp, her Hedda has shadows enough to make her seem only a normally unhappy married woman, lonely and even pitiable. It is a logical, integrated conception, brilliantly performed. Bergman's strong, idle hands, her long-stepped, gliding walk, her Northern voice, and the liberty-loving tilt of her head seem her special physical assets for her incarnation of Hedda. The stage is perhaps better dressed than the star. The Tesman parlor is properly cluttered with stylish bourgeois draperies and furnishings. Miss Bergman looks undeniably handsome in a vivid green velvet evening jacket, though an overfull striped skirt destroys her fine slenderness. She attains her full beauty only in the last act, dressed tightly and tragically in beautiful black, as she glides out of the room with her pistol in her hand.

It is a memorable production by a completely intelligent, superior cast, well suited to acting in what is, after all, the most penetrating psychological study and the best-constructed modern play now showing in Paris—no question about it. Claude Dauphin does not hesitate to make poor, erudite Tesman silly enough for the audience to laugh at out loud—a rare sound at an Ibsen masterpiece.

THE only art that is arousing strong French feeling right now, all of it outrage, is the portrait of Mona Lisa. The question is whether she is to be taken from the Louvre for a precarious visit to New York and Washington, sailing on the France December 14th. She has left the country only once in the four hundred and fifty years since Leonardo da Vinci sold her to François I in Amboise, and that was when she was

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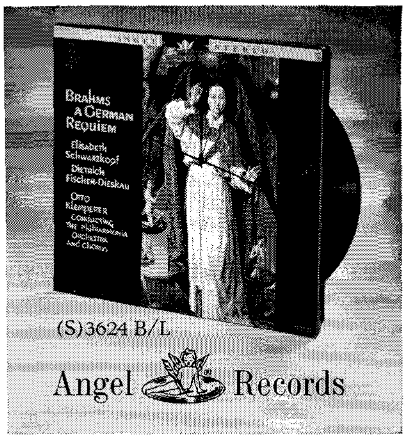

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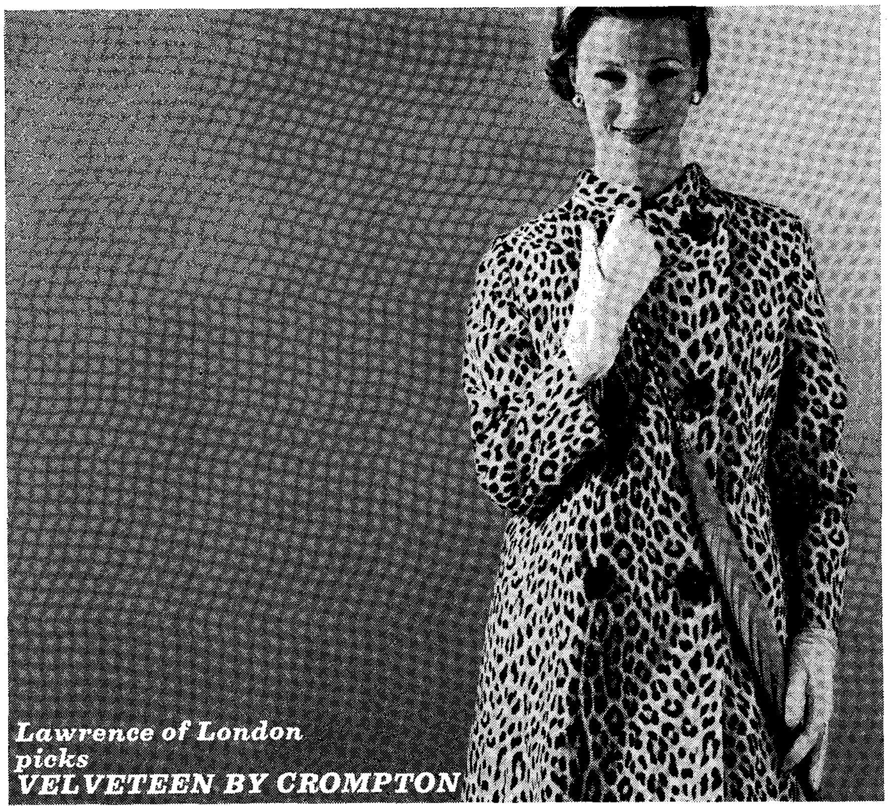
stolen from the Louvre in 1911 and taken back home to Italy by the thief. Five years ago, a lunatic attacked her. He cracked the paint from her left shoulder down to her elbow. A large-scale reproduction of a radiograph of the famed picture, contained in a book written in 1957 by Mme. Hours-Miedan, chief of the laboratory services of the Louvre, has just caused an art expert to remark, "One cannot look at it without trembling in fear," adding, "The poplar panel that the painter used to paint Mona Lisa on has split. The wound starts at the top of the picture and cuts across it in the direction of the eyebrows"—just above those famed eyelids that "are a little weary," as Walter Pater said. Indignant letters against the proposed journey of this invaluable, fragile chef-d'œuvre have been pouring into the offices of *Figaro*, leader of the vociferous campaign not to let her stir from the Louvre. She is not considered lucky, despite her immortal smile. As the French see it, she was kidnapped fifty years ago and brutally struck five years ago, and now a third attack against her is being planned—a journey to the United States.

WITH the opening today of the Fifth Republic's recently elected new Parliament, which contains, for practically the first time in the history of all of France's Republics, a majority party—de Gaulle's, of course—it is conceded here that France's republican system, as it has interruptedly been known for the past hundred and seventy years, has now come to a full stop. Something fundamental is changed in France. The three elements of French history that the French today still seem proudest of are Louis XIV, the French Revolution, and the fact that France is a republic. Yet the French have always experienced a great deal of difficulty living in and with their Republics, which so far have always turned into something else. The First Republic, of 1792, in twelve years turned into Napoleon's Empire. In 1848, the Second Republic, of almost four years, turned into another Bonaparte empire, enthusiastically voted for by a landslide of Frenchmen. In 1870, France began "going into the Third Republic backward," as the phrase then was—meaning reluctantly, since another monarchy had been hoped for by most leaders except Gambetta. The corrupt, tough Third Republic (nicknamed "La Gueuse," or "The Slut," and the longest regime that France has ever known since that of that great Louis XIV) ended in 1940 in the Vichy state of



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Maréchal Pétain, the only Frenchman who ever survived a hundred and seven French governments and founded one of his own, the hundred and eighth. In 1944 came de Gaulle's Provisional Government, and in 1946 came the Fourth Republic, which lasted twelve weak and addled years before it fell into de Gaulle's Fifth Republic, now four and a half years old. The general tenor of the current political commentators has been that the weakness of this country's Republics and Parliaments lies in the fatal gift of the French for individualism and for never agreeing with one another. As de Gaulle himself dryly said, "How can you govern a country that has two hundred and forty-six varieties of cheese?"

Though France's national motto, taken from the Revolution, is "*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*," and nobody can doubt that the French have an anarchistic passion for the first, recent editorialists have been pointing out once more the familiar, historic truth that what the Revolution did was to install the bourgeoisie in power, which still leaves the working class and the modest white-collar employees and the old people, for whom de Gaulle has done nothing, in a notably non-egalitarian condition. Furthermore, fraternity as a Gallic democratic emotion seems largely nonexistent. In his weekly journalistic "Bloc-Notes," François Mauriac recently wrote a brief political paragraph that employed the word "hate" three times, beginning with "the hate that the extreme French Right feels for de Gaulle." The real hatreds audible among France's political parties in the shouts, insults, and threats exchanged during bitter debates in past Parliaments are certainly a far cry from the sound of brotherhood. One commentator has actually asked, "Is Parliament an anachronism today?" Even those millions of French who lately voted in a tidal wave for de Gaulle because of their contempt, like his, for past Parliaments, and because of their contentment with de Gaulle as an efficiently functioning government in himself, hope that a Parliament of quasi-unanimity, like this new one, can at least function more intelligently, in semi-fraternity, than those of the past, which operated in bitter dissension. Survival of parliamentary government is also of extreme importance to the democratic world of France's allies, such as England and the United States. And its survival is now up for demonstration in this week's new legislature, which opens the final two and a half years of de Gaulle's extraordinary one-man-government career.—GENÊT

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THE NEW YORKER

LISTS AT THIS SEASON SOME BOOKS BY ITS CONTRIBUTORS PUBLISHED DURING THE YEAR

(All or a considerable part of the contents of each of these volumes first appeared in this magazine.)

The American Establishment, by Richard H. Rovere (*Harcourt, Brace & World, $4.95*).

A selection of reports, speculative essays, and reviews that Mr. Rovere has written over the past sixteen years. They range in form and gravity from a discussion of a tract written by Arthur Koestler against capital punishment to a Profile of the late Peter J. McGuinness, political boss and prime pork chop of Greenpoint, Brooklyn.

Pigeon Feathers, by John Updike (*Knopf, $4*).

Nineteen stories in which the remembered past is, at any given moment, as important as the acutely felt present. The camera lens is wide-angle, and the shutter is fast.

Silent Spring, by Rachel Carson (*Houghton Mifflin, $5*).

A report on the destruction of wildlife and the damage to human beings that are caused by the slipshod and increasingly widespread use of chemical pesticides. Miss Carson, who chides us for putting up with the situation, supplies facts and statistics as ammunition to combat it.

Grecian Calendar, by Christopher Rand (*Oxford, $4.75*).

In this report on Greece, Mr. Rand, reversing the usual journalistic process, confines himself to what is readily apparent to the visitor's eye, and here presents a kind of double image—of the country and its inhabitants, and of the reporter as tourist.

A Spirit Rises, by Sylvia Townsend Warner (*Viking, $3.75*).

In these fourteen short stories, the timeless ingredients of the storyteller's art are obligingly at the service of a view of human life that is usually, but not always, impersonal, unsparing, and wickedly amused.

Between Meals, by A. J. Liebling (*Simon & Schuster, $3.95*).

The joy of eating—in Paris, that is—as set forth in a batch of gustatory memoirs. Mr. Liebling has added some new connective material to his pieces as they first appeared in this magazine.

Against the American Grain, by Dwight Macdonald (*Random House, $6.50*).

A collection of book reviews in which Mr. Macdonald appears alternately as iconoclast and champion, pinking writers who tame or puff up ideas in order to make them palatable, and enthusiastically supporting the plucky few who follow their own bent, no matter what the consequences.

Dinosaurs in the Morning, by Whitney Balliett (*Lippincott, $3.95*).

A collection of pieces—critical and reportorial—on jazz and jazz musicians. Mr. Balliett continues to investigate the sound of surprise and to separate the quick from the moribund among those who produce it.

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie, by Muriel Spark (*Lippincott, $3.95*).

Miss Brodie, a teacher in a girls' school in Edinburgh, is, more importantly, the purveyor of vast amounts of information irrelevant to the curriculum of the six disciples who form the "Brodie set." One of the girls betrays her, and it is the ramifications of this betrayal that leave everyone, including the reader, with heightened apperceptions.

The Stragglers, by E. J. Kahn, Jr. (*Random House, $3.95*).

The stragglers are the Japanese soldiers who, separately holed up on a scattering of Pacific islands, either missed the news of the peace in 1945 or chose to ignore it. Mr. Kahn records the struggles of a handful of them to stay alive and invisible, sometimes for many years, until they were finally flushed out from behind the palm trees.

Patriotic Gore, by Edmund Wilson (*Oxford, $8.50*).

Critical essays on the authors—public and private—of the Civil War period, whose writings not only bear out Mr. Wilson's thesis that national mourning would perhaps be more fitting than any martial celebrations to mark the war's centennial but prove that there was no monopoly on virtue or literary talent on either side of the Mason-Dixon Line.

Gomillion Versus Lightfoot, by Bernard Taper (*McGraw-Hill, $3.75*).

A report on a lawsuit that originated in Macon County, Alabama, where local politicians reshaped the town of Tuskegee to exclude the Negro neighborhoods, and that ended up in the Supreme Court, where the Justices, reviewing the case in all its legal complexity and moral simplicity, decided against the gerrymander and righted the wrong.

Drowning with Others, by James Dickey (*Wesleyan, $3.50*).

A poet who writes about his own life, none of which seems to have been spent in an ivory tower.

The Blue Nile, by Alan Moorehead (*Harper & Row, $5.95*).

Mr. Moorehead once again approaches history by way of geography, telling of the European visitors, many of them belligerent, who forced the countries of the Blue Nile out of obscurity and into the modern world. The author, who has sailed every navigable inch of the river and inspected the non-navigable inches, provides a backdrop of first-hand observations for his pageant.

The Saucer of Larks, by Brian Friel (*Doubleday, $3.95*).

Stories that manage to be both lighthearted and enlightening about some terribly lonely moments in people's lives.

Dining at the Pavillon, by Joseph Wechsberg (*Little, Brown, $6*).

A description of the restaurant on East Fifty-seventh Street which allows us to partake of its elegance *in absentia* and without having to pay the piper. The piper is M. Henri Soulé, Prop., and two of the nineteen chapters of the book first appeared as a Profile of him in this magazine.

The Cape Cod Lighter, by John O'Hara (*Random House, $5.95*).

Further testimony to the fact that the author is once again directing some of his time, talent, and attention to the short story. There are twenty-three examples here, and it can be added that Mr. O'Hara is still writing like O'Hara.

The Tunnel Under the Channel, by Thomas Whiteside (*Simon & Schuster, $3.50*).

A history of the several attempts to dig a tunnel under the English Channel. Mr. Whiteside sketches in portraits of the engineers, the promoters, the investors, and the merely queasy who tried to put the schemes through, and of the insular patriots, strong of stomach, who time after time successfully opposed them.

The Player, by Lillian Ross and Helen Ross (*Simon & Schuster, $6.95*).

Notes towards the definition of acting, presented in the form of interviews with fifty-five actors and actresses. The result is a symposium in which the participants, as they reminisce or joke or try to figure out what they are doing and aiming to do, somehow pin down the elusive art they practice.

Morte d'Urban, by J. F. Powers (*Doubleday, $4.50*).

A novel about a priest, a member of the mediocre Order of St. Clement, who makes friends with Mammon in an attempt to raise the order's stock. His exasperation with the clay-footed when his efforts are frustrated is surpassed only by his exasperation with himself when his efforts are successful.

Shut Up, He Explained, by Ring Lardner (*Scribners, $4.50*).

A selection of the great humorist's stories, plays, parodies, and essays. At the end of the book are fourteen columns written for this magazine in 1932 and 1933, in which Mr. Lardner spoke his wry, sardonic mind on the radio programs that trickled into his room.

Cellist in Exile, by Bernard Taper (*McGraw-Hill, $4.95*).

The life and opinions (on music, freedom, conscience, and other topics) of Pablo Casals, Catalan by birth and independent temperament, Puerto Rican by adoption.

Everyone but Thee and Me, by Ogden Nash (*Little, Brown, $3.95*).

A new collection of verse, in which Mr. Nash, galloping at full tilt, draws a bead on a number of targets previously neglected.

The Edinburgh Caper, by St. Clair McKelway (*Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $4*).

A reminiscence of a bizarre vacation in Edinburgh, where the author had a couple of odd experiences that gave a moonstruck turn to his subsequent behavior and added an element of wild fantasy to his affectionate impressions of the city and its people.

The Points of My Compass, by E. B. White (*Harper & Row, $4*).

A series of essays in which Mr. White continues to uncover the links, hitherto invisible, between small, transitory events and the sort of ideas that are ordinarily too big (or maybe too frightening) to think about. Whatever the time and place—Maine, Florida, East Forty-eighth Street, or a ship bound for Alaska in 1923—Mr. White has never lost track of where or who he is.

HAPPY MEDIUM

It is said that a watched pot never boils, and some people think a watched stock never moves. Neither is true, of course. And although it's tedious to watch either of them all the time—to sit by a stove or a Trans-Lux without respite—still it's a good idea to check from time to time to be sure that the water hasn't boiled away and the price of the stock hasn't moved so much that you should consider selling it if you own it.

What we're suggesting is a happy medium between tape-watching in the board room and putting stocks in a safe-deposit box and forgetting them. Unless you're a speculator who buys and sells on small price changes, tape-watching will probably only give you ulcers. On the other hand, putting your stock not only away but out of your mind isn't a good idea, either. You wouldn't do that with any other kind of property, and you shouldn't do it with stocks. Obviously, the economy doesn't stand still, and neither do stock prices. So you ought to check up on any stocks you own at least a few times a year and oftener if need be and hold them if they perform well and consider selling them if their prospects dim. That's just common sense.

We'll go one step further and suggest that you have your holdings reviewed once a year by our Research Department, whose motto might be a line from "Othello"—"I am nothing if not critical"—and whose unsentimental view of the market's performance and its prospects has guided many an investor in the past. A review of your holdings is free for the asking. You supply the information about your securities and your objectives, and Research will do the rest. Write—

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BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A HANDFUL OF TIME, by Helen Foley (Lippincott). An English story about a friendship between two women. Fanny, a beautiful Viennese, and Frances, a pretty English girl, meet during their student days at Cambridge and develop a comradeship that survives Frances's happy marriage and Fanny's long liaison with a handsome academic adventurer named Patrick Browne. The story, which begins shortly before the Second World War and ends twenty years later, is intimate, painstaking, and full of incident, and it makes very pleasant reading. The scene is Cambridge, for the most part.

A QUESTION OF CHOICE, by Prudence Andrew (Putnam). Miss Andrew's novel, which is lively, if wordy, describes a monastic wrangle in fifteenth-century England. The dispute, which takes place over the succession to Woodchester Abbey, has political and social reverberations that are serious enough to shake the throne, and Miss Andrew gives us the whole picture. Most of the action takes place inside the abbey, which is inhabited by a mixed bunch of men, not all of them as religious as they might be.

GENERAL

RENOIR, MY FATHER, by Jean Renoir, translated from the French by Randolph and Dorothy Weaver (Little, Brown). In this wonderful biography, the author not only recounts the events of his father's life but shows what Renoir was like—how he moved, dressed, spoke to his family, to friends, and to strangers, and what he thought about furniture, sex, politics, art, money, food, and almost every other topic. It would not be inaccurate to say that Renoir had tastes—strong tastes—rather than opinions. He was an original painter and an original man. The intimacy that his son offers us is a perfect pleasure—unexpectedness, laughter, benignity.

JOHN ADAMS, by Page Smith (Doubleday). Professor Smith—he teaches American history at U.C.L.A.—is the first Adams biographer to have had access to the whole mass of Adams papers. His work shows it; it's as large as life (two stout volumes) and, what with such minutiae as love letters, tea parties, and checked waistcoats, at least twice as natural. A very good job, marred slightly by the author's little editorials on unfathomable topics like youth, love, and the United States of America. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection; fourteen dollars and fifty cents.

THE PAGEANT OF STUART ENGLAND, by Elizabeth Burton, illustrated by Felix Kelly (Scribners). This is Miss Burton's second book describing the manners and notions and settings—from houses to household appliances—of an era. Her first, "The Pageant of Elizabethan England," was very good indeed. This one is even better; it's detailed, precise, charmingly opinionated, funny, and right. Miss Burton's theme is well removed from the ideological and military conflicts of Stuart England, but she can't ignore them and doesn't try to; she walks right up to history and filches a relevant fact like how you could distinguish a lady Tory from a lady Whig—the Tory placed her patches on the left side of her face, and the Whig on the right.

TWO STORIES AND A MEMORY, by Giuseppe di Lampedusa, translated from the Italian by Archibald Colquhoun, with an introduction by E. M. Forster (Pantheon). Three short pieces by the late author of "The Leopard." The first recalls the scenes of his childhood, which are recognizable as the settings of the novel; the second, a short story, has an ending but may not be finished; and the third is the first chapter of another novel. Mr. Forster's appreciation of Lampedusa is just and humane, Mr. Colquhoun's necrology is informative, and the Prince's prose is more than respectable. Still, nothing in the book stands on its own. If readers are disappointed, though, it's only fair for them to remember that publishing the book wasn't the author's idea.

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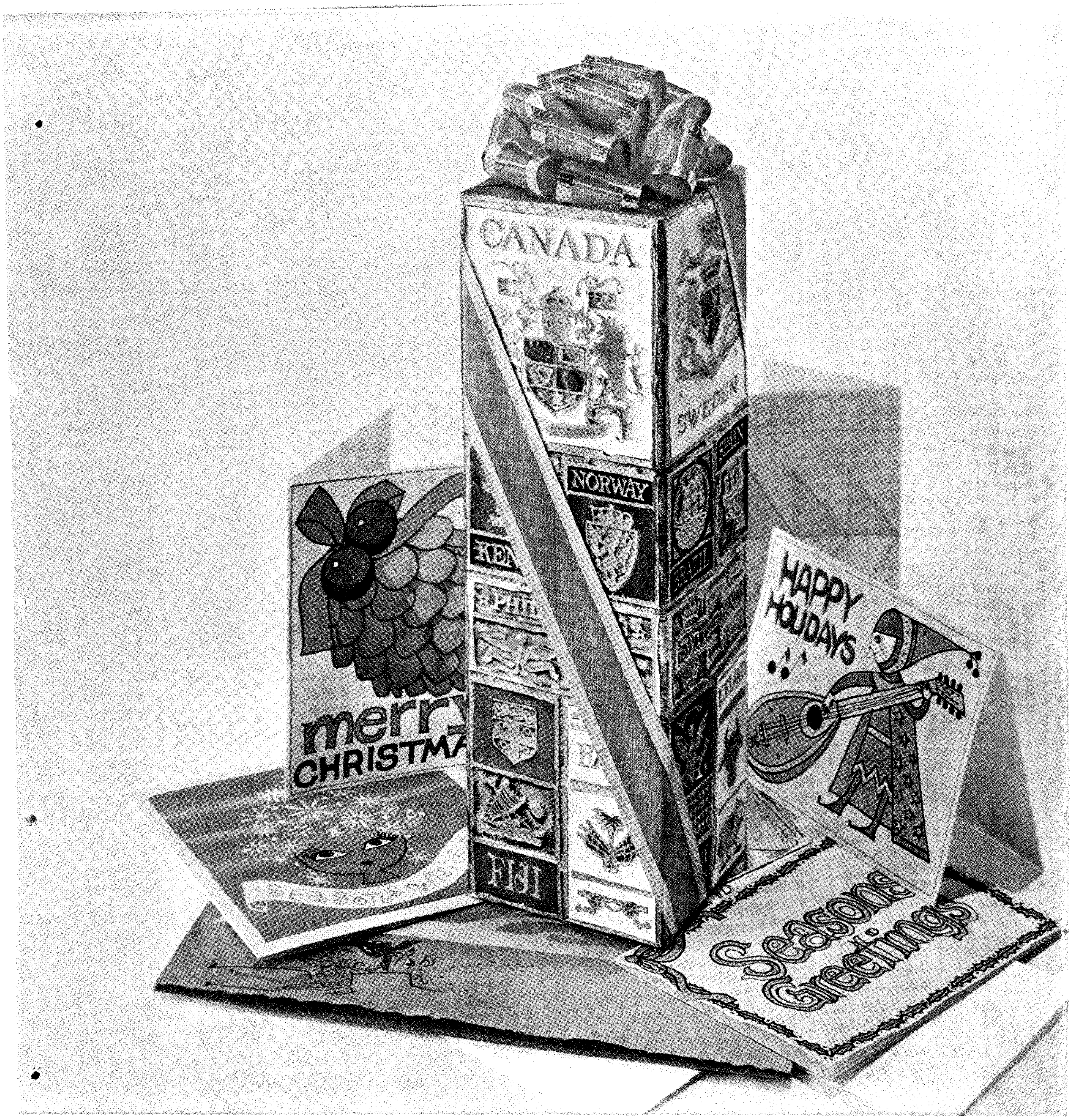
All the kids that go to Carrboro Baptist Church are so bad that Dr. and Mrs. Henry Stokes are moving to Tryon, North Carolina.—*Chapel Hill (N.C.) Weekly.*

Well, that's *one* way.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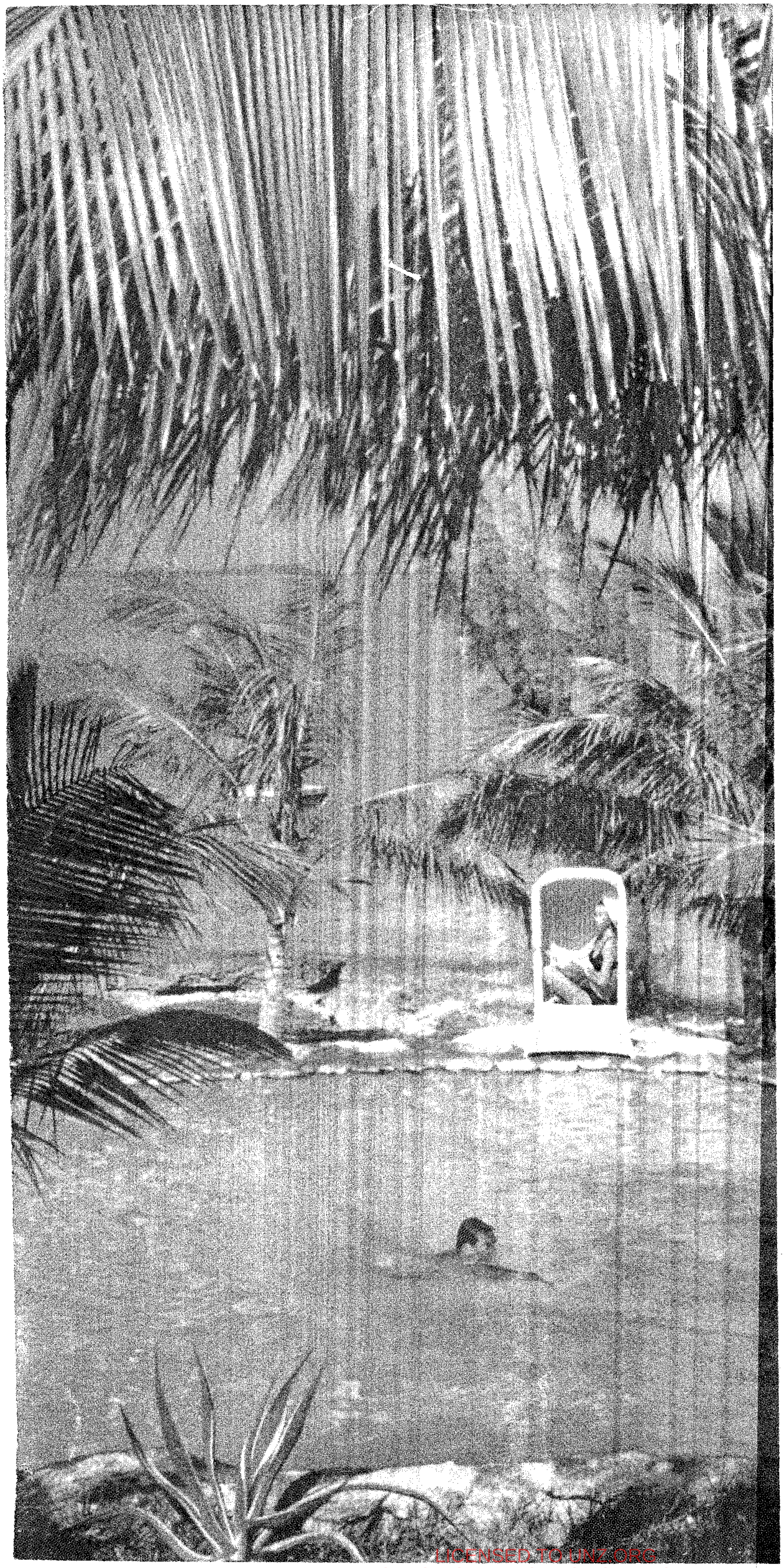

Shoreside pool at Nassau. Photograph by Burt Glinn

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